FIRST FOOTSTEPS IN EAST AFRICA

BURTON

VOL I

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Reprinted 1987, 1984, 1983, 1982 from the 1894 edition. V
Cover design © 1982 Time-Life Books B.V.
Printed and bound by Brepols S.A., Turnhout, Belgium
ISBN: 7054 1500 7

FIRST FOOTSTEPS

IN

EAST AFRICA.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.

DUTERREQ. DELT.

HARAR FROM THE COFFE STREAM

FIRST FOOTSTEPS

IN

EAST AFRICA

OR,

AN EXPLORATION OF HARAR

BY

CAPTAIN SIR RICHARD F. BURTON,

K.C.M.G., F.R.G.S., &c., &c., &c.

EDITED BY HIS WIFE,

ISABEL BURTON.

Memorial Edition.

IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOLUME I.

LONDON:
TYLSTON AND EDWARDS.
MDCCCXCIV

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Printed for the Publishers at
THE MECCAN PRESS,
3, Soho Square, London, W.

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PREFACE

TO

The Memorial Edition.

AFTER Richard Burton left Meccah, he returned up the Red Sea to Egypt, and after a short rest, to Bombay. The East India Company Service had long wished to explore Somali-land in Abyssinia, because Berberah, its chief port, is far better than Aden. As Harar, its capital, was the most difficult place, and no white man had ever succeeded in entering it, the whole country being then inhabited by a most dangerous race to deal with, he obtained leave to go there as a private traveller, the Company agreeing to allow him his pay, but no Government protection. He applied for three other Anglo-Indian Officers (amongst them Lieutenant Speke), to tell off to different employments on the coast. Speke was to go to Bunder Guray to buy horses and camels, Herne was to go to Berberah on another errand, and Stroyan on a third errand was to meet him there, whilst Richard Burton was to do the dangerous part, *i.e.*, plunge into the country, and enter Harar

as an Arab merchant. This was one of his most splendid and dangerous expeditions, and the least known, partly because his pilgrimage to Meccah was in every man's mouth, and partly because the excitement aroused by the Crimean War had to a large extent deadened the interest in all personal adventure.

He disappeared into the desert for four months, but this unnoticed, unknown, journey has been of great importance to the Egyptians, to the English, and now to the Italian Army. The way was long and weary, adventurous and dangerous, but at last the "Dreadful City" was sighted, and relying on his good Star and audacity, he walked boldly in, sending his compliments to the Amir, and asking for audience. His diplomacy on this occasion, his capacity for passing as an Arab, and his sound Mohammedan Theology, gave him ten days in the City, where he slept every night in peril of his life.

The journey back was full of peril, the provisions being only five biscuits, a few limes, a few lumps of sugar, and a single skin of water. They passed through a terrible desert, such as Grant Allen describes when relating the journey of Mohammed Ali and Ivan Royle from Eagle City through the desert to Carthage. When Richard however had made up his mind that he would soon become food for the desert beasts, for he had been thirty-six hours without water, could

go no further, and was prepared to die the worst of all deaths, a bird flew by him, and plunging down a hundred yards away showed him a charming spring, a little shaft of water about two feet in diameter, in a margin of green; man and beast raced to it, and drank till they could drink no more.

By dodging his enemies he at last reached the coast of Berberah, where he found his three comrades, and where he and the wretched mule were duly provided for, and he says he "fell asleep, conscious of having performed a feat which, like a certain ride to York, will live in local annals for many and many a year."

But he would not "let well alone"; he wanted to make a new expedition, Nilewards *viâ* Harar, on a large and imposing scale, and he went and came back from Aden with forty-two armed men, established an agency, and a camp in a place where he could have the protection of an English gunboat which brought them; but unfortunately the Government drew off the gun-boat, and 300 of the natives swarmed round them in the night, and tried to throw the tents down, and trap them like mice. They fought desperately, but Speke received eleven wounds, poor Stroyan was killed, Herne was untouched, and Richard Burton, sabreing his way through the crowd, heard a friendly voice behind him, hesitated for a moment, and received a javelin through both cheeks, carrying

away four teeth, and transfixing the palate. He could not draw it out on account of its barb and had to wander up and down on the coast for hours from night to daylight. They all managed to escape to the water's edge, where they hailed a native craft, which was just sailing out, and to whose master and crew Richard fortunately had shown great hospitality. They picked them up and managed to extract the javelin and bind up his jaws till they reached Aden. They were so badly wounded that they had to return to England, and as soon as he recovered, he proceeded to the Crimea.

Every word of this narrative is full of interest, and ought to be especially so at the present moment to the Italian Army, which now occupies the country that was in those days so difficult to enter.

ISABEL BURTON.

January 25th, 1894.

PREFACE

TO THE

FIRST (1856) EDITION.

Averse to writing, as well as to reading, diffuse Prolegomena, the author finds himself compelled to relate, at some length, the circumstances which led to the subject of these pages.

In May 1849, the late Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Malcolm, formerly Superintendent of the Indian Navy, in conjunction with Mr. William John Hamilton, then President of the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain, solicited the permission of the Court of Directors of the Honourable East India Company to ascertain the productive resources of the unknown Somali Country in East Africa.[1] The answer returned, was to the following effect :—

"If a fit and proper person volunteer to travel in the Somali Country, he goes as a private traveller, the Government giving no more protection to him than they would to an individual totally unconnected with the

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1 It occupies the whole of the Eastern Horn, extending from the north of Bab al-Mandeb to several degrees south of Cape Guardafui. In the former direction it is bounded by the Dankali and the Ittu Gallas; in the latter by the Sawahil or Negrotic regions; the Red Sea is its eastern limit, and westward it stretches to within a few miles of Harar.

service. They will allow the officer who obtains permission to go, during his absence on the expedition, to retain all the pay and allowances he may be enjoying when leave was granted: they will supply him with all the instruments required, afford him a passage going and returning, and pay the actual expenses of the journey."

The project lay dormant until March 1850, when Sir Charles Malcolm and Captain Smyth, President of the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain, waited upon the chairman of the Court of Directors of the Honourable East India Company. He informed them that if they would draw up a statement of what was required, and specify how it could be carried into effect, the document should be forwarded to the Governor-General of India, with a recommendation that, should no objection arise, either from expense or other causes, a fit person should be permitted to explore the Somali Country.

Sir Charles Malcolm then offered the charge of the expedition to Dr. Carter, of Bombay, an officer favourably known to the Indian world by his services on board the "Palinurus" brig whilst employed upon the maritime survey of Eastern Arabia. Dr. Carter at once acceded to the terms proposed by those from whom the project emanated; but his principal object being to compare the geology and botany of the Somali Country with the results of his Arabian travels, he volunteered to traverse only that part of Eastern Africa which lies north of a line drawn from Berberah to Ras Hafun—in fact, the maritime mountains of the Somal. His health not permitting him to be left on shore, he required a cruizer to convey him from place to place, and to preserve his store of presents and provisions. By this means he hoped to land at the most interesting points, and to penetrate here and there from sixty to eighty miles inland, across the region which he undertook to explore.

On the 17th of August, 1850, Sir Charles Malcolm wrote to Dr. Carter in these terms:—"I have communicated with the President of the Royal Geographical Society and others: the feeling is, that though much valuable information could no doubt be gained by skirting the coast (as you propose) both in geology and botany, yet that it does not fulfil the primary and great object of the London Geographical Society, which was, and still is, to have the interior explored." The Vice-Admiral, however, proceeded to say that, under the circumstances of the case, Dr. Carter's plans were approved of, and asked him to confer immediately with Commodore Lushington, then Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Navy.

In May 1851, Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Malcolm died: geographers and travellers lost in him an influential and an energetic friend. During the ten years of his superintendence over the Indian Navy, that service rose, despite the incubus of profound peace, to the highest distinction. He freely permitted the officers under his command to undertake the task of geographical discovery, retaining their rank, pay, and batta, whilst the actual expenses of their journeys were defrayed by contingent bills. All papers and reports submitted to the local government were favourably received, and the successful traveller looked forward to distinction and advancement.

During the decade which elapsed between 1828 and 1838, "officers of the Indian Navy journeyed, as the phrase is, *with their lives in their hands*, through the wildest districts of the East. Of these we name the late Commander J. A. Young, Lieutenants Wellsted, Wyburd, Wood, and Christopher, retired Commander Ormsby, the present Capt. H. B. Lynch C.B., Commanders Felix Jones and W. C. Barker, Lieutenants Cruttenden and Whitelock. Their researches extended from the banks of the Bosphorus to the shores of India.

Of the vast, the immeasurable value of such services," to quote the words of the Quarterly Review (No. cxxix. Dec. 1839), "which able officers thus employed, are in the mean time rendering to science, to commerce, to their country, and to the whole civilized world, we need say nothing:—nothing we could say would be too much."

"In five years, the admirable maps of that coral-bound gulf—the Red Sea—were complete: the terrors of the navigation had given place to the confidence inspired by excellent surveys. In 1829 the Thetis of ten guns, under Commander Robert Moresby, convoyed the first coal ship up the Red Sea, of the coasts of which this skilful and enterprising seaman made a cursory survey, from which emanated the subsequent trigonometrical operations which form our present maps. Two ships were employed, the 'Benares' and 'Palinurus,' the former under Commander Elwon, the latter under Commander Moresby. It remained, however, for the latter officer to complete the work. Some idea may be formed of the perils these officers and men went through, when we state the 'Benares' was forty-two times aground."

"Robert Moresby, the genius of the Red Sea, conducted also the survey of the Maldive Islands and groups known as the Chagos Archipelago. He narrowly escaped being a victim to the deleterious climate of his station, and only left it when no longer capable of working. A host of young and ardent officers — Christopher, Young, Powell, Campbell, Jones, Barker, and others— ably seconded him: death was busy amongst them for months and so paralyzed by disease were the living, that the anchors could scarcely be raised for a retreat to the coast of India. Renovated by a three months' stay, occasionally in port, where they were strengthened by additional numbers, the undaunted remnants from time to time returned to their task; and in 1837, gave to the world a knowledge of those singular groups which

heretofore—though within 150 miles of our coasts—had been a mystery hidden within the dangers that environed them. The beautiful maps of the Red Sea, drafted by the late Commodore Carless,[1] then a lieutenant, will ever remain permanent monuments of Indian Naval Science, and the daring of its officers and men. Those of the Maldive and Chagos groups, executed by Commander then Acting Lieutenant Felix Jones, were, we hear, of such a high order, that they were deemed worthy of special inspection by the Queen."

"While these enlightening operations were in progress, there were others of this profession, no less distinguished, employed on similar discoveries. The coast of Mekran westward from Scinde, was little known, but it soon found a place in the hydrographical offices of India, under Captain, then Lieutenant, Stafford Haines, and his staff, who were engaged on it. The journey to the Oxus, made by Lieut. Wood, Sir A. Burnes's companion in his Lahore and Afghan missions, is a page of history which may not be opened to us again in our own times; while in Lieut. Carless's drafts of the channels of the Indus, we trace those designs, that the sword of Sir Charles Napier only was destined to reveal."

"The ten years prior to that of 1839 were those of fitful repose, such as generally precedes some great outbreak. The repose afforded ample leisure for research,

1 In A.D. 1838, Lieut. Carless surveyed the seaboard of the Somali country, from Ras Hafun to Burnt Island; unfortunately his labours were allowed by Sir Charles Malcolm's successor to lie five years in the obscurity of MS. Meanwhile the steam frigate "Memnon," Capt. Powell commanding, was lost at Ras Assayr; a Norie's chart, an antiquated document, with an error of from fifteen to twenty miles, being the only map of reference on board. Thus the Indian Government, by the dilatoriness and prejudices of its Superintendent of Marine, sustained an unjustifiable loss of at least 50,000*l*.

and the shores of the island of Socotra, with the south coast of Arabia, were carefully delineated. Besides the excellent maps of these regions, we are indebted to the survey for that unique work on Oman, by the late Lieut. Wellsted of this service, and for valuable notices from the pen of Lieut. Cruttenden.[1]"

"Besides the works we have enumerated, there were others of the same nature, but on a smaller scale, in operation at the same period around our own coasts. The Gulf of Cambay, and the dangerous sands known as the Molucca Banks, were explored and faithfully mapped by Captain Richard Ethersey, assisted by Lieutenant (now Commander) Fell. Bombay Harbour was delineated again on a grand scale by Capt. R. Cogan, assisted by Lieut. Peters, now both dead; and the ink of the Maldive charts had scarcely dried, when the labours of those employed were demanded of the Indian Government by Her Majesty's authorities at Ceylon, to undertake trigonometrical surveys of that Island, and the dangerous and shallow gulfs on either side of the neck of sand connecting it with India. They were the present Captains F. F. Powell, and Richard Ethersey, in the Schooner 'Royal Tiger' and 'Shannon,' assisted by Lieut. (now Commander) Felix Jones, and the late Lieut. Wilmot Christopher, who fell in action before Mooltan. The first of these officers had charge of one of the tenders under Lieut. Powell, and the latter another under Lieut. Ethersey. The maps of the Pamban Pass and the Straits of Manaar were by the hand of Lieut. Felix Jones, who was the draftsman also on this survey: they speak for themselves.[2]"

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1 In A.D. 1836-38, Lieut. Cruttenden published descriptions of travel, which will be alluded to in a subsequent part of this preface.

2 This "hasty sketch of the scientific labours of the Indian navy," is extracted from an able anonymous pamphlet, unpromisingly headed "Grievances and Present Condition of our Indian Officers."

In 1838 Sir Charles Malcolm was succeeded by Sir Robert Oliver, an "old officer of the old school"—a strict disciplinarian, a faithful and honest servant of Government, but a violent, limited, and prejudiced man. He wanted "sailors," individuals conversant with ropes and rigging, and steeped in knowledge of shot and shakings, he loved the "rule of thumb," he hated "literary razors," and he viewed science with the profoundest contempt. About twenty surveys were ordered to be discontinued as an inauguratory measure, causing the loss of many thousand pounds, independent of such contingencies as the "Memnon."[1] Batta was withheld from the few officers who obtained leave, and the life of weary labour on board ship was systematically made monotonous and uncomfortable:—in local phrase it was described as "many stripes and no stars." Few measures were omitted to heighten the shock of contrast. No notice was taken of papers forwarded to Government, and the man who attempted to distinguish himself by higher views than quarter-deck duties, found himself marked out for the angry Commodore's red-hot displeasure. No place was allowed for charts and plans: valuable original surveys, of which no duplicates existed, lay tossed amongst the brick and mortar with which the Marine Office was being rebuilt. No instruments were provided for ships, even a barometer was not supplied in one case, although duly indented for during five years. Whilst Sir Charles Malcolm ruled the Bombay dockyards, the British name rose high in the Indian, African, and Arabian seas. Each vessel had its presents—guns, pistols, and powder, Abbas, crimson cloth and shawls, watches, telescopes and similar articles—with a suitable

1 In A.D. 1848, the late Mr. Joseph Hume called in the House of Commons for a return of all Indian surveys carried on during the ten previous years. The result proved that no fewer than a score had been suddenly "broken up," by order of Sir Robert Oliver.

stock of which every officer visiting the interior on leave was supplied. An order from Sir Robert Oliver withdrew presents as well as instruments: with them disappeared the just idea of our faith and greatness as a nation entertained by the maritime races, who formerly looked forward to the arrival of our cruizers. Thus the Indian navy was crushed by neglect and routine into a mere transport service, remarkable for little beyond constant quarrels between sea-lieutenants and land-lieutenants, sailor-officers and soldier-officers, their "passengers." And thus resulted that dearth of enterprise—alluded to *ex cathedrâ* by a late President of the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain—which now characterizes Western India erst so celebrated for ardour in adventure.

To return to the subject of East African discovery. Commodore Lushington and Dr. Carter met in order to concert some measures for forwarding the plans of a Somali Expedition. It was resolved to associate three persons, Drs. Carter and Stocks, and an officer of the Indian navy: a vessel was also warned for service on the coast of Africa. This took place in the beginning of 1851: presently Commodore Lushington resigned his command, and the project fell to the ground.

The author of these pages, after his return from Al-Hijaz to Bombay, conceived the idea of reviving the Somali Expedition: he proposed to start in the spring of 1854, and accompanied by two officers, to penetrate *viâ* Harar and Gananah to Zanzibar. His plans were favourably received by the Right Hon. Lord Elphinstone, the enlightened governor of the colony, and by the local authorities, amongst whom the name of James Grant Lumsden, then Member of the Council, will ever suggest the liveliest feelings of gratitude and affection. But it being judged necessary to refer once more for permission to the Court of Directors, an official

letter bearing date the 28th April, 1854, was forwarded from Bombay with a warm recommendation. Lieut. Herne of the 1st Bombay European Regiment of Fusileers, an officer skilful in surveying, photography, and mechanics, together with the writer, obtained leave, pending the reference, and a free passage to Aden in Arabia. On the 23rd August a favourable reply was despatched by the Court of Directors.

Meanwhile the most painful of events had modified the original plan. The third member of the Expedition, Assistant Surgeon J. Ellerton Stocks, whose brilliant attainments as a botanist, whose long and enterprising journeys, and whose eminently practical bent of mind had twice recommended him for the honours and trials of African exploration, died suddenly of apoplexy in the prime of life. Deeply did his friends lament him for many reasons: a universal favourite, he left in the social circle a void never to be filled up, and they mourned the more that Fate had not granted him the time, as it had given him the will and the power, to trace a deeper and more enduring mark upon the iron tablets of Fame.

No longer hoping to carry out his first project, the writer determined to make the geography and commerce of the Somali country his principal objects. He therefore applied to the Bombay Government for the assistance of Lieut. William Stroyan, I. N., an officer distinguished by his surveys on the coast of Western India, in Sind, and on the Panjab Rivers. It was not without difficulty that such valuable services were spared for the deadly purpose of penetrating into Eastern Africa. All obstacles, however, were removed by their ceaseless and energetic efforts, who had fostered the author's plans, and early in the autumn of 1854, Lieut. Stroyan received leave to join the Expedition. At the same time, Lieut. J. H. Speke, of the 46th Regiment Bengal N. I., who had spent many years collecting the Fauna of Thibet and

the Himalayan mountains, volunteered to share the hardships of African exploration.

In October 1854, the writer and his companions received at Aden in Arabia the sanction of the Court of Directors. It was his intention to march n a body, using Berberah as a base of operations, westwards to Harar, and thence in a south-easterly direction towards Zanzibar.

But the voice of society at Aden was loud against the expedition. The rough manners, the fierce looks, and the insolent threats of the Somal—the effects of our too peaceful rule—had prepossessed the timid colony at the "Eye of Al-Yaman" with an idea of extreme danger. The Anglo-Saxon spirit suffers, it has been observed, from confinement with any but wooden walls, and the European degenerates rapidly, as do his bull-dogs, his game-cocks, and other pugnacious animals, in the hot, enervating, and unhealthy climates of the East. The writer and his comrades were represented to be men deliberately going to their death, and the Somal at Aden were not slow in imitating the example of their rulers. The savages had heard of the costly Shoa Mission, its 300 camels and 50 mules, and they longed for another rehearsal of the drama: according to them a vast outlay was absolutely necessary, every village must be feasted, every chief propitiated with magnificent presents, and dollars must be dealt out by handfuls. The Political Resident refused to countenance the scheme proposed, and his objection necessitated a further change of plans.

Accordingly, Lieut. Herne was directed to proceed, after the opening of the annual fair-season, to Berberah, where no danger was apprehended. It was judged that the residence of this officer upon the coast would produce a friendly feeling on the part of the Somal, and, as indeed afterwards proved to be the case, would facilitate the writer's egress from Harar, by terrifying

the ruler for the fate of his caravans.[1] Lieut. Herne, who on the 1st of January 1855, was joined by Lieut. Stroyan, resided on the African coast from November to April; he inquired into the commerce, the caravan lines, and the state of the slave trade, visited the maritime mountains, sketched all the places of interest, and made a variety of meteorological and other observations as a prelude to extensive research.

Lieut. Speke was directed to land at Bunder Guray, a small harbour in the "Arz al-Aman," or "Land of Safety," as the windward Somal style their country. His aim was to trace the celebrated Wady Nogal, noting its watershed and other peculiarities, to purchase horses and camels for the future use of the Expedition, and to collect specimens of the reddish earth which, according to the older African travellers, denotes the presence of gold dust.[2] Lieut. Speke started on the 23rd October 1854, and returned, after about three months, to Aden. He had failed, through the rapacity and treachery of his guide, to reach the Wady Nogal. But he had penetrated beyond the maritime chain of hills, and his journal (condensed in the Appendix) proves that he had collected some novel and important information.

Meanwhile the author, assuming the disguise of an Arab merchant, prepared to visit the forbidden city of Harar. He left Aden on the 29th of October 1854, arrived at the capital of the ancient Hadiyah Empire on the 3rd January 1855, and on the 9th of the ensuing February returned in safety to Arabia, with the

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1 This plan was successfully adopted by Messrs. Antoine and Arnauld d'Abbadie, when travelling in dangerous parts of Abyssinia and the adjacent countries.

2 In A.D. 1660, Vermuyden found gold at Gambia always "on naked and barren hills embedded in a reddish earth." All I got was a big lizard: lost £500.

view of purchasing stores and provisions for a second and a longer journey.[1] What unforeseen circumstance cut short the career of the proposed Expedition, the Postscript of the present volume will show.

The following pages contain the writer's diary, kept during his march to and from Harar. It must be borne in mind that the region traversed on this occasion was previously known only by the vague reports of native travellers. All the Abyssinian discoverers had traversed the Dankali and other northern tribes: the land of the Somal was still a *terra incognita*. Harar, moreover, had never been visited, and few are the cities of the world which in the present age, when men hurry about the earth, have not opened their gates to European adventure. The ancient metropolis of a once mighty race, the only permanent settlement in Eastern Africa, the reported seat of Moslem learning, a walled city of stone houses, possessing its independent chief, its peculiar population, its unknown language, and its own coinage, the emporium of the coffee trade, the head-quarters of slavery, the birth-place of the Kat plant,[2] and the great manufactory of cotton-cloths, amply, it appeared, deserved the trouble of exploration. That the writer was successful in his attempt, the following pages will prove. Unfortunately it was found impossible to use

1 The writer has not unfrequently been blamed by the critics of Indian papers, for venturing into such dangerous lands with an outfit nearly 1500*l.* in value. In the Somali, as in other countries of Eastern Africa, travellers must carry not only the means of purchasing passage, but also the very necessaries of life. Money being unknown, such bulky articles as cotton-cloth, tobacco, and beads are necessary to provide meat and milk, and he who would eat bread must load his camels with grain. The Somal of course exaggerate the cost of travelling; every chief, however, may demand a small present, and every pauper, as will be seen in the following pages, expects to be fed.

2 It is described at length in Chap. III.

any instruments except a pocket compass, a watch, and a portable thermometer more remarkable for convenience than for correctness. But the way was thus paved for scientific observation: shortly after the author's departure from Harar, the Amir or chief wrote to the Acting Political Resident at Aden, earnestly begging to be supplied with a "Frank physician," and offering protection to any European who might be persuaded to visit his dominions.

The Appendix contains the following papers connected with the movements of the expedition in the year 1854.

1. The diary and observations made by Lieut. Speke, when attempting to reach the Wady Nogal.

2. A sketch of the grammar, and a vocabulary of the Harari tongue. This dialect is little known to European linguists: the only notices of it hitherto published are in Salt's Abyssinia, Appendix I. pp. 6—10; by Balbi Atlas Ethnogr. Tab. xxxix. No. 297; Kielmaier, Ausland, 1840, No. 76; and Dr. Beke (Philological Journal, April 25, 1845).

3. Meteorological observations in the cold season of 1854—55 by Lieuts. Herne, Stroyan, and the Author.

4. A brief description of certain peculiar customs, noticed in Nubia, by Brown and Werne under the name of fibulation.[1]

5. The conclusion is a condensed account of an attempt to reach Harar from Ankobar.[2] On the 14th October 1841, Major Sir William Cornwallis Harris (then Captain in the Bombay Engineers), Chief of the Mission

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1 [The publishers of the present edition have made diligent search for the MS. of this Appendix, which the publishers of the first edition "found it necessary to omit," but they regret to say that no trace of it can be found.]

2 The author hoped to insert Lieut. Herne's journal, kept at Berberah, and the different places of note in its vicinity; as yet, however, the paper has not been received.

sent from India to the King of Shoa, advised Lieut. W. Barker, I. N., whose services were imperatively required by Sir Robert Oliver, to return from Abyssinia *viâ* Harar, "over a road hitherto untrodden by Europeans." As His Majesty Sahalah Selassie had offered friendly letters to the Moslem Amir, Capt. Harris had "no doubt of the success of the enterprise." Although the adventurous explorer was prevented by the idle fears of the Badawin Somal and the rapacity of his guides from visiting the city, his pages, as a narrative of travel, will amply reward perusal. They have been introduced into this volume mainly with the view of putting the reader in possession of all that has hitherto been written and not published, upon the subject of Harar.[1] For the same reason the author has not hesitated to enrich his pages with observations drawn from Lieutenants Cruttenden and Rigby. The former printed in the Transactions of the Bombay Geographical Society two excellent papers: one headed "Report on the Mijjertheyn Tribe of Somallies inhabiting the district forming the North East Point of Africa;" secondly, a "Memoir on

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1 Harar has frequently been described by hearsay; the following are the principal authorities:—

Rochet (Second Voyage Dans le Pays des Adels, &c. Paris, 1846), page 263.

Sir W. Cornwallis Harris (Highlands of Æthiopia, vol. i. ch. 43, et passim).

Cruttenden (Transactions of the Bombay Geological Society A.D. 1848).

Barker (Report of the probable Position of Harar. Vol. xii. Royal Geographical Society).

M'Queen (Geographical Memoirs of Abyssinia, prefixed to Journals of Rev. Messrs. Isenberg and Krapf).

Christopher (Journal whilst commanding the H. C.'s brig "Tigris," on the East Coast of Africa).

Of these by far the most correct account is that of Lieut. Cruttenden.

the Western or Edoor Tribes, inhabiting the Somali coast of North East Africa ; with the Southern Branches of the family of Darood, resident on the banks of the Webbe Shebayli, commonly called the River Webbe." Lieut. C. P. Rigby, 16th Regiment Bombay N. I., published, also in the Transactions of the Geographical Society of Bombay, an "Outline of the Somali Language, with Vocabulary," which supplied a great lacuna in the dialects of Eastern Africa.

A perusal of the following pages will convince the reader that the extensive country of the Somal is by no means destitute of capabilities. Though partially desert, and thinly populated, it possesses valuable articles of traffic, and its harbours export the produce of the Gurague, Abyssinian, Galla, and other inland races. The natives of the country are essentially commercial: they have lapsed into barbarism by reason of their political condition—the rude equality of the Hottentots, —but they appear to contain material for a moral regeneration. As subjects they offer a favourable contrast to their kindred, the Arabs of Al-Yaman, a race untameable as the wolf, and which, subjugated in turn by Abyssinian, Persian, Egyptian, and Turk, has ever preserved an indomitable spirit of freedom, and eventually succeeded in shaking off the yoke of foreign dominion. For half a generation we have been masters of Aden, filling Southern Arabia with our calicoes and rupees—what is the present state of affairs there ? We are dared by the Badawin to come forth from behind our stone walls and fight like men in the plain,—British *protégés* are slaughtered within the range of our guns —our allies' villages have been burned in sight of Aden—our deserters are welcomed and our fugitive felons protected,—our supplies are cut off, and the garrison is reduced to extreme distress, at the word of a half-naked bandit—the miscreant Bhagi who mur-

dered Captain Mylne in cold blood still roams the hills unpunished—gross insults are the sole acknowledgments of our peaceful overtures—the British flag has been fired upon without return, our cruizers being ordered to act only on the defensive,—and our forbearance to attack is universally asserted and believed to arise from mere cowardice. Such is, and such will be, the character of the Arab!

The Sublime Porte still preserves her possessions in the Tahamah, and the regions conterminous to Al-Yaman, by the stringent measures with which Mohammed Ali of Egypt opened the robber-haunted Suez road. Whenever a Turk or a traveller is murdered, a few squadrons of Irregular Cavalry are ordered out; they are not too nice upon the subject of retaliation, and rarely refuse to burn a village or two, or to lay waste the crops near the scene of outrage.

A civilized people, like ourselves, objects to such measures for many reasons, of which none is more feeble than the fear of perpetuating a blood feud with the Arabs. Our present relations with them are a "very pretty quarrel," and moreover one which time must strengthen, cannot efface. By a just, wholesome, and unsparing severity we may inspire the Badawi with fear instead of contempt: the veriest visionary would deride the attempt to animate him with a higher sentiment.

"Peace," observes a modern sage, "is the dream of the wise, war is the history of man." To indulge in such dreams is but questionable wisdom. It was not a "peace-policy" which gave the Portuguese a seaboard extending from Cape Non to Macao. By no peace policy the Osmanlis of a past age pushed their victorious arms from the deserts of Tartary to Aden, to Delhi, to Algiers, and to the gates of Vienna. It was no peace policy which made the Russians seat themselves upon

the shores of the Black, the Baltic, and the Caspian seas: gaining in the space of 150 years, and, despite war, retaining, a territory greater than England and France united. No peace policy enabled the French to absorb region after region in Northern Africa, till the Mediterranean appears doomed to sink into a Gallic lake. The English of a former generation were celebrated for gaining ground in both hemispheres: their broad lands were not won by a peace policy, which, however, in this our day, has on two distinct occasions well nigh lost for them the "gem of the British Empire" —India. The philanthropist and the political economist may fondly hope, by outcry against "territorial aggrandizement," by advocating a compact frontier, by abandoning colonies, and by cultivating "equilibrium," to retain our rank amongst the great nations of the world. Never! The facts of history prove nothing more conclusively than this: a race either progresses or retrogrades, either increases or diminishes: the children of Time, like their sire, cannot stand still.

The occupation of the port of Berberah has been advised for many reasons.

In the first place, Berberah is the true key of the Red Sea, the centre of East African traffic, and the only safe place for shipping upon the western Erythrœan shore, from Suez to Guardafui. Backed by lands capable of cultivation, and by hills covered with pine and other valuable trees, enjoying a comparatively temperate climate, with a regular although thin monsun, this harbour has been coveted by many a foreign conqueror. Circumstances have thrown it as it were into our arms, and, if we refuse the chance, another and a rival nation will not be so blind.

Secondly, we are bound to protect the lives of British subjects upon this coast. In A.D. 1825 the crew of the "Mary Ann" brig was treacherously murdered

by the Somal. The consequence of a summary and exemplary punishment[1] was that in August 1843, when the H. E. I. C.'s war-steamer "Memnon" was stranded at Ras Assayr near Cape Guardafui, no outrage was attempted by the barbarians, upon whose barren shores our seamen remained for months labouring at the wreck. In A.D. 1855 the Somal, having forgotten the old lesson, renewed their practices of pillaging and murdering strangers. It is then evident that this people cannot be trusted without supervision, and equally certain that vessels are ever liable to be cast ashore in this part of the Red Sea. But a year ago the French steam corvette, "Le Caïman," was lost within sight of Zayla; the Badawin Somal, principally Ísa, assembled a fanatic host, which was, however, dispersed before blood had been drawn, by the exertion of the governor and his guards. It remains for us, therefore, to provide against

1 In A.D. 1825, the Government of Bombay received intelligence that a brig from the Mauritius had been seized, plundered, and broken up near Berberah, and that part of her crew had been barbarously murdered by the Somal. The "Elphinstone" sloop of war (Capt. Greer commanding) was sent to blockade the coast; when her guns opened fire, the people fled with their wives and children, and the spot where a horseman was killed by cannon ball is still shown on the plain near the town. Through the intervention of Al-Hajj Sharmarkay, the survivors were recovered; the Somal bound themselves to abstain from future attacks upon English vessels, and also to refund by annual instalments the full amount of plundered property. For the purpose of enforcing the latter stipulation it was resolved that a vessel of war should remain upon the coast until the whole was liquidated. When attempts at evasion occurred, the traffic was stopped by sending all craft outside the guardship, and forbidding intercourse with the shore. The "Coote" (Capt. Pepper commanding), the "Palinurus" and the "Tigris," in turn with the "Elphinstone," maintained the blockade through the trading seasons till 1833. About 6000*l.* were recovered, and the people were strongly impressed with the fact that we had both the will and the means to keep their plundering propensities within bounds.

such contingencies. Were one of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's vessels cast by any accident upon this inhospitable shore, in the present state of affairs the lives of the passengers, and the cargo, would be placed in imminent peril.

In advocating the establishment of an armed post at Berberah no stress is laid upon the subject of slavery. To cut off that traffic the possession of the great export harbour is by no means necessary. Whenever a British cruizer shall receive positive and *bonâ fide* orders to search native craft, and to sell as prizes all that have slaves on board, the trade will receive a death-blow.

Certain measures have been taken during the last annual fair to punish the outrage perpetrated by the Somal at Berberah in A.D. 1855. The writer on his return to Aden proposed that the several clans implicated in the offence should at once be expelled from British dominions. This preliminary was carried out by the Acting Political Resident at Aden. Moreover, it was judged advisable to blockade the Somali coast, from Siyaro to Zayla not included, until, in the first place, Lieut. Stroyan's murderer, and the ruffian who attempted to spear Lieut. Speke in cold blood, should be given up[1]; and secondly, that due compensation for all losses should be made by the plunderers. The former condition was approved by the Right Honourable the Governor-General of India, who, however, objected it is said, to the money-demand.[2] At present the H. E. I. C.'s cruizers "Mahi,"

1 The writer advised that these men should be hung upon the spot where the outrage was committed, that the bodies should be burned and the ashes cast into the sea, lest by any means the murderers might become martyrs. This precaution should invariably be adopted when Moslems assassinate Infidels.

2 The reason of the objection is not apparent. A savage people is imperfectly punished by a few deaths: the fine is the only true way to produce a lasting impression upon their heads and hearts. Moreover, it is the custom of India and the East generally, and is in reality the only safeguard of a traveller's property.

and "Elphinstone," are blockading the harbour of Berberah, the Somal have offered 15,000 dollars indemnity, and they pretend, as usual, that the murderer has been slain by his tribe.

To conclude. The writer has had the satisfaction of receiving from his comrades assurances that they are willing to accompany him once more in the task of African exploration. The plans of the Frank are now publicly known to the Somali. Should the loss of life, however valuable, be an obstacle to prosecuting them, he must fall in the esteem of the races around him. On the contrary, should he, after duly chastising the offenders, carry out the original plan, he will command the respect of the people, and wipe out the memory of a temporary reverse. At no distant period the project will, it is hoped, be revived. Nothing is required but permission to renew the attempt—an indulgence which will not be refused by a Government raised by energy, enterprise, and perseverance from the ranks of a society of merchants to national wealth and imperial grandeur.

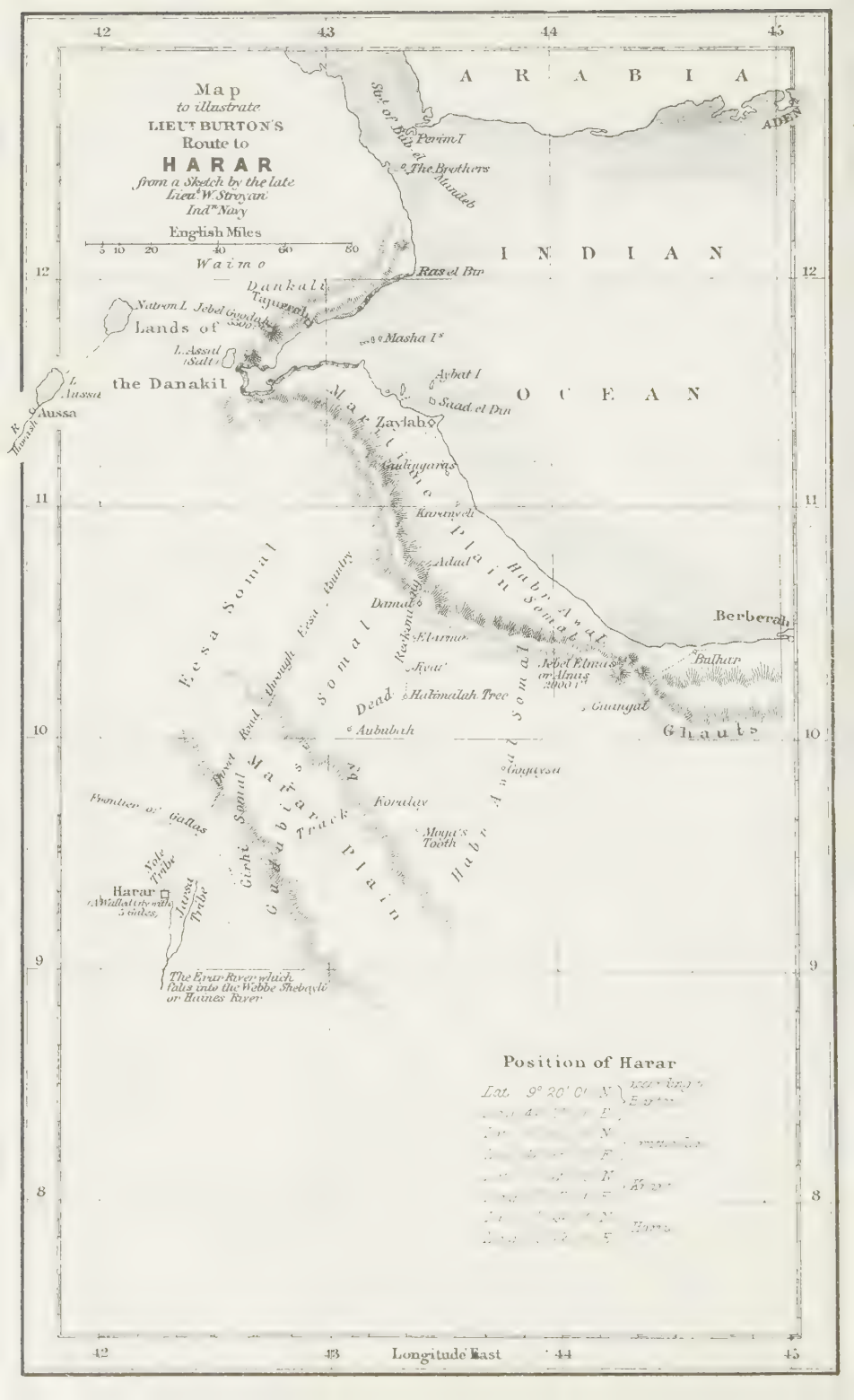
14, St. James's Square,
10th February, 1856.

TO THE HONOURABLE

JAMES GRANT LUMSDEN,

MEMBER OF COUNCIL, ETC., ETC., BOMBAY.

I HAVE ventured, my dear Lumsden, to address you in, and inscribe to you, these pages. Within your hospitable walls my project of African travel was matured, in the fond hope of submitting, on return, to your friendly criticism, the record of adventures in which you took so warm an interest. Dîs aliter visum! Still I would prove that my thoughts are with you, and thus request you to accept with your wonted *bonhommie* this feeble token of a sincere good will.


Map
to illustrate
LIEUT BURTON'S
Route to
HARAR
from a Sketch by the late
Lieut W Stroyan
Ind Navy
English Miles
0 10 20 40 60 80
ARABIA
ADEN
Str or Bab el Mandeb
Perim I
The Brothers
INDIAN
OCEAN
Waima
Dankali
Ras el Bir
Natron L
Jebel Goudah
Lands of
the Danakil
L Assal
Salt
Masha I
Aybat I
Saad el Din
Zaylah
Gubbagurra
Karanveli
Adad
Plain
Hubr Awal
Somali
Berbera
Damal
Elarmo
Ayar
Jebel Elmas
or Almas
Balhar
Guangal
Ghauts
Dead
Halomalah Tree
Aububah
Eesa Somali
Road through East Country
Somali
Karanveli
Mallaya
Plain
Hubr Awal
Somali
Gargaysa
Frontier of Gallas
Koradaye
Road
Mallaya
Track
Guddabiarra
Plain
Maya's
Tooth
Yelo
Tribe
Harar
Walled city with
5 gates
Jeesa
Tribe
Girhi Somali
The Erer River which
falls into the Webbe Shebayle
or Haines River
Position of Harar
Lat 9° 20' 0" N
Long 42° 10' 0" E
Longitude East

FIRST FOOTSTEPS

IN

EAST AFRICA.

CHAPTER I.

DEPARTURE FROM ADEN.

I DOUBT not there are many who ignore the fact that in Eastern Africa, scarcely three hundred miles distant from Aden, there is a counterpart of ill-famed Timbuctoo in the Far West. The more adventurous Abyssinian travellers, Salt and Stuart, Krapf and Isenberg, Barker and Rochet—not to mention divers Roman Catholic Missioners—attempted Harar, but attempted it in vain. The bigoted ruler and barbarous people threatened death to the Infidel who ventured within their walls; some negro Merlin having, it is said, read Decline and Fall in the first footsteps of the Frank.[1] Of all foreigners the

1 "A tradition exists," says Lieut. Cruttenden, "amongst the people of Harar, that the prosperity of their city depends upon the exclusion of all travellers not of the Moslem faith, and all Christians are specially interdicted." These freaks of interdiction are common to African rulers, who on occasions of war, famine or pestilence, struck with some superstitious fear, close their gates to strangers.

English were, of course, the most hated and dreaded; at Harar slavery still holds its head-quarters, and the old Dragon well knows what to expect from the hand of St. George. Thus the various travellers who appeared in beaver and black coats became persuaded that the city was inaccessible, and Europeans ceased to trouble themselves about Harar.

It is, therefore, a point of honour with me, dear L., to utilize my title of Haji by entering the city, visiting the ruler, and returning in safety, after breaking the guardian spell.

The most auspicious day in the Moslem year for beginning a journey is, doubtless, the 6th of the month Safar,[1] on which, quoth the Prophet, Al-Islam emerged from obscurity. Yet even at Aden we could not avail ourselves of this lucky time: our delays and difficulties were a fit prelude for a journey amongst those "Blameless Ethiopians," with whom no less a personage than august Jove can dine and depart.[2]

On Sunday, the 29th October, 1854, our manifold impediments were pronounced complete. Friend S. threw the slipper of blessing at my back, and about 4 p.m. embarking from Maala Bunder, we shook out our "muslin," and sailed down the fiery harbour. Passing the guard-boat, we delivered our permit; before venturing into the open sea we repeated the Fátihah-prayer in honour of the

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1 The 6th of Safar in 1854 corresponds with our 28th October. The Hadis is اذا خرج سته من الصفر خرج امتي من الدفر "when the 6th of Safar went forth, my faith from the cloud came forth."

2 The Abyssinian law of detaining guests—Pedro Covilhaõ, the first Portuguese envoy (A.D. 1499), lived and died a prisoner there—appears to have been the Christian modification of the old Ethiopic rite of sacrificing strangers.

Shaykh Majid, inventor of the mariners' compass,[1] and evening saw us dancing on the bright clear tide, whose "magic waves," however, murmured after another fashion

1 It would be wonderful if Orientals omitted to romance about the origin of such an invention as the Dayrah, or compass. Ṣhaykh Majid is said to have been a Syrian saint, to whom Allah gave the power of looking upon earth as though it were a ball in his hand. Most Moslems agree in assigning this origin to the Dayrah, and the Fatihah in honour of the holy man is still repeated by the pious mariner.

Easterns do not "box the compass" after our fashion: with them each point has its own name, generally derived from some prominent star on the horizon. Of these I subjoin a list as in use amongst the Somal, hoping that it may be useful to Oriental students. The names in hyphens are those given in a paper on the nautical instrument of the Arabs by Jas. Prinseps (Journal of the As. Soc., December, 1836). The learned secretary appears not to have heard the legend of Shaykh Majid, for he alludes to the "Majidi Kitab" or Oriental Ephemeris, without any explanation.

North . . .	Jah, جاه	East . .	Matla, مطلع
N. by E. . .	Farjad, فرجد	E. by S.	Jauza, جوزا
	(or فرقد)	E.S.E. .	Tir, تير
N.N.E. . .	Naash, نعش	S.E. by E.	Iklil, اكليل
N.E. by E. .	Nakah, ناقه	S.E. . .	Akrab, عقرب
N.E. . . .	Ayyuk, عيوق	S.E. by S.	Himarayn, حمارين
N.E. by E. .	Waki, واقع	S.S.E. .	Suhayl, سهيل
E.N.E. . .	Sumak, سماك	S. by E.	Suntubar, سنتبار
E. by N. . .	Surayya, ثريا		(or سلبار)

The south is called Al-Kutb (القطب) and the west Al-Maghib (المغيب). The western points are named like the eastern. North-east, for instance, is Ayyuk al-Matlai; north-west, Ayyuk al-Maghibi. Finally, the Dayrah Jahi is when the magnetic needle points due north. The Dayrah Farjadi (more common in these regions) is when the bar is fixed under Farjad, to allow for variation, which at Berberah is about 4° 50′ west.

the siren song which charmed the senses of the old Arabian voyagers.[1]

Suddenly every trace of civilization fell from my companions as if it had been a garment. At Aden, shaven and beturbanded, Arab fashion, now they threw off all dress save the loin cloth, and appeared in their dark morocco. Mohammed filled his mouth with a mixture of coarse Surat tobacco and ashes—the latter article intended, like the Anglo-Indian soldier's chili in his arrack, to "make it bite." Gulad uncovered his head, a member which in Africa is certainly made to go bare, and buttered himself with an unguent redolent of sheep's tail; and Ismail, the rais or captain of our "foyst,"[2] the Sahalah, applied himself to puffing his nicotiana out of a goat's shank-bone. Our crew, consisting of seventy-one men and boys, prepared, as evening fell, a mess of Jowari grain[3] and grease, the recipe of which I spare you, and it was despatched in a style that would have done credit to Kafirs as regards gobbling, bolting, smearing lips, licking fingers, and using ankles as napkins. Then with a light easterly breeze and the ominous cliffs of Little Aden still in sight, we spread our mats on deck and prepared to sleep under the moon.[4]

My companions, however, felt, without perhaps comprehending, the joviality arising from a return to Nature. Every man was forthwith nicknamed, and

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1 The curious reader will find in the Herodotus of the Arabs, Al-Masudi's "Meadows of gold and mines of gems," a strange tale of the blind billows and the singing waves of Berberah and Jofuni (Cape Guardafui, the classical Aromata).

2 "Foyst" and "buss," are the names applied by old travellers to the half-decked vessels of these seas.

3 Holcus Sorghum, the common grain of Africa and Arabia: the Somali call it Hirad; the people of Al-Yaman, Ta'am.

4 The Somal being a people of less nervous temperament than the Arabs and Indians, do not fear the moonlight.

pitiless was the raillery upon the venerable subjects of long and short, fat and thin. One sang a war-song, another a love-song, a third some song of the sea, whilst the fourth, an Ísa youth, with the villanous expression of face common to his tribe, gave us a rain measure, such as men chaunt during wet weather. All these effusions were *naïve* and amusing: none, however, could bear English translation without an amount of omission which would change its nature. Each effort of minstrelsy was accompanied by roars of laughter, and led to much manual pleasantry, All swore that they had never spent, intellectually speaking, a more charming *soirée*, and pitied me for being unable to enter thoroughly into the spirit of the dialogue. Truly it is not only the polished European, as was said of a certain travelling notability, that lapses with facility into pristine barbarism.

I will now introduce you to my companions. The managing man is one Mohammed Mahmud,[1] generally called Al-Hammal, or the porter: he is a Havildar, or sergeant in the Aden police, and was entertained for me by Lieut. Dansey, an officer who unfortunately was not "confirmed" in a political appointment at Aden. The Hammal is a bull-necked, round-headed fellow of lymphatic temperament, with a lamp-black skin, regular features, and a pulpy figure—two rarities amongst his countrymen, who compare him to a Banyan. An orphan in early youth, and becoming, to use his own phrase, sick of milk, he ran away from his tribe, the Habr Girhajis, and engaged himself as a coal-trimmer with the slaves on board an Indian war-steamer. After rising in rank to the command of the crew, he became servant and interpreter

1 The first name is that of the individual, as the Christian name with us, the second is that of the father; in the Somali country, as in India, they are not connected by the Arab "bin"—son of.

to travellers, visited distant lands—Egypt and Calcutta—and finally settled as a Faringhi policeman. He cannot read or write, but he has all the knowledge to be acquired by fifteen or twenty years' hard "knocking about": he can make a long speech, and, although he never prays, a longer prayer; he is an excellent mimic, and delights his auditors by imitations and descriptions of Indian ceremony, Egyptian dancing, Arab vehemence, Persian abuse, European vivacity, and Turkish insolence. With prodigious inventiveness, and a habit of perpetual intrigue, acquired in his travels, he might be called a "knowing" man, but for the truly Somali weakness of showing in his countenance all that passes through his mind. This people can hide nothing: the blank eye, the contracting brow, the opening nostril and the tremulous lip, betray, despite themselves, their innermost thoughts.

The second servant whom I bring before you is Gulad, another policeman at Aden. He is a youth of good family, belonging to the Ismail Arrah, the royal clan of the great Habr Girhajis tribe. His father was a man of property, and his brethren near Berberah, are wealthy Badawin: yet he ran away from his native country when seven or eight years old, and became a servant in the house of a butter merchant at Mocha. Thence he went to Aden, where he began with private service, and ended his career in the police. He is one of those long, live skeletons, common amongst the Somal: his shoulders are parallel with his ears, his ribs are straight as a mummy's, his face has not an ounce of flesh upon it, and his features suggest the idea of some lank bird: we call him Long Gulad, to which he replies with the Yaman saying "Length is Honour, even in Wood." He is brave enough, because he rushes into danger without reflection; his great defects are weakness of body and nervousness of temperament, leading in times of peril to the trembling of hands, the dropping of

caps, and the mismanagement of bullets: besides which, he cannot bear hunger, thirst, or cold.

The third is one Abdi Abokr, also of the Habr Girhajis, a personage whom, from his smattering of learning and his prodigious rascality, we call the Mulla "End of Time."[1] He is a man about forty, very old-looking for his age, with small, deep-set cunning eyes, placed close together, a hook nose, a thin beard, a bulging brow, scattered teeth,[2] and a short scant figure, remarkable only for length of back. His gait is stealthy, like a cat's, and he has a villanous grin. This worthy never prays, and can neither read nor write; but he knows a chapter or two of the Koran, recites audibly a long Ratib or task, morning and evening,[3] whence, together with his store of hashed Hadís (tradition), he derives the title of Widad or hedge-priest. His tongue, primed with the satirical sayings of Abn Zayd al-Halali, and Humayd ibn Mansur,[4] is the terror of men upon whom repartee imposes. His father was a wealthy ship-owner in his day; but, cursed with Abdi and another son, the old man has lost all his property, his children have deserted him, and he now depends entirely upon the charity of the Zayla chief. The "End of Time" has squandered considerable sums in travelling far and wide from Harar to Cutch, he has managed everywhere to

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1 Abdi is an abbreviation of Abdullah; Abokr, a corruption of Abu Bakr. The "End of Time" alludes to the prophesied corruption of the Moslem priesthood in the last epoch of the world.

2 This peculiarity is not uncommon amongst the Somal; it is considered by them a sign of warm temperament.

3 The Moslem should first recite the Farz prayers, or those ordered in the Koran; secondly, the Sunnat or practice of the Prophet; and thirdly the Nafilah or Supererogatory. The Ratib or self-imposed task is the last of all; our Mulla placed it first, because he could chant it upon his mule within hearing of the people.

4 Two modern poets and wits well known in Al-Yaman.

perpetrate some peculiar villany. He is a pleasant companion, and piques himself upon that power of quotation which in the East makes a polite man. If we be disposed to hurry, he insinuates that "Patience is of Heaven, Haste of Hell." When roughly addressed, he remarks,—

"There are cures for the hurts of lead and steel,
But the wounds of the tongue—they never heal."

If a grain of rice adhere to our beards, he says, smilingly, "the gazelle is in the garden"; to which we reply "we will hunt her with the five.[1]" Despite these merits, I hesitated to engage him, till assured by the governor of Zayla that he was to be looked upon as a son, and, moreover, that he would bear with him one of those state secrets to an influential chief which in this country are never committed to paper. I found him an admirable buffoon, skilful in filling pipes and smoking them; *au reste*, an individual of "many words and little work," infinite intrigue, cowardice, cupidity, and endowed with a truly evil tongue.

The morning sun rose hot upon us, showing Mayyum and Zubah, the giant staples of the "Gate under the Pleiades.[2]" Shortly afterwards, we came in sight of the Barr al-'Ajam (barbarian land), as the Somal call their country,[3] a low glaring flat of yellow sand, desert and

1 That is to say, "we will remove it with the five fingers." These are euphuisms to avoid speaking broadly and openly of that venerable feature, the beard.

2 Bab al-Mandab is called as above by Humayd from its astronomical position. Jabal Mayyum is in Africa, Jabal Zubah or Muayyin, celebrated as the last resting-place of a great saint, Shaykh Sa'id, is in Arabia.

3 'Ajam probably means all nations not Arab. In Egypt and Central Asia it is now confined to Persians. On the west of the Red Sea, it is invariably used to denote the Somali country: thence Bruce draws the Greek and Latin name of the coast, Azamia, and De Sacy derives the word "Ajan," which in our maps is applied to the inner regions of the Eastern Horn, So in Africa, Al-Sham, which probably means Damascus and Syria, is applied to Al-Hijaz.

heat-reeking, tenanted by the Isa, and a meet habitat for savages. Such to us, at least, appeared the land of Adel.[1] At midday we descried the Ras al-Bir,—Headland of the Well,—the promontory which terminates the bold Tajurrah range, under which lie the sleeping waters of the Maiden's Sea.[2] During the day we rigged out an awning, and sat in the shade smoking and chatting merrily, for the weather was not much hotter than our English summer seas. Some of the crew tried praying; but prostrations are not easily made on board ship, and Al-Islam, as Umar shrewdly suspected, was not made for a seafaring race. At length the big red sun sank slowly behind the curtain of sky-blue rock, where lies the not yet "combusted" village of Tajurrah.[3] We lay down to rest with the light of day, and had the satisfaction of closing our eyes upon a fair though captious breeze.

On the morning of the 31st October, we entered the Zayla Creek, which gives so much trouble to native craft. We passed, on the right, the low island of

1 Adel, according to M. Krapf, derived its name from the Ad Ali, a tribe of the Afar or Danakil nation, erroneously used by Arab synecdoche for the whole race. Mr. Johnston (Travels in Southern Abyssinia, ch. 1) more correctly derives it from Adule, a city which, as proved by the monument which bears its name, existed in the days of Ptolemy Euergetes (B.C. 247—222), had its own dynasty, and boasted of a conquerer who overcame the Troglodytes, Sabæans, Homerites, &c., and pushed his conquests as far as the frontier of Egypt. Mr. Johnston, however, incorrectly translates Barr al-'Ajam "land of fire," and seems to confound Avalites and Adulis.

2 Bahr al-Banattin, the Bay of Tajurrah.

3 A certain German missionary,' well known in this part of the world, exasperated by the seizure of a few dollars and a claim to the *droit d'aubaine*, advised the authorities of Aden to threaten the "combustion" of Tajurrah. The measure would have been equally unjust and unwise. A traveller, even a layman, is bound to put up peacefully with such trifles; and to threaten "combustion" without being prepared to carry out the threat is the readiest way to secure contempt.

Masha, belonging to the "City of the Slave Merchant," —Tajurrah—and on the left two similar patches of seagirt sand, called Aybat and Sa'ad al-Din. These places supply Zayla, in the Kharif or hot season,[1] with thousands of gulls' eggs—a great luxury. At noon we sighted our destination. Zayla is the normal African port—a strip of sulphur-yellow sand, with a deep blue dome above, and a foreground of the darkest indigo. The buildings, raised by refraction, rose high, and apparently from the bosom of the deep. After hearing the worst accounts of it, I was pleasantly disappointed by the spectacle of white-washed houses and minarets, peering above a long low line of brown wall, flanked with round towers.

As we slowly threaded the intricate coral reefs of the port, a bark came scudding up to us; it tacked, and the crew proceeded to give news in roaring tones. Friendship between the Amir of Harar and the governor of Zayla had been broken; the road through the Ísa Somal had been closed by the murder of Mas'ud, a favourite slave and adopted son of Sharmarkay; all strangers had been expelled the city for some misconduct by the Harar chief; moreover, small-pox was raging there with such violence that the Galla peasantry would allow neither ingress nor egress.[2] I had the pleasure of

1 The Kharif in most parts of the Oriental world corresponds with our autumn. In Eastern Africa it invariably signifies the hot season preceding the monsoon rains.

2 The circumstances of Mas'ud's murder were truly African. The slave caravans from Abyssinia to Tajurrah were usually escorted by the Rer Guleni, a clan of the great Ísa tribe, and they monopolized the profits of the road. Summoned to share their gains with their kinsmen generally, they refused, upon which the other clans rose about August, 1854, and cut off the road. A large caravan was travelling down in two bodies, each of nearly 300 slaves; the Ísa attacked the first division, carried off the wives and female slaves,

reflecting for some time, dear L., upon the amount of responsibility incurred by using the phrase "I will"; and the only consolation that suggested itself was the stale assurance that

"Things at the worst most surely mend."

No craft larger than a canoe can ride near Zayla. After bumping once or twice against the coral reefs, it was considered advisable for our good ship, the Sahalah, to cast anchor. My companions caused me to dress, put me with my pipe and other necessaries into a cock-boat, and, wading through the water, shoved it to shore. Lastly, at Bab al-Sahil, the Seaward or Northern Gate, they proceeded to array themselves in the bravery of clean Tobes and long daggers strapped round the waist; each man also slung his targe to his left arm, and in his right hand grasped lance and javelin. At the gate we were received by a tall black spearman with a "Ho there! to the governor"; and a crowd of idlers gathered to inspect the strangers. Marshalled by the warder, we traversed the dusty roads—streets they could not be called—of the old Arab town, ran the gauntlet of a gaping mob, and finally entering a mat door, found ourselves in the presence of the governor.

I had met Sharmarkay at Aden, where he received from the authorities strong injunctions concerning my personal safety: the character of a Moslem merchant, however, requiring us to appear strangers, an introduction by our master of ceremonies, the Hammal, followed my entrance. Sharmarkay was living in an

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whom they sold for ten dollars a head, and savagely mutilated upwards of 100 wretched boys. This event caused the Tajurrah line to be permanently closed. The Rer Guleni in wrath, at once murdered Mas'ud, a peaceful traveller, because Inna Handun, his Abban or protector, was of the party who had attacked their protégés: they came upon him suddenly as he was purchasing some article, and stabbed him in the back, before he could defend himself.

apartment by no means splendid, preferring an Arish or kind of cow-house—as the Anglo-Indian Nabobs do the bungalow

> " with mat half hung,
> The walls of plaster and the floors of · · · ·,"

—to all his substantial double-storied houses. The ground was wet and comfortless; a part of the reed walls was lined with cots bearing mattresses and silk-covered pillows, a cross between a diwán and a couch: the only ornaments were a few weapons, and a necklace of gaudy beads suspended near the door. I was placed upon the principal seat: on the right were the governor and the Hammal; whilst the lowest portion of the room was occupied by Mohammed Sharmarkay, the son and heir. The rest of the company squatted upon chairs, or rather stools, of peculiar construction. Nothing could be duller than this *assemblée*: pipes and coffee are here unknown; and there is nothing in the East to act substitute for them.[1]

The governor of Zayla, Al-Hajj Sharmarkay bin Ali Salih, is rather a remarkable man. He is sixteenth, according to his own account, in descent from Ishak al-Hazrami,[2] the saintly founder of the great Girhajis and

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1 In Zayla there is not a single coffee-house. The settled Somal care little for the Arab beverage, and the Badawin's reasons for avoiding it are not bad. " If we drink coffee once," say they, " we shall want it again, and then where are we to get it?" The Abyssinian Christians, probably to distinguish themselves from Moslems, object to coffee as well as to tobacco. The Gallas, on the the other hand, eat it: the powdered bean is mixed with butter, and on forays a lump about the size of a billiard-ball is preferred to a substantial meal when the latter cannot be obtained.

2 The following genealogical table was given to me by Mohammed Sharmarkay:—

1. Ishak (ibn Ahmad ibn Abdillah).
1. Girhajis (his eldest son).
3. Sa'id (the eldest son; Da'ud being the second).

Awal tribes. His enemies derive him from a less illustrious stock; and the fairness of his complexion favours the report that his grandfather Salih was an Abyssinian slave. Originally the Nacoda or captain of a native craft, he has raised himself, chiefly by British influence, to the chieftainship of his tribe.[1] As early as May, 1825, he received from Captain Bagnold, then our resident at Mocha, a testimonial and a reward, for a severe sword wound in the left arm, received whilst defending the lives of English seamen.[2] He afterwards went to Bombay, where he was treated with consideration; and about fifteen years ago he succeeded the Sayyid Mohammed al-Barr as governor of Zayla and its dependencies, under the Ottoman Pasha in Western Arabia.

4. Arrah (also the eldest; Ili, *i.e.*, Ali, being the second).
5. Musa (the third son: the eldest was Ismail; then, in succession, Ishak, Misa, Mikahil, Gambah, Dandan, &c.).
6. Ibrahim.
7. Fikih (*i.e.* Fakih).
8. Adan (*i.e.* Adam.)
9. Mohammed.
10. Hamid.
11. Jibril (*i.e.* Jibrail).
12. Ali.
13. Awaz
14. Salih.
15. Ali.
16. Sharmarkay.

The last is a peculiarly Somali name, meaning "one who sees no harm"—Shar-ma-arkay.

1 Not the hereditary chieftainship of the Habr Girhajis, which belongs to a particular clan.

2 The following is a copy of the document:—

"This Testimonial,

together with an Honorary Dress, is presented by the British Resident at Mocha to Nagoda Shurmakey Ally Sumaulley, in token of esteem and regard for his humane and gallant conduct at the Port of Burburra, on the coast of Africa, April 10, 1825, in saving the lives of Captain William Lingard, chief officer of the Brig Mary Anne, when that vessel was attacked and plundered by the natives. The said Nagoda is therefore strongly recommended to the notice and good offices of Europeans in general, but particularly so to all English gentlemen visiting these seas."

The Hajj Sharmarkay in his youth was a man of valour: he could not read or write; but he carried in battle four spears,[1] and his sword-cut was recognizable. He is now a man about sixty years old, at least six feet two inches in stature, large-limbed, and raw-boned: his leanness is hidden by long wide robes. He shaves his head and upper lip Sháfe'i-fashion, and his beard is represented by a ragged tuft of red-stained hair on each side of his chin. A visit to Aden and a doctor cost him one eye, and the other is now white with age. His dress is that of an Arab, and he always carries with him a broad-bladed, silver-hilted sword. Despite his years, he is a strong, active, and energetic man, ever looking to the "main chance." With one foot in the grave, he meditates nothing but the conquest of Harar and Berberah, which, making him master of the seaboard, would soon extend his power as in days of old even to Abyssinia.[2] To hear his projects, you would fancy them the

1 Two spears being the usual number: the difficulty of three or four would mainly consist in their management during action.

2 In July, 1855, the Hajj Sharmarkay was deposed by the Turkish Pasha of Hodaydah, ostensibly for failing to keep some road open, or, according to others, for assisting to plunder a caravan belonging to the Dankali tribe. It was reported that he had been made a prisoner, and the Political Resident at Aden saw the propriety of politely asking the Turkish authorities to "be easy" upon the old man. In consequence of this representation, he was afterwards allowed, on paying a fine of 3000 dollars, to retire to Aden.

I deeply regret that the Hajj should have lost his government. He has ever clung to the English party, even in sore temptation. A few year ago, the late M. Rochet (*soi-disant* d'Hericourt), French agent at Jeddah, paying treble its value, bought from Mohammed Sharmarkay, in the absence of the Hajj, a large stone house, in order to secure a footing at Zayla. The old man broke off the bargain on his return, knowing how easily an Agency becomes a Fort, and preferring a considerable loss to the presence of dangerous friends.

offspring of a brain in the prime of youth: in order to carry them out he would even assist in suppressing the profitable slave-trade.[1]

After half an hour's visit I was led by the Hajj through the streets of Zayla,[2] to one of his substantial

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1 During my residence at Zayla few slaves were imported, owing to the main road having been closed. In former years the market was abundantly stocked; the numbers annually shipped to Mocha, Hodaydah, Jeddah, and Berberah, varied from 600 to 1000. The Hajj received as duty one gold "Kirsh," or about three-fourths of a dollar, per head.

2 Zayla, called Audal or Auzal by the Somal, is a town about the size of Suez, built for 3000 or 4000 inhabitants, and containing a dozen large whitewashed stone houses, and upwards of 200 Arish or thatched huts, each surrounded by a fence of wattle and matting. The situation is a low and level spit of sand, which high tides make almost an island. There is no harbour: a vessel of 250 tons cannot approach within a mile of the landing-place; the open roadstead is exposed to the terrible north wind, and when gales blow from the west and south, it is almost unapproachable. Every ebb leaves a sandy flat, extending half a mile seaward from the town; the reefy anchorage is difficult of entrance after sunset, and the coralline bottom renders wading painful.

The shape of this once celebrated town is a tolerably regular parallelogram, of which the long sides run from east to west. The walls, without guns or embrasures, are built, like the houses, of coralline rubble and mud, in places dilapidated. There are five gates. The Bab al-Sahil and the Bab al-Jadd (a new postern) open upon the sea from the northern wall. At the Ashurbara, in the southern part of the enceinte, the Badawin encamp, and above it the governor holds his Durbar. The Bab Abd al-Kadir derives its name from a saint buried outside and eastward of the city, and the Bab al-Saghir is pierced in the western wall.

The public edifices are six mosques, including the Jami, or cathedral, for Friday prayer: these buildings have queer little crenelles on whitewashed walls, and a kind of elevated summer-house to represent the minaret. Near one of them are remains of a circular Turkish Munar, manifestly of modern construction. There is no Mahkamah or Kazi's court: that dignitary transacts business at his own house, and the Festival prayers are recited near the

houses of coralline and mud plastered over with glaring whitewash. The ground floor is a kind of warehouse full of bales and boxes, scales and buyers. A flight of steep steps leads into a long room with shutters to exclude the light, floored with tamped earth, full of

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Saint's Tomb outside the eastern gate. The north-east angle of the town is occupied by a large graveyard with the usual deleterious consequences.

The climate of Zayla is cooler than that of Aden, and the site being open all around, it is not so unhealthy. Much spare room is enclosed by the town walls: evaporation and Nature's scavengers act succedanea for sewerage.

Zayla commands the adjacent harbour of Tajurrah, and is by position the northern port of Aussa (the ancient capital of Adel), of Harar, and of southern Abyssinia: the feuds of the rulers have, however, transferred the main trade to Berberah. It sends caravans northwards to Dankali, and south-westwards, through the Ísa and Gudabirsi tribes as far as Ifat and Gurague. It is visited by Cafilas from Abyssinia, and by the different races of Badawin, extending from the hills to the seaboard. The exports are valuable—slaves, ivory, hides, honey, antelope horns, clarified butter, and gums: the coast abounds in sponge, coral, and small pearls, which Arab divers collect in the fair season. In the harbour I found about twenty native craft, large and small: of these, ten belonged to the governor. They trade with Berberah, Arabia, and Western India, and are navigated by "Rajput" or Hindu pilots.

Provisions at Zayla are cheap; a family of six persons live well for about 30*l.* per annum. The general food is mutton: a large sheep costs one dollar, a small one half the price; camels' meat, beef, and in winter kid, abound. Fish is rare, and fowls are not commonly eaten. Holcus, when dear, sells at forty pounds per dollar, at seventy pounds when cheap. It is usually levigated with slab and roller, and made into sour cakes. Some, however, prefer the Arab form "balilah," boiled and mixed with ghí. Wheat and rice are imported: the price varies from forty to sixty pounds the Riyal or dollar. Of the former grain the people make a sweet cake called Sabaya, resembling the Fatirah of Egypt: a favourite dish also is "harisah"—flesh, rice flour, and boiled wheat, all finely pounded and mixed together. Milk is not procurable during the hot weather; after rain every house is full of it; the Badawin bring it in skins and sell it for a nominal sum.

"evening flyers,[1]" and destitute of furniture. Parallel to it are three smaller apartments; and above is a terraced roof, where they who fear not the dew and the land breeze sleep.[2] I found a room duly prepared; the ground was spread with mats, and cushions against the walls denoted the Diwan: for me was placed a Kursi or cot, covered with fine Persian rugs and gaudy silk and satin pillows. The Hajj installed us with ceremony, and insisted, despite my remonstrances, upon occupying the floor whilst I sat on the raised seat. After ushering in supper, he considerately remarked that travelling is fatiguing, and left us to sleep.

The well-known sounds of Al-Islam returned from memory. Again the melodious chant of the Muezzin—

Besides a large floating population, Zayla contains about 1500 souls. They are comparatively a fine race of people, and suffer from little but fever and an occasional ophthalmia. Their greatest hardship is the want of the pure element; the Hissi or well, is about four miles distant from the town, and all the pits within the walls supply brackish or bitter water, fit only for external use. This is probably the reason why vegetables are unknown, and why a horse, a mule, or even a dog, is not to be found in the place.

1 "Fid-mer," or the evening flyer, is the Somali name for a bat. These little animals are not disturbed in houses, because they keep off flies and mosquitoes, the plagues of the Somali country. Flies abound in the very jungles wherever cows have been, and settle in swarms upon the traveller. Before the monsoon their bite is painful, especially that of the small green species; and there is a red variety called "Diksi as," whose venom, according to the people, causes them to vomit. The latter abounds in Gulays and the hill ranges of the Berberah country: it is innocuous during the cold season. The mosquito bites bring on, according to the same authority, deadly fevers: the superstition probably arises from the fact that mosquitoes and fevers become formidable about the same time.

2 Such a building at Zayla would cost at most 500 dollars. At Aden, 2000 rupees, or nearly double the sum, would be paid for a matted shed, which excludes neither sun, nor wind, nor rain.

no evening bell can compare with it for solemnity and beauty—and in the neighbouring mosque, the loudly-intoned Amin and Allaho Akbar—far superior to any organ—rang in my ear. The evening gun of camp was represented by the Nakyarah, or kettle-drum, sounded about seven P.M. at the southern gate; and at ten a second drumming warned the paterfamilias that it was time for home, and thieves, and lovers—that it was the hour for bastinado. Nightfall was ushered in by the song, the dance, and the marriage festival—here no permission is required for "native music in the lines"—and muffled figures flitted mysteriously through the dark alleys.

. . . . . .

After a peep through the open window, I fell asleep, feeling once more at home.

CHAPTER II.

LIFE IN ZAYLA.

I WILL not weary you, dear L., with descriptions of twenty-six quiet, similar, uninteresting days—days of sleep, and pipes, and coffee—spent at Zayla, whilst a route was traced out, guides were propitiated, camels were bought, mules sent for, and all the wearisome preliminaries of African travel were gone through. But a *journée* in the Somali country may be a novelty to you: its events shall be succinctly depicted.

With earliest dawn we arise, thankful to escape from mosquitoes and close air. We repair to the terrace where devotions are supposed to be performed, and busy ourselves in watching our neighbours. Two in particular engage my attention: sisters by different mothers. The daughter of an Indian woman is a young person of fast propensities—her chocolate-coloured skin, long hair, and parrot-like profile[1] are much admired by the *élegants* of Zayla; and she coquettes by combing, dancing, singing, and slapping the slave-girls, whenever an adorer may be looking. We sober-minded men, seeing her, quote the well-known lines—

1 This style of profile—highly oval, with the chin and brow receding—is very conspicuous in Eastern Africa, where the face, slightly prognathous, projects below the nose.

"Sans justice a king is a cloud without rain;
Sans goodness a sage is a field without grain;
Sans manners a youth is a horse taking rein;
Sans lore an old man is a waterless plain;
And bread without salt is a woman sans shame."

The other is a matron of Abyssinian descent, as her skin, scarcely darker that a gipsy's, her long and bright blue fillet, and her gaudily-fringed dress, denote. She tattoos her face[1]: a livid line extends from her front hair to the tip of her nose; between her eyebrows is an ornament representing a *fleur-de-lis*, and various beauty-spots adorn the corners of her mouth and the flats of her countenance. She passes her day superintending the slave-girls, and weaving mats,[2] the worsted work of this part of the world. We soon made acquaintance, as far as an exchange of salams. I regret, however, to say that there was some scandal about my charming neighbour; and that more than once she was detected making signals to distant persons with her hands.[3]

At 6 A.M. we descend to breakfast, which usually consists of sour grain cakes and roast mutton—at this hour a fine trial of health and cleanly living. A napkin is passed under my chin, as if I were a small child, and a sound scolding is administered when appetite appears deficient. Visitors are always asked to join us: we squat on the uncarpeted floor, round a circular stool, eat

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1 Gall-nuts form the base of the tattooing dye. It is worked in with a needle, when it becomes permanent: applied with a pen, it requires to be renewed about once a fortnight.

2 Mats are the staple manufacture in Eastern, as in many parts of Western, Africa. The material is sometimes Daum or other palm: there are, however, many plants in more common use; they are made of every variety in shape and colour, and are dyed red, black, and yellow—madder from Tajurrah and alum being the the matter principally used.

3 When woman addresses woman she always uses her voice.

hard, and never stop to drink. The appetite of Africa astonishes us;* we dispose of six ounces here for every one in Arabia—probably the effect of sweet water, after the briny produce of the "Eye of Yaman." We conclude this early breakfast with coffee and pipes, and generally return, after it, to the work of sleep.

Then, provided with some sanctified Arabic book, I prepare for the reception of visitors. They come in by dozens — no man having apparently any business to occupy him — doff their slippers at the door, enter wrapped up in their Tobes or togas,[1] and deposit their spears, point-upwards, in the corner; those who have swords—the mark of respectability in Eastern Africa—place them at their feet. They shake the full hand (I was reproved for offering the fingers only); and when politely disposed, the inferior wraps his fist in the hem of his garment. They have nothing corresponding with

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1 The Tobe, or Abyssinian "Quarry," is the general garment of Africa from Zayla to Bornou. In the Somali country it is a cotton sheet eight cubits long, and two breadths sewn together. An article of various uses, like the Highland plaid, it is worn in many ways; sometimes the right arm is bared; in cold weather the whole person is muffled up, and in summer it is allowed to fall below the waist. Generally it is passed behind the back, rests upon the left shoulder, is carried forward over the breast, surrounds the body, and ends hanging on the left shoulder, where it displays a gaudy silk fringe of red and yellow. This is the man's Tobe. The woman's dress is of similar material, but differently worn: the edges are knotted generally over the right, sometimes over the left shoulder; it is girdled round the waist, below which hangs a lappet, which in cold weather can be brought like a hood over the head. Though highly becoming, and picturesque as the Roman toga, the Somali Tobe is by no means the most decorous of dresses: women in the towns often prefer the Arab costume—a short-sleeved robe extending to the knee, and a Futah or loin-cloth underneath.

As regards the word Tobe, it signifies, in Arabic, a garment generally: the Somal call it "Maro," and the half Tobe a "Shukkah."

the European idea of manners ; they degrade all ceremony by the epithet Shughl al-banat, or "girls' work," and pique themselves upon downrightness of manner—a favourite mask, by-the-by, for savage cunning to assume. But they are equally free from affectation, shyness, and vulgarity ; and, after all, no manners are preferable to bad manners.

Sometimes we are visited at this hour by Mohammed Sharmarkay, eldest son of the old governor. He is in age about thirty, a fine tall figure, slender but well knit, beardless and of light complexion, with large eyes, and a length of neck which a lady might covet. His only detracting feature is a slight projection of the oral region, that unmistakeable proof of African blood. His movements have the grace of strength and suppleness : he is a good jumper, runs well, throws the spear admirably, and is a tolerable shot. Having received a liberal education at Mocha, he is held a learned man by his fellow-countrymen. Like his father he despises presents, looking higher ; with some trouble I persuaded him to accept a common map of Asia, and a revolver. His chief interest was concentrated in books : he borrowed my Abu Kasim to copy,[1] and was never tired of talking about the religious sciences : he had weakened his eyes by hard reading, and a couple of blisters were sufficient to win his gratitude. Mohammed is now the eldest son[2]; he appears determined to keep up the family name, having already married ten wives : the issue however, two infant sons, were murdered by the Isa Badawin. Whenever he meets his father in

1 Abu Kasim of Gaza, a well-known commentator upon Abu Shuja'a of Isfahan, who wrote a text-book of the Shafe'i school.

2 The Hajj had seven sons, three of whom died in infancy. Al and Mahmud, the latter a fine young man, fell victims to small pox : Mohammed is now the eldest, and the youngest is a child called Ahmad, left for education at Mocha. The Hajj has also two daughters, married to Badawi Somal.

the morning, he kisses his hand, and receives a salute upon the forehead. He aspires to the government of Zayla, and looks forward more reasonably than the Hajj to the day when the possession of Berberah will pour gold into his coffers. He shows none of his father's "softness": he advocates the bastinado, and, to keep his people at a distance, he has married an Arab wife, who allows no adult to enter the doors. The Somal, Spaniard-like, remark, "He is one of ourselves, though a little richer"; but when times change and luck returns, they are not unlikely to find themselves mistaken.

Amongst other visitors, we have the Amir al-Bahr, or Port Captain, and the Nakib al-Askar (*Commandant de place*), Mohammed Umar al-Hamumi. This is one of those Hazramaut adventurers so common in all the countries bordering upon Arabia: they are the Swiss of the East, a people equally brave and hardy, frugal and faithful, as long as pay is regular. Feared by the soft Indians and Africans for their hardness and determination, the common proverb concerning them is, "If you meet a viper and a Hazrami, spare the viper." Natives of a poor and rugged region, they wander far and wide, preferring every country to their own; and it is generally said that the sun rises not upon a land that does not contain a man from Hazramaut.[1] This commander of an army of forty men[2] often read out to us from the Kitab al-Anwar (the

1 It is related that a Hazrami, flying from his fellow-countrymen, reached a town upon the confines of China. He was about to take refuge in a mosque, but entering, he stumbled over the threshold. "Ya Amud al-Din"—"O Pillar of the Faith!" exclaimed a voice from the darkness, calling upon the patron saint of Hazramaut to save a Moslem from falling. "May the Pillar of the Faith break thy head!" exclaimed the unpatriotic traveller, at once rising to resume his vain peregrinations.

2 Mercenaries from Mocha, Hazramaut, and Bir Hamid, near Aden: they are armed with matchlock, sword, and dagger; and each receives from the governor a monthly stipend of two dollars and a half.

Book of Lights) the tale of Abu Jahl, that Judas of Al-Islam made ridiculous. Sometimes comes the Sayyid Mohammed al-Barr, a stout personage, formerly governor of Zayla, and still highly respected by the people on account of his pure pedigree. With him is the Fakih Adan, a *savan* of ignoble origin.[1] When they appear the con-

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1 The system of caste, which prevails in Al-Yaman, though not in the northern parts of Arabia, is general throughout the Somali country. The principal families of outcasts are the following :—

The Yabir correspond with the Dushan of Southern Arabia: the males are usually jesters to the chiefs, and both sexes take certain parts at festivals, marriages, and circumcisions. The number is said to be small, amounting to about 100 families in the northern Somali country.

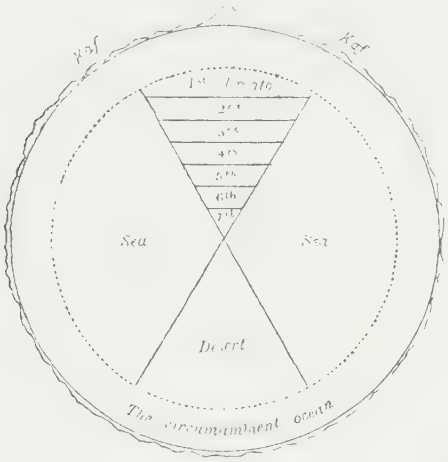
The Tomal or Handad, the blacksmiths, originally of Aydur race, have become vile by intermarriage with serviles. They must now wed maidens of their own class, and live apart from the community: their magical practices are feared by the people—the connection of wits and witchcraft is obvious—and all private quarrels are traced to them. It has been observed that the blacksmith has ever been looked upon with awe by barbarians on the same principle that made Vulcan a deity. In Abyssinia all artisans are Budah, sorcerers, especially the blacksmith, and he is a social outcast as amongst the Somal; even in Al-Hijaz, a land, unlike Al-Yaman, opposed to distinctions amongst Moslems, the Khalawiyah, who work in metal, are considered vile. Throughout the rest of Al-Islam, the blacksmith is respected as treading in the path of David, the father of the craft.

The word "Tomal," opposed to Somal, is indigenous. "Handad" is palpably a corruption of the Arabic "Haddad," ironworker.

The Midgan, "one-hand," corresponds with the Khadim of Al-Yaman: he is called Rami, or "archer," by the Arabs. There are three distinct tribes of this people, who are numerous in the Somali country: the best genealogists cannot trace their origin, though some are silly enough to derive them, like the Akhdam, from Shimr. All, however, agree in expelling the Midgan from the gentle blood of Somali land, and his position has been compared to that of Freedman amongst the Romans. These people take service under the different chiefs, who sometimes entertained great numbers to aid in forays and frays; they do not, however, confine themselves to one craft. Many Midgans employ themselves in hunting and agriculture.

versation becomes intensely intellectual: sometimes we dispute religion, sometimes politics, at others history and other humanities. Yet, it is not easy to talk history with a people who confound Miriam and Mary, or politics to those whose only idea of a king is a robber on a large scale, or religion to men who measure excellence by forbidden

The Mountain Kaf.



meats, or geography to those who represent the earth in this guise. Yet, though few of our ideas are in common,

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Instead of spear and shield, they carry bows and a quiver full of diminutive arrows, barbed and poisoned with the Waba—a weapon used from Faizoghli to the Cape of Good Hope. Like the Veddah of Ceylon, the Midgan is a poor shot, and scarcely strong enough to draw his stiff bow. He is accused of maliciousness; and the twanging of his string will put to flight a whole village. The poison is greatly feared: it causes, say the people, the hair and nails to drop off, and kills a man in half an hour. The only treatment known is instant excision of the part; and this is done the more frequently, because here, as in other parts of Africa, such *stigmates* are deemed ornamental.

In appearance the Midgan is dark and somewhat stunted; he is known to the people by peculiarities of countenance and accent.

there are many words; the verbosity of these anti-Laconic Oriental dialects[1] renders at least half the subject intelligible to the most opposite thinkers. When the society is wholly Somal, I write Arabic, copy some useful book, or extract from it, as Bentley advised, what is fit to quote. When Arabs are present, I usually read out a tale from "The Thousand and One Nights," that wonderful work, so often translated, so much turned over, and so little understood at home. The most familiar of books in England, next to the Bible, it is one of the least known, the reason being that about one-fifth is utterly unfit for translation; and the most sanguine Orientalist would not dare to render literally more than three-quarters of the remainder. Consequently, the reader loses the contrast—the very essence of the book—between its brilliancy and dulness, its moral putrefaction, and such pearls as—

> "Cast the seed of good works on the least fit soil,
> Good is never wasted, however it may be laid out."

And in a page or two after such divine sentiment, the ladies of Baghdad sit in the porter's lap, and indulge in a facetiousness which would have killed Pietro Aretino before his time.

Often I am visited by the Topchi-Bashi, or master of the ordnance—half-a-dozen honey-combed guns—a wild fellow, Bashi Buzuk in the Hijaz and commandant of artillery at Zayla. He shaves my head on Fridays, and on other days tells me wild stories about his service in the Holy Land; how Kurdi Usman slew his son-in-law, Ibn Rumi, and how Turkchih Bilmaz would have

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1 The reason why Europeans fail to explain their thoughts to Orientals generally is that they transfer the Laconism of Western Eastern tongues. We for instance say, "Fetch the book I gave you last night." This in Hindustani, to choose a well-known tongue, must be smothered with words thus, "What book was by me given to you yesterday by night, that book bringing to me, come!"

murdered Mohammed Ali in his bed.[1] Sometimes the room is filled with Arabs, Sayyids, merchants, and others settled in the place: I saw nothing amongst them to justify the oft-quoted saw, "Koraysh pride and Zayla's boastfulness." More generally the assembly is one of the Somal, who talk in their own tongue, laugh, yell, stretch their legs, and lie like cattle upon the floor, smoking the common Hukkah, which stands in the centre, industriously cleaning their teeth with sticks, and eating snuff like Swedes. Meanwhile, I occupy the Kursi or couch, sometimes muttering from a book to excite respect, or reading aloud for general information, or telling fortunes by palmistry, or drawing out a horoscope.

It argues "peculiarity," I own, to enjoy such a life. In the first place there is no woman's society: Al-Islam seems purposely to have loosened the ties between the sexes in order to strengthen the bonds which connect man and man.[2] Secondly, your house is by no means your castle. You must open your doors to your friend at all hours; if when inside it suit him to sing, sing he will; and until you learn solitude in a crowd, or the art of concentration, you are apt to become *ennuyé* and irritable. You must abandon your prejudices, and for a time cast off all European prepossessions in favour of Indian politeness, Persian polish, Arab courtesy, or Turkish dignity.

"They are as free as Nature e'er made man;"

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1 I have alluded to these subjects in a previous work upon the subject of Meccah and Al-Madinah.

2 This is one of the stock complaints against the Moslem scheme. Yet is it not practically the case with ourselves? In European society, the best are generally those who prefer the companionship of their own sex; the "ladies' man" and the woman who avoids women are rarely choice specimens.

and he who objects to having his head shaved in public, to seeing his friends combing their locks in his sitting-room, to having his property unceremoniously handled, or to being addressed familiarly by a perfect stranger, had better avoid Somali-land.

You will doubtless, dear L., convict me, by my own sentiments, of being an "amateur barbarian." You must, however, remember that I visited Africa fresh from Aden, with its dull routine of meaningless parades and tiresome courts-martial, where society is broken by ridiculous distinctions of staff-men and regimental-men, Madras-men and Bombay-men, "European" officers, and "black" officers; where literature is confined to acquiring the art of explaining yourself in the jargons of half-naked savages; where the business of life is comprised in ignoble official squabbles, dislikes, disapprobations, and "references to superior authority"; where social intercourse is crushed by "gup," gossip, and the scandal of small colonial circles; where—pleasant predicament for those who really love women's society!—it is scarcely possible to address fair dame, preserving at the same time her reputation and your own, and if seen with her twice, all "camp" will swear it is an "affair": where, briefly, the march of mind is at a dead halt, and the march of matter is in double-quick time to the hospital or sick-quarters. Then the fatal struggle for Name, and the painful necessity of doing the most with the smallest materials for a reputation! In Europe there are a thousand grades of celebrity, from statesmanship to taxidermy; all, therefore, co-exist without rivalry. Whereas, in these small colonies, there is but one fame, and as that leads directly to rupees and rank, no man willingly accords it to his neighbour. And, finally, such semi-civilized life abounds in a weary ceremoniousness. It is highly improper to smoke outside your bungalow. You shall pay your visits at 11 A.M., when the glass

stands at 120°. You shall be generally shunned if you omit your waistcoat, no matter what the weather be. And if you venture to object to these Median laws— as I am now doing—you elicit a chorus of disapproval, and acquire some evil name.

About 11 A.M., when the fresh water arrives from the Hissi or wells, the Hajj sends us dinner, mutton stews of exceeding greasiness, boiled rice, maize cakes, sometimes fish, and generally curds or milk. We all sit round a primitive form of the Round Table, and I doubt that King Arthur's knights ever proved doughtier trenchermen than do my companions. We then rise to pipes and coffee, after which, excluding visitors, my attendants apply themselves to a siesta, I to my journal and studies.

At 2 P.M. there is a loud clamour at the door: if it be not opened in time, we are asked if we have a Nazarene inside. Enters a crowd of visitors, anxious to pass the afternoon. We proceed with a copy of the forenoon till the sun declines, when it is time to escape the flies, to repair to the terrace for fresh air, or to dress for a walk. Generally our direction is through the town eastwards, to a plain of dilapidated graves and salt sand, peopled only by land-crabs. At the extremity near the sea is a little mosque of wattle-work: we sit there under the shade, and play a rude form of draughts, called Shantarah, or at Shahh, a modification of the former.[1]

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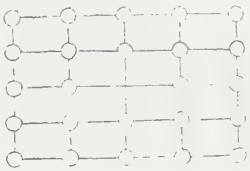
1 The Shantarah board is thus made, with twenty-five points technically called houses. The players have twelve counters a-piece,



More often, eschewing these effeminacies, we shoot at a mark, throw the javelin, leap, or engage in some gymnastic exercise. The favourite Somali weapons are the spear, dagger, and war-club; the bow and poisoned arrows are peculiar to the servile class, who know

> " the dreadful art
> To taint with deadly drugs the barbed dart;"

and the people despise, at the same time that they fear

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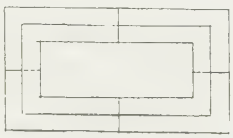
and each places two at a time upon any of the unoccupied angles, till all except the centre are filled up. The player who did not begin the game must now move a man; his object is to inclose one of his adversary's between two of his own, in which case he removes it, and is entitled to continue moving till he can no longer take. It is a game of some skill, and perpetual practice enables the Somal to play it as the Persians do backgammon, with great art and little reflection. The game is called Kurkabod when, as in our draughts, the piece passing over one of the adversary's takes it.

Shahh is another favourite game. The board is made thus,



and the pieces as at Shantarah are twelve in number. The object is to place three men in line—as the German Mühle and the Afghan "Kitar"—when any one of the adversary's pieces may be removed.

Children usually prefer the game called indifferently Togantog and Saddikiya. A double line of five or six holes is made in the ground, four counters are placed in each, and when in the course of play four men meet in the same hole, one of the adversary's is removed. It resembles the Bornou game, played with beans and holes in the sand. Citizens and the more civilized are fond of "Bakkis," which, as its name denotes, is a corruption of the well-known Indian Pachisi. None but the travelled knows chess, and the Damal (draughts) and Tavola (backgammon) of the Turks.

firearms, declaring them to be cowardly weapons[1] with which the poltroon can slay the bravest.

The Somali spear is a form of the Cape Assegai. A long, thin, pliant and knotty shaft of the Dibi, Diktab, and Makari trees, is dried, polished, and greased with rancid butter: it is generally of a dull yellow colour, and sometimes bound, as in Arabia, with brass wire for ornament. Care is applied to make the rod straight, or the missile flies crooked; it is garnished with an iron button at the head, and a long, thin, tapering head of coarse bad iron,[2] made at Berberah and other places by the Tomal. The length of the shaft may be four feet eight inches; the blade varies from twenty to twenty-six inches, and the whole weapon is about seven feet long. Some polish the entire spear-head, others only its socket or ferule; commonly, however, it is all blackened by heating it to redness, and rubbing it with cow's horn. In the towns, one of these weapons is carried; on a journey and in battle two, as amongst the Tíbús—a small javelin for throwing and a large spear reserved for the thrust. Some warriors, especially amongst the Ísa, prefer a coarse heavy lance, which never leaves the hand. The Somali spear is held in various ways: generally the thumb and forefinger grasp the third nearest to the head, and the shaft resting

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1 The same objection against "villanous saltpetre" was made by ourselves in times of old: the French knights called gunpowder the Grave of Honour. This is natural enough, the bravest weapon being generally the shortest—that which places a man hand to hand with his opponent. Some of the Kafir tribes have discontinued throwing the Assegai, and enter battle wielding it as a pike. Usually, also, the shorter the weapon is, the more fatal are the conflicts in which it is employed. The old French "Briquet," the Afghan "Charay," and the Goorka "Kukkri," exemplify this fact in the history of arms.

2 In the latter point it differs from the Assegai, which is worked by the Kafirs to the finest temper.

upon the palm is made to quiver. In action, the javelin is rarely thrown at a greater distance than six or seven feet, and the heavier weapon is used for "jobbing." Stripped to his waist, the thrower runs forward with all the action of a Kafir, whilst the attacked bounds about and crouches to receive it upon the round targe, which it cannot pierce. He then returns the compliment, at the same time endeavouring to break the weapon thrown at him by jumping and stamping upon it. The harmless missiles being exhausted, both combatants draw their daggers, grapple with the left hand, and with the right dig hard and swift at each other's necks and shoulders. When matters come to this point the duel is soon decided, and the victor, howling his slogan, pushes away from his front the dying enemy, and rushes off to find another opponent. A puerile weapon during the day when a steady man can easily avoid it, the spear is terrible in night attacks or in the "bush," whence it can be hurled unseen. For practice we plant a pair of slippers upright in the ground, at the distance of twelve yards, and a skilful spearman hits the mark once in every three throws.

The Somali dagger is an iron blade abont eighteen inches long by two in breadth, pointed and sharp at both edges. The handle is of buffalo or other horn, with a double scoop to fit the grasp; and at the hilt is a conical ornament of zinc. It is worn strapped round the waist by a thong sewed to the sheath, and long enough to encircle the body twice: the point is to the right, and the handle projects on the left. When in town, the Somal wear their daggers under the Tobe: in battle, the strap is girt over the cloth to prevent the latter being lost. They always stab from above: this is as it should be, a thrust with a short weapon "underhand" may be stopped, if the adversary have strength enough to hold the stabber's forearm. The thrust is parried with the shield, and the

wound is rarely mortal except in the back: from the great length of the blade, the least movement of the man attacked causes it to fall upon the shoulder-blade.

The "Budd," or Somali club, resembles the Kafir "Tonga." It is a knobstick about a cubit long, made of some hard wood: the head is rounded on the inside, and the outside is cut to an edge. In quarrels it is considered a harmless weapon, and is often thrown at the opponent and wielded viciously enough where the spear point would carefully be directed at the buckler. The Gashan or shield is a round targe about eighteen inches in diameter; some of the Badawin make it much larger. Rhinoceros' skin being rare, the usual material is common bull's hide, or, preferably, that of the Oryx, called by the Arabs, Wa'al, and by the Somal, Ba'id. The shields are prettily cut, and are always protected when new with a covering of canvass. The boss in the centre easily turns a spear, and the strongest throw has very little effect even upon the thinnest portion. When not used, the Gashan is slung upon the left forearm: during battle, the handle, which is in the middle, is grasped by the left hand, and held out at a distance from the body.

We are sometimes joined in our exercises by the Arab mercenaries, who are far more skilful than the Somal. The latter are unacquainted with the sword, and cannot defend themselves against it with the targe; they know little of dagger practice, and were beaten at their own weapon, the javelin, by the children of Bir Hamid. Though unable to jump for the honour of the turband, I soon acquired the reputation of being the strongest man in Zayla: this is perhaps the easiest way of winning respect from a barbarous people, who honour body, and degrade mind to mere cunning.

When tired of exercise we proceed round the walls to the Ashurbara or Southern Gate. Here boys play at "hockey" with sticks and stones energetically as in

England: they are fine manly specimens of the race, but noisy and impudent, like all young savages. At two years of age they hold out their right hand for sweetmeats, and if refused become insolent. The citizens amuse themselves with the ball,[1] at which they play roughly as Scotch linkers: they are divided into two parties, bachelors and married men; accidents often occur, and no player wears any but the scantiest clothing, otherwise he would retire from the conflict in rags. The victors sing and dance about the town for hours, brandishing their spears, shouting their slogans, boasting of ideal victories—the Abyssinian Donfatu, or war vaunt,—and advancing in death-triumph with frantic gestures: a battle won would be celebrated with less circumstance in Europe. This is the effect of no occupation—the *primum mobile* of the Indian prince's kite-flying and all the puerilities of the pompous East.

We usually find an encampment of Badawin outside the gate. Their tents are worse than any gipsy's, low, smoky, and of the rudest construction. These people are a spectacle of savageness. Their huge heads of shock hair, dyed red and dripping with butter, are garnished with a Firin, or long three-pronged comb, a stick, which acts as scratcher when the owner does not wish to grease his fingers, and sometimes with the ominous ostrich feather, showing that the wearer has "killed his man"; a soiled and ragged cotton cloth covers their shoulders, and a similar article is wrapped round their loins.[2] All wear coarse sandals, and appear in the

1 It is called by the Arabs, Kubabah, by the Somal Goasa. Johnston (Travels in Southern Abyssinia, chap. 8) has described the game; he errs, however, in supposing it peculiar to the Dankali tribes.

2 This is in fact the pilgrim dress of Al-Islam; its wide diffusion to the eastward, as well as west of the Red Sea, proves its antiquity as a popular dress.

bravery of targe, spear and dagger. Some of the women would be pretty did they not resemble the men in their scowling, Satanic expression of countenance: they are decidedly *en deshabille*, but a black skin always appears a garb. The cantonment is surrounded by asses, camels and a troupe of native Flibertigibbets, who dance and jump in astonishment whenever they see me: "The white man! the white man!" they shriek; "run away, run away, or we shall be eaten[1]!" On one occasion, however, my *amour propre* was decidedly flattered by the attentions of a small black girl, apparently four or five years old, who followed me through the streets ejaculating "Wa Wanaksan!"—"O fine!" The Badawin, despite their fierce scowls, appear good-natured; the women flock out of the huts to stare and laugh, the men to look and wonder. I happened once to remark, "Lo, we come forth to look at them and they look at us; we gaze at their complexion and they gaze at ours!" A Badawi who understood Arabic translated this speech to the others, and it excited great merriment. In the mining counties of civilized England, where the "genial brick-bat" is thrown at the passing stranger, or in enlightened Scotland, where hair a few inches too long or a pair of mustachioes justifies "mobbing," it would have been impossible for me to have mingled as I did with these wild people.

We must return before sunset, when the gates are locked and the keys are carried to the Hajj, a vain precaution, when a donkey could clear half a dozen places in the town wall. The call to evening prayers sounds as we enter: none of my companions prays,[2] but all when

1 I often regretted having neglected the precaution of a bottle of walnut-juice—a white colour is decidedly too conspicuous in this part of the East.

2 The strict rule of the Moslem faith is this: if a man neglect to pray, he is solemnly warned to repent. Should he simply refuse,

asked reply in the phrase which an Englishman hates, "Inshallah Bukra"—"if Allah please, to-morrow!"—and they have the decency not to appear in public at the hours of devotion. The Somal, like most Africans, are of a somewhat irreverent turn of mind.[1] When reproached with gambling, and asked why they persist in the forbidden pleasure, they simply answer, "Because we like." One night, encamped among the Ísa, I was disturbed by a female voice indulging in the loudest lamentations: an elderly lady, it appears, was suffering from tooth-ache, and the refrain of her groans was, "O Allah, may thy teeth ache like mine! O Allah, may thy gums be sore as mine are!" A well-known and characteristic tale is told of the Jirad Hirsi, now chief of the Berteri tribe. Once meeting a party of unarmed

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without, however, disbelieving in prayer, he is to be put to death, and receive Moslem burial; in the other contingency, he is not bathed, prayed for, or interred in holy ground. This severe order, however, lies in general abeyance.

1 "Tuarick grandiloquence," says Richardson (vol. i. p. 207), "savours of blasphemy, *e.g.*, the lands, rocks, and mountains of Ghat do not belong to God but to the Azghar." Equally irreverent are the Kafirs of the Cape. They have proved themselves good men in wit as well as in war; yet, like the old Greenlanders and some of the Burmese tribes, they are apparently unable to believe in the existence of the Supreme. A favourite question to the missionaries was this, "Is your God white or black?" If the European, startled by the question, hesitated for a moment, they would leave him with open signs of disgust at having been made the victims of a hoax.

The assertion generally passes current that the idea of an Omnipotent Being is familiar to all people, even the most barbarous. My limited experience argues the contrary. Savages begin with fetishism and demon-worship, they proceed to physiolatry (the religion of the Vedas) and Sabæism: the deity is the last and highest pinnacle of the spiritual temple, not placed there except by a comparatively civilized race of high development, which leads them to study and speculate upon cosmical and psychical themes. This progression is admirably wrought out in Professor Max Müller's "Rig Veda Sanhita."

pilgrims, he asked them why they had left their weapons at home: they replied in the usual phrase, "Nahnu mutawakkilin"—"we are trusters (in Allah)." That evening, having feasted them hospitably, the chief returned hurriedly to the hut, declaring that his soothsayer ordered him at once to sacrifice a pilgrim, and begging the horror-struck auditors to choose the victim. They cast lots and gave over one of their number: the Jirad placed him in another hut, dyed his dagger with sheep's blood, and returned to say that he must have a second life. The unhappy pilgrims rose *en masse*, and fled so wildly that the chief, with all the cavalry of the desert, found difficulty in recovering them. He dismissed them with liberal presents, and not a few jibes about their trustfulness in Allah. The wilder Badawin will inquire where Allah is to be found: when asked the object of the question, they reply, "If the Ísa could but catch him, they would spear him upon the spot—who but he lays waste their homes and kills their cattle and wives?" Yet, conjoined to this truly savage incapability of conceiving the idea of a Supreme Being, they believe in the most ridiculous exaggerations: many will not affront a common pilgrim, for fear of being killed by a glance or a word.

Our supper, also provided by the hospitable Hajj, is the counterpart of the midday dinner. After it we repair to the roof, to enjoy the prospect of the far Tajurrah hills and the white moonbeams sleeping upon the nearer sea. The evening star hangs like a diamond upon the still horizon: around the moon a pink zone of light mist, shading off into turquoise blue, and a delicate green like chrysopraz, invests the heavens with a peculiar charm. The scene is truly suggestive: behind us, purpling in the night-air and silvered by the radiance from above, lie the wolds and mountains tenanted by the fiercest of savages; their shadowy mysterious forms exciting vague alarms in

the traveller's breast. Sweet as the harp of David, the night-breeze and the music of the water come up from the sea: but the ripple and the rustling sound alternate with the hyena's laugh, the jackal's cry, and the wild dog's lengthened howl.

Or, the weather becoming cold, we remain below, and Mohammed Umar returns to read out more "Book of Lights," or some pathetic ode. I will quote in free translation the following production of the celebrated poet Abd al-Rahman al-Burai, as a perfect specimen of melancholy Arab imagery:

"No exile is the exile to the latter end of earth,
The exile is the exile to the coffin and the tomb!

"He hath claims on the dwellers in the places of their birth
Whoso wandereth the world, for he lacketh him a home.

"Then blamer, blame me not, were my heart within thy breast,
The sigh would take the place of thy laughter and thy scorn.

"Let me weep for the sin that debars my soul of rest,
The tear may yet avail,—all in vain I may not mourn![1]

"Woe! woe to thee, Flesh!—with a purer spirit, now
The death-day were a hope, and the judgment-hour a joy!

"One morn I woke in pain, with a pallor on my brow,
As though the dreaded Angel was descending to destroy:

"They brought to me a leech, saying, 'Heal him lest he die!'
On that day, by Allah, were his drugs a poor deceit!

"They stripped me and bathed me, and closed the glazing eye,
And dispersed unto prayers, and to haggle for my sheet.

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1 The Moslem corpse is partly sentient in the tomb, reminding the reader of Tennyson:

"I thought the dead had peace, but it is not so;
To have no peace in the grave, is that not sad?"

"The prayers without a bow[1] they prayed over me that day,
Brought nigh to me the bier, and disposèd me within.

"Four bare upon their shoulders this tenement of clay,
Friend and kinsman in procession bore the dust of friend and kin.

"They threw upon me mould of the tomb, and went their way—
A guest, 'twould seem, had flitted from the dwellings of the tribe!

"My gold and my treasures each a share they bore away,
Without thanks, without praise, with a jest and with a jibe.

"My gold and my treasures each a share they bore away,
On me they left the weight!—with me they left the sin!

"That night within the grave without hoard or child I lay,
No spouse, no friend were there, no comrade and no kin.

"The wife of my youth soon another husband found—
A stranger sat at home on the hearthstone of my sire.

"My son became a slave, though not purchasèd nor bound,
The hireling of a stranger, who begrudged him his hire.

"Such, alas, is human life! such the horror of his death!
Man grows like a grass, like a god he sees no end.

"Be wise, then, ere too late, brother! praise with every breath
The Hand that can chastise, the Arm that can defend:

"And bless thou the Prophet, the averter of our ills,
While the lightning flasheth bright o'er the ocean and the hills."

At this hour my companions become imaginative and superstitious. One Salimayn, a black slave from the

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1 The prayers for the dead have no Ruka'at, or bow, as in other orisons.

Sawahil,[1] now secretary to the Hajj, reads our fortunes in the rosary. The "fal,[2]" as it is called, acts a prominent part in Somali life. Some men are celebrated for accuracy of prediction; and in times of danger, when the human mind is ever open to the "fooleries of faith," perpetual reference is made to their art. The worldly-wise Salimayn, I observed, never sent away a questioner with an ill-omened reply, but he also regularly insisted upon the efficacy of sacrifice and almsgiving, which, as they would assuredly be neglected, afforded him an excuse in case of accident. Then we had a recital of the tales common to Africa, and perhaps to all the world. In modern France, as in ancient Italy, "versipelles" become wolves and hide themselves in the woods: in Persia they change themselves into bears, and in Bornou and Shoa assume the shapes of lions, hyenas, and leopards.[3] The origin of this metamorphic superstition is easily trace-

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1 The general Moslem name for the African coast from the Somali seaboard southwards to the Mozambique, inhabited by negroid and negrotic races.

2 The Moslem rosary consists of ninety-nine beads divided into sets of thirty-three each by some peculiar sign, as a bit of red coral. The consulter, beginning at a chance place, counts up to the mark: if the number of beads be odd, he sets down a single dot, if even, two. This is done four times, when a figure is produced as in the margin. Of these there are sixteen, each having its peculiar name and properties. The art is merely Geomancy in its rudest shape; a mode of vaticination which, from its wide diffusion, must be of high antiquity. The Arabs call it Al-Raml, and ascribe its present form to the Imam Ja'afar al-Sadik; amongst them it is a ponderous study, connected as usual with astrology. Napoleon's "Book of Fate" is a specimen of the old Eastern superstition presented to Europe in a modern and simple form.

3 In this country, as in Western and Southern Africa, the leopard, not the wolf, is the shepherd's scourge.

able like man's fetishism or demonology, to his fears; a Badawi, for instance, becomes dreadful by the reputation of sorcery: bears and hyenas are equally terrible; and the two objects of horror are easily connected. Curious to say, individuals having this power were pointed out to me, and people pretended to discover it in their countenances: at Zayla I was shown a Badawi, by name, Farih Badaun, who notably became a hyena at times, for the purpose of tasting human blood.[1] About forty years ago, three brothers, Kayna, Fardayna, and Sollan, were killed on Gulays near Berberah for the crime of metamorphosis. The charge is usually substantiated either by the bestial tail remaining appended to a part of the human shape which the owner has forgotten to rub against the magic tree, or by some peculiar wound which the beast received and the man retained. Kindred to this superstition is the belief that many of the Badawin have learned the languages of birds and beasts. Another widely-diffused fancy is that of the Aksar,[2] which in this pastoral land becomes a kind of wood: wonderful tales are told of battered milk-pails which, by means of some peg accidently cut in the jungle, have been found full of silver, or have acquired the qualities of cornucopiæ. It is supposed that a red heifer always breaks her fast upon the wonderful plant, consequently much time and trouble have been expended by the Somal in watching the morning proceedings of red heifers. At other times we hear fearful tales of old women who, like the Jigar Khwar of Persia, feed upon man's liver; they are fond of destroying young children; even adults are not ashamed of defending themselves with talismans. In this country the

1 Popular superstition in Abyssinia attributes the same power to the Felashas or Jews.

2 Our Elixir, a corruption of the Arabic Al-Iksir.

crone is called Bida'a or Kumayyo, words signifying a witch: the worst is she that destroys her own progeny. No wound is visible in this vampyre's victim: generally he names his witch, and his friends beat her to death unless she heal him: many are thus martyred; and in Somali land scant notice is taken of such a peccadillo as murdering an old woman. The sex indeed has by no means a good name: here, as elsewhere, those who degrade it are the first to abuse it for degradation. At Zayla almost all quarrels are connected with women; the old bewitch in one way, the young in another, and both are equally maligned. "Wit in a woman," exclaims one man, "is a habit of running away in a dromedary." "Allah," declares another, "made woman of a crooked rib; he who would straighten her, breaketh her." Perhaps, however, by these generalisms of abuse the sex gains: they prevent personal and individual details; and no society of French gentlemen avoids mentioning in public the name of a woman more scrupulously than do the misogynist Moslems.

After a conversazione of two hours my visitors depart, and we lose no time—for we must rise at cock-crow—in spreading our mats round the common room. You would admire the Somali pillow,[1] a dwarf pedestal of carved wood, with a curve upon which the greasy poll and its elaborate *frisure* repose. Like the Abyssinian article, it resembles the head-rest of ancient Egypt in all points, except that it is not worked with Typhons and other horrors to drive away dreadful dreams. Sometimes the sound of the kettledrum, the song, and the clapping of hands, summon us at a later hour than usual to a dance. The performance is complicated, and, as usual with the trivialities easily learned in early youth, it is uncommonly

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1 In the Somali tongue its name is Barki: they make a stool of similar shape, and call it Barjimo

difficult to a stranger. Each dance has its own song and measure, and, contrary to the custom of Al-Islam, the sexes perform together. They begin by clapping the hands and stamping where they stand; to this succeed advancing, retiring, wheeling about, jumping about, and the other peculiarities of the Jim Crow school. The principal measures are those of Ugadayn and Batar; these are again divided and subdivided. I fancy that the description of Dileho, Jibwhayn, and Hobala would be as entertaining and instructive to you, dear L., as Polka, Gavotte, and Mazurka would be to a Somali.

On Friday—our Sunday—a drunken crier goes about the town, threatening the bastinado to all who neglect their five prayers. At half-past eleven a kettle-drum sounds a summons to the Jami or Cathedral. It is an old barn rudely plastered with whitewash; posts or columns of artless masonry support the low roof, and the smallness of the windows, or rather air-holes, renders its dreary length unpleasantly hot. There is no pulpit; the only ornament is a rude representation of the Meccan Mosque, nailed like a pot-house print to the wall; and the sole articles of furniture are ragged mats and old boxes containing tattered chapters of the Koran in greasy bindings. I enter with a servant carrying a prayer carpet, encounter the stare of 300 pairs of eyes, belonging to parallel rows of squatters, recite the customary two-bow prayer in honour of the mosque, placing sword and rosary before me, and then, taking up a Koran, read the Cow Chapter (No. 18) loud and twangingly. At the Zohr or midday hour, the Mu'ezzin inside the mosque, standing before the Khatib, or preacher, repeats the call to prayer, which the congregation, sitting upon their shins and feet, intone after him. This ended, all present stand up, and recite every man for himself a two-bow prayer of Sunnat or Example, concluding with the blessing on the Prophet and the Salam

over each shoulder to all brother Believers. The Khatib then ascends his hole in the wall, which serves for pulpit, and thence addresses us with "The peace be upon you, and the mercy of Allah, and his benediction;" to which we respond through the Mu'ezzin, "And upon you be peace, and Allah's mercy!" After sundry other religious formulas and their replies, concluding with a second call to prayer, our preacher rises, and in a voice with which Sir Hudibras was wont

"To blaspheme custard through the nose,"

preaches Al-Wa'az,[1] or the advice sermon. He sits down for a few minutes, and then, rising again, recites Al-Na'at, or the Praise of the Prophet and his Companions. These are the two heads into which the Moslem discourse is divided; unfortunately, however, there is no application. Our preacher, who is also Kazi or Judge, makes several blunders in his Arabic, and he reads his sermons, a thing never done in Al-Islam, except by the *modicè docti*. The discourse over, our clerk, who is, if possible, worse than the curate, repeats the form of call termed Al-Ikamah: then entering the Mihrab, or niche, he recites the two-bow Friday litany, with, and in front of, the congregation. I remarked no peculiarity in the style of praying, except that all followed the practice of the Shafe'is in Al-Yaman—raising the hands for a moment, instead of letting them depend along the thighs, between the Ruka'at or bow and the Sujdah or prostration. This public prayer concluded, many people leave the mosque; a few remain for more prolonged devotions.

There is a queer kind of family likeness between this scene and that of a village church in some quiet nook

1 Specimens of these discourses have been given by Mr. Lane, Mod. Egypt, chap. 3. It is useless to offer others, as all bear the closest resemblance.

of rural England. Old Sharmarkay, the squire, attended by his son, takes his place close to the pulpit; and although the *Honoratioren* have no padded and cushioned pews they comport themselves very much as if they had. Recognitions of the most distant description are allowed before the service commences: looking around is strictly forbidden during prayers; but all do not regard the prohibition, especially when a new moustache enters. Leaving the church, men shake hands, stand for a moment to exchange friendly gossip, or address a few words to the preacher, and then walk home to dinner. There are many salient points of difference. No bonnets appear in public: the squire, after prayers, gives alms to the poor, and departs escorted by two dozen matchlockmen, who perseveringly fire their shotted guns, as in Ireland, blunderbusses.[1]

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1 So in the last century the Highland piper played before the Laird every Sunday on his way to the Kirk, which he circled three times; performing the family march, which implied defiance to all enemies of the clan. In Ireland, in the early part of the present century, gentlemen went to church with a brace of bull-dogs or a brass blunderbuss, *the* article to clear a staircase.

CHAPTER III.

EXCURSIONS NEAR ZAYLA.

We determined on the 9th of November to visit the island of Sa'ad al-Din, the larger of the two patches of ground which lie about two miles north of the town. Reaching our destination, after an hour's lively sail, we passed through a thick belt of underwood tenanted by swarms of midges, with a damp chill air crying fever, and a fetor of decayed vegetation smelling death. To this succeeded a barren flat of silt and sand, white with salt and ragged with salsolaceous stubble, reeking with heat, and covered with old vegetation. Here, says local tradition, was the ancient site of Zayla,[1] built by Arabs from Al-Yaman. The legend runs that when Sa'ad al-Din was besieged and slain by David, king of Ethiopia, the wells dried up and the island sank. Something doubtless occurred which rendered a removal advisable: the sons of the Moslem hero fled to Ahmad bin al-Ashraf, Prince of Sana'a, offering their allegiance if he would build fortifications for them and aid them against the Christians of Abyssinia. The consequence was a walled circuit upon

1 Bruce describes Zayla as "a small island, on the very coast of Adel." To reconcile discrepancy, he adopts the usual clumsy expedient of supposing two cities of the same name, one situated seven degrees south of the other. Salt corrects the error, but does not seem to have heard of old Zayla's insular position.

the present site of Zayla; of its old locality almost may be said "*periêre ruinæ.*"

During my stay with Sharmarkay I made many inquiries about historical works, and the Kazi; Mohammed Khatib, a Harar man of the Hawiyah tribe, was at last persuaded to send his Daftar, or office papers for my inspection. They formed a kind of parish register of births, deaths, marriages, divorces, and manumissions. From them it appeared that in A.H. 1081 (A.D. 1670-71) the Shanabila Sayyids were Kazis of Zayla and retained the office for 138 years. It passed two generations ago into the hands of Mohammed Musa, a Hawiyah, and the present Kazi is his nephew.

The origin of Zayla, or as it is locally called, "Audal," is lost in the fogs of Phœnician fable. The Avalites[1] of the Periplus and Pliny, it was in earliest ages dependent upon the kingdom of Axum.[2] About the seventh century, when the Southern Arabs penetrated into the heart of Abyssinia,[3] it became the great factory

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1 The inhabitants were termed Avalitæ, and the Bay, "Sinus Avaliticus." Some modern travellers have confounded it with Adule or Adulis, the port of Axum, founded by fugitive Egyptian slaves. The latter however, lies further north: D'Anville places it at Arkiko, Salt at Zula (or Azule), near the head of Annesley Bay.

2 The Arabs were probably the earliest colonists of this coast. Even the Sawahil people retain a tradition that their forefathers originated in the south of Arabia.

3 To the present day the district of Gozi is peopled by Mohammedans called Arablet, "whose progenitors," according to Harris, "are said by tradition to have been left there prior to the reign of Nagasi, first king of Shoa. Hossain, Wahabit, and Abdool Kurreem, generals probably detached from the victorious army of Graan (Mohammed Gragne), are represented to have come from Mecca, and to have taken possession of the country—the legend assigning to the first of these warriors as his capital, the populous village of Medina, which is conspicuous on a cone among the mountains, shortly after entering the valley of Robi."

of the eastern coast, and rose to its height of splendour. Taki al-Din Makrizi[1] includes, under the name of Zayla, a territory of forty-three days' march by forty and divides it into seven great provinces, speaking about fifty languages, and ruled by Amirs, subject to the Hati (Hatze) of Abyssinia.

In the fourteenth century it became celebrated by its wars with the kings of Abyssinia: sustaining severe defeats the Moslems retired upon their harbour, which after an obstinate defence fell into the hands of the Christians. The land was laid waste, the mosques were converted into churches, and the Abyssinians returned to their mountains laden with booty. About A.D. 1400, Sa'ad al-Din, the heroic prince of Zayla, was besieged in his city by the Hatze David the Second: slain by a spear-thrust, he left his people powerless in the hands of their enemies, till his sons, Sabr al-Din, Ali, Mansur, and Jamal al-Din retrieved the cause of Al-Islam.

Ibn Batutah, a voyager of the fourteenth century, thus describes the place: "I then went from Aden by sea, and after four days came to the city of Zayla. This is a settlement of the Berbers,[2] a people of Sudan, of the Shafi'a sect. Their country is a desert of two months' extent; the first part is termed Zayla, the last Makdashu. The greatest number of the inhabitants, however, are of the Rafizah sect.[3] Their food is mostly camels' flesh and fish.[4]

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1 Historia Regum Islamiticorum in Abyssinia, Lugd. Bat. 1790.

2 The affinity between the Somal and the Berbers of Northern Africa, and their descent from Cana'an, son of Ham, has been learnedly advanced and refuted by several Moslem authors. The theory appears to have arisen from a mistake; Berberah, the great emporium of the Somali country, being confounded with the Berbers of Nubia.

3 Probably Za'idi from Al-Yaman. At present the people of Zayla are all orthodox Sunnites.

4 Fish, as will be seen in these pages, is no longer a favourite article of diet.

The stench of the country is extreme, as is also its filth, from the stink of the fish and the blood of camels which are slaughtered in its streets."

About A.D. 1500 the Turks conquered Al-Yaman, and the lawless Janissaries, " who lived upon the very bowels of commerce,[1] " drove the peaceable Arab merchants to the opposite shore. The trade of India, flying from the same enemy, took refuge in Adel, amongst its partners.[2]

The Turks of Arabia, though they were blind to the cause, were sensible to the great influx of wealth into the opposite kingdoms. They took possession, therefore, o Zayla, which they made a den of thieves, established there what they called a custom-house,[3] and, by means of that post and galleys cruising in the narrow straits of Bab al-Mandab, they laid the Indian trade to Adel under heavy contributions that might indemnify them for the great desertion their violence and injustice had occasioned in Arabia.

This step threatened the very existence both of Adel and Abyssinia ; and considering the vigorous government of the one, and the weak politics and prejudices of the other, it is more than probable that the Turks would

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1 Bruce, book 3.

2 Hence the origin of the trade between Africa and Cutch, which continues uninterrupted to the present time. Adel, Arabia and India, as Bruce remarks, were three partners in one trade, who mutually exported their produce to Europe, Asia, and Africa, at that time the whole known world.

3 The Turks, under a show of protecting commerce, established these posts in their different ports. But they soon made it appear that the end proposed was only to ascertain who were the subjects from whom they could levy the most enormous extortions. Jeddah, Zabid, and Mocha, the places of consequence nearest to Abyssinia on the Arabian coast, Suakin, a seaport town on the very barriers of Abyssinia, in the immediate way of their caravan to Cairo on the African side, were each under the command of a Turkish Pasha, and garrisoned by Turkish troops sent thither from Constantinople by the Emperors Salim and Sulayman.

have subdued both, had they not in India, their chief object, met the Portuguese strongly established.

Bartema, travelling in A.D. 1503, treats in his 15th chapter of "Zeila in Æthiopia and the great fruitlessness thereof, and of certain strange beasts seen there."

"In this city is great frequentation of merchandise, as in a most famous mart. There is marvellous abundance of gold and iron, and an innumerable number of black slaves sold for small prices; these are taken in war by the Mahomedans out of Æthiopia, of the kingdom of Presbyter Johannes, or Preciosus Johannes, which some also call the king of Jacobins or Abyssins, being a Christian; and are carried away from thence into Persia, Arabia Felix, Babylonia of Nilus or Alcair, and Meccah. In this city justice and good laws are observed.[1] . . . . . It hath an innumerable multitude of merchants; the walls are greatly decayed, and the haven rude and despicable. The King or Sultan of the city is a Mahomedan, and entertaineth in wages a great multitude of footmen and horsemen. They are greatly given to war, and wear only one loose single vesture: they are of dark ash colour, inclining to black."

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1 Bartema's account of its productions is as follows: "The soil beareth wheat and hath abundance of flesh and divers other commodious things. It hath also oil, not of olives, but of some other thing, I know not what. There is also plenty of honey and wax; there are likewise certain sheep having their tails of the weight of sixteen pounds, and exceeding fat; the head and neck are black, and all the rest white. There are also sheep altogether white, and having tails of a cubit long, and hanging down like a great cluster of grapes, and have also great laps of skin hanging down from their throats, as have bulls and oxen, hanging down almost to the ground. There are also certain kind with horns like unto harts' horns; these are wild, and when they be taken are given to the Sultan of that city as a kingly present. I saw there also certain kind having only one horn in the midst of the forehead, as hath the unicorn, and about a span of length, but the horn bendeth backward: they are of bright shining red colour. But they that have harts' horns are inclining to black colour. Living is there good and cheap."

In July, 1516, Zayla, described as then the "great market of those parts," was taken, and the town burned by a Portuguese armament, under Lopez Suarez Alberguiera, and Berberah would have shared the same fate had not the fleet been dispersed by storms. When the Turks were compelled to retire from Southern Arabia, it became subject to the Prince of Sana'a, who gave it in perpetuity to the family of a Sana'ani merchant.

The kingdom of Al-Yaman falling into decay, Zayla passed under the authority of the Sherif of Mocha, who, though receiving no part of the revenue, had yet the power of displacing the Governor. By him it was farmed out to the Hajj Sharmarkay, who paid annually to Sayyid Mohammed al-Barr, at Mocha, the sum of 750 crowns, and reserved all that he could collect above that sum for himself. In A.D. 1848 Zayla was taken from the family Al-Barr, and farmed out to Sharmarkay by the Turkish Governor of Mocha and Hodaydah.

The extant remains at Sa'ad al-Din are principally those of water-courses, rude lines of coralline, stretching across the plain towards wells, now lost,[1] and diminutive tanks, made apparently to collect rain water. One of these latter is a work of some art—a long sunken vault, with a pointed arch projecting a few feet above the surface of the ground; outside, it is of rough stone, the interior is carefully coated with fine lime, and from the roof long stalactites depend. Near it is a cemetery: the graves are, for the most part, provided with large slabs of close black basalt, planted in the ground edgeways, and in the shape of a small oblong. The material was most probably brought from the mountains near Tajurrah: at another part of the island I found it in the shape of a

1 The people have a tradition that a well of sweet water exists unseen in some part of the island. When Sa'ad al-Din was besieged in Zayla by the Hatzi David, the host of Al-Islam suffered severely for the want of the fresh element.

gigantic mill-stone, half imbedded in the loose sand. Near the cemetery we observed a mound of rough stones surrounding an upright pole; this is the tomb of Shaykh Sa'ad al-Din, formerly the hero, now the favourite patron saint of Zayla—still popularly venerated, as was proved by the remains of votive banquets, broken bones, dried garbage, and stones blackened by the fire.

After wandering through the island, which contained not a human being save a party of Somal boatmen cutting firewood for Aden, and having massacred a number of large fishing hawks and small sea-birds, to astonish the natives our companions, we returned to the landing-place. Here an awning had been spread; the goat destined for our dinner—I have long since conquered all dislike, dear L., to seeing dinner perambulating—had been boiled and disposed in hunches upon small mountains of rice, and jars of sweet water stood in the air to cool. After feeding, regardless of Quartana and her weird sisterhood, we all lay down for siesta in the light sea-breeze. Our slumbers were heavy, as the Zayla people say is ever the case at Sa'ad al-Din, and the sun had declined low ere we awoke. The tide was out, and we waded a quarter of a mile to the boat, amongst giant crabs who showed grisly claws, sharp coralline, and sea-weed so thick as to become almost a mat. You must believe me when I tell you that in the shallower parts the sun was painfully hot, even to my well-tried feet. We picked up a few specimens of fine sponge, and coral, white and red, which, if collected, might be valuable to Zayla, and, our pic-nic concluded, we returned home.

On the 14th November we left the town to meet a caravan of the Danakil,[1] and to visit the tomb of the

1 The singular is Dankali, the plural Danakil: both words are Arabic, the vernacular name being "Afar" or "Afer," the Somal "Afar nimun." The word is pronounced like the Latin "Afer," an African.

great saint Abu Zarbay. The former approached in a straggling line of asses, and about fifty camels laden with cows' hides, ivories and one Abyssinian slave-girl. The men were wild as ourang-outangs, and the women fit only to flog cattle: their animals were small, meagre-looking, and loosely made; the asses of the Badawin, however, are far superior to those of Zayla, and the camels are, comparatively speaking, well bred.[1] In a few minutes the beasts were unloaded, the Gurgis or wigwams pitched, and all was prepared for repose. A caravan so extensive being an unusual event—small parties carrying only grain come in once or twice a week—the citizens abandoned even their favourite game of ball, with an eye to speculation. We stood at "Government House," over the Ashurbara Gate, to see the Badawin, and we quizzed (as Town men might denounce a tie or scoff at a boot) the huge round shields and the uncouth spears of

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1 Occasionally at Zayla—where all animals are expensive—Dankali camels may be bought: though small, they resist hardship and fatigue better than the other kinds. A fair price would be about ten dollars. The Somal divide their animals into two kinds, Gel Ad and Ayyun. The former is of white colour, loose and weak, but valuable, I was told by Lieut. Speke, in districts where little water is found: the Ayyun is darker and stronger; its price averages about a quarter more than the Gel Ad.

To the Arabian traveller nothing can be more annoying than these Somali camels. They must be fed four hours during the day, otherwise they cannot march. They die from change of food or sudden removal to another country. Their backs are ever being galled, and, with all precautions, a month's march lays them up for three times that period. They are never used for riding except in cases of sickness or accidents.

The Somali ass is generally speaking a miserable animal. Lieut. Speke, however, reports that on the windward coast it is not to be despised. At Harar I found a tolerable breed, superior in appearance but inferior in size to the thorough-bred little animals at Aden. They are never ridden; their principal duty is that of carrying water-skins to and from the wells.

these provincials. Presently they entered the streets, where we witnessed their frantic dance in presence of the Hajj and other authorities. This is the wild men's way of expressing their satisfaction that Fate has enabled them to convoy the caravan through all the dangers of the desert.

The Shaykh Ibrahim Abu Zarbay[1] lies under a whitewashed dome close to the Ashurbara Gate of Zayla: an inscription cut in wood over the doorway informs us that the building dates from A.H. 1155= A.D. 1741-2. It is now dilapidated, the lintel is falling in, the walls are decaying, and the cupola, which is rudely built, with primitive gradients—each step supported as in Kashmír and other parts of India, by wooden beams —threatens the heads of the pious. The building is divided into two compartments, forming a Mosque and a Mazar or place of pious visitation: in the latter are five tombs, the two largest covered with common chintz stuff of glaring colours. Ibrahim was one of the forty-four Hasrami saints who landed at Berberah, sat in solemn conclave upon Auliya Kumbo or Holy Hill, and thence dispersed far and wide for the purpose of propagandism. He travelled to Harar about A.D. 1430,[2] converted many to Al-Islam, and left there an honoured memory. His name is immortalised in Al-Yaman by the introduction of Al-Kat.[3]

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1 He is generally called Abu Zerbin, more rarely Abu Zarbayn, and Abu Zarbay. I have preferred the latter orthography upon the authority of the Shaykh Jami, most learned of the Somal.

2 In the same year (A.D. 1429-30) the Shaykh al-Shazili, buried under a dome at Mocha, introduced coffee into Arabia.

3 The following is an extract from the Pharmaceutical Journal, vol. xii. No. v. Nov. 1, 1852. Notes upon the drugs observed at Aden, Arabia, by James Vaughan, Esq., M.R.C.S.E., Assist. Surg., B.A., Civil and Port. Surg., Aden, Arabia.

"Kât قات, the name of the drug which is brought into Aden from the interior, and largely used, especially by the Arabs, as a

Tired of the town, I persuaded the Hajj to send me with an escort to the Hissi or well. At daybreak I set out with four Arab matchlock men, and taking a direction nearly due west, waded and walked over an alluvial plain flooded by every high tide. On our way we passed lines

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pleasurable excitant. It is generally imported in small camel-loads, consisting of a number of parcels, each containing about forty slender twigs with the leaves attached, and carefully wrapped so as to prevent as much as possible exposure to the atmosphere. The leaves form the edible part, and these, when chewed, are said to produce great hilarity of spirits and an agreeable state of wakefulness. Some estimate may be formed of the strong predilection which the Arabs have for this from the quantity used in Aden alone, which averages about 280 camel-loads annually. The market price is one and a quarter rupees per parcel, and the exclusive privilege of selling it is farmed by the government for 1500 rupees per year. Forskäl found the plant growing on the mountain of Al-Yaman, and has enumerated it as a new genus in the class Pentandria, under the name of Catha. He notices two species, and distinguishes them as *Catha edulis* and *Catha spinosa*. According to his account it is cultivated on the same ground as coffee, and is planted from cuttings. Besides the effects above stated, the Arabs, he tells us, believe the land where it grows to be secure from the inroads of plague; and that a twig of the Kât carried in the bosom is a certain safeguard against infection. The learned botanist observes, with respect to these supposed virtues, 'Gustus foliorum tamen virtutum tantam indicare non videtur.' Like coffee, Kât, from its acknowledged stimulating effects, has been a fertile theme for the exercise of Mohamedan casuistry, and names of renown are ranged on both sides of the question, whether the use of Kât does or does not contravene the injunction of the Koran, Thou shalt not drink wine or anything intoxicating. The succeeding notes borrowed chiefly from De Sacy's researches, may be deemed worthy of insertion here.

"Sheikh Abdool Kader Ansari Jezeri, a learned Mahomedan author, in his treatise on the use of coffee, quotes the following from the writings of Fakr ood Deen Mekki:—'It is said that the first who introduced coffee was the illustrious saint Aboo Abdallah Mahomed Dhabhani ibn Said; but we have learned by the testimony of many persons that the use of coffee in Yemen, its origin, and first introduction into that country are due to the learned Ali Shadeli ibn Omar, one

of donkeys and camels carrying water skins from the town; they were under guard like ourselves, and the sturdy dames that drove them indulged in many a loud joke at our expense. After walking about four miles we arrived at what is called the Takhushshah—the sandy

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of the disciples of the learned doctor Nasr ood Deen, who is regarded as one of the chiefs among the order Shadeli, and whose worth attests the high degree of spirituality to which they had attained. Previous to that time they made coffee of the vegetable substance called Cafta, which is the same leaf known under the name of Kât, and not of Boon (the coffee berry) nor any preparation of Boon. The use of this beverage extended in course of time as far as Aden, but in the days of Mahomed Dhabhani the vegetable substance from which it was prepared disappeared from Aden. Then it was that the Sheikh advised those who had become his disciples to try the drink made from the Boon, which was found to produce the same effect as the Kât, inducing sleeplessness, and that it was attended with less expense and trouble. The use of coffee has been kept up from that time to the present.'

"D'Herbelot states that the beverage called Calmat al Catiat or Caftah, was prohibited in Yemen in consequence of its effects upon the brain. On the other hand a synod of learned Mussulmans is said to have decreed that as beverages of Kât and Cafta do not impair the health or impede the observance of religious duties, but only increase hilarity and good-humour, it was lawful to use them, as also the drink made from the boon or coffee-berry. I am not aware that Kât is used in Aden in any other way than for mastication. From what I have heard, however, I believe that a decoction resembling tea is made from the leaf by the Arabs in the interior; and one who is well acquainted with our familiar beverage assures me that the effects are not unlike those produced by strong green tea, with this advantage in favour of Kât, that the excitement is always of a pleasing and agreeable kind.[1]

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1 "Mr. Vaughan has transmitted two specimens called Tubbare Kât and Muktaree Kât, from the districts in which they are produced: the latter fetches the lower price. Catha edulis *Forsk.*, Nat. Ord. Celastraceæ, is figured in Dr. Lindley's Vegetable Kingdom, p. 588 (Lond. 1846). But there is a still more complete representation of the plant under the name of Catha Forskalii *Richard*, in a work published under the auspices of the

bed of a torrent nearly a mile broad,[1] covered with a thin coat of caked mud: in the centre is a line of pits from three to four feet deep, with turbid water at the bottom. Around them were several frame-works of four upright sticks connected by horizontal bars, and on these were stretched goats'-skins, forming the cattle trough of the Somali country. About the well stood troops of camels, whose Ísa proprietors scowled fiercely at us, and stalked over the plain with their long, heavy spears: for protection against these people, the citizens have erected a kind of round tower, with a ladder for a staircase. Near it are some large tamarisks and the wild henna of the Somali country, which supplies a sweet-smelling flower, but is valueless as a dye. A thick hedge of thorn-

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French Government, entitled, 'Voyage en Abyssinie éxecuté pendant les années 1839-43, par une commission scientifique composée de MM. Théophile Lefebvre, Lieut. du Vaisseau, A. Petit et Martin-Dillon, docteurs médecins, naturalistes du Museum, Vignaud dessinateur.' The botanical portion of this work, by M. Achille Richard, is regarded either as a distinct publication under the title of Tentamen Floræ Abyssinicæ, or as a part of the Voyage en Abyssinie. M. Richard enters into some of the particulars relative to the synonyms of the plant, from which it appears that Vahl referred Forskäl's genus Catha to the Linnæan genus Celastrus, changing the name of Catha edulis to Celastrus edulis. Hochstetter applied the name of Celastrus edulis to an Abyssinian species (Celastrus obscurus *Richard*), which he imagined identical with Forskäl's Catha edulis, while of the real Catha edulis *Forsk.* he formed a new genus and species under the name of Trigonotheca serrata *Hochs.* Nat. Ord. Hippocrateaceæ. I quote the following references from the Tentamen Floræ Abyssinicæ, vol. i. p. 134: 'Catha Forskalii *Nob.* Catha No. 4. Forsk. loc. cit. (Flor. Ægypt. Arab. p. 63). Trigonotheca serrata *Hochs.* in pl. Schimp. Abyss. sect. ii. No. 649. Celastrus edulis *Vahl, Ecl.* 1, 21.' Although in the Flora Ægyptiaco-Arabica of Forskäl no specific name is applied to the Catha at p. 63, it is enumerated as Catha edulis at p. 107. The reference to Celastrus edulis is not contained in the Eclogæ Americanæ of Vahl, but in the author's Symbolæ Botanicæ (Hanuiæ, 1790, fol.) pars i. p. 21. (Daniel Hanbury signed).

1 This is probably the "River of Zayla," alluded to by Ibn Sa'id and others. Like all similar features in the low country, it is a mere surface drain.

trees surrounds the only cultivated ground near Zayla: as Ibn Sa'id declared in old times, "the people have no gardens, and know nothing of fruits." The variety and the luxuriance of growth, however, prove that industry is the sole desideratum. I remarked the castor-plant—no one knows its name or nature[1]—the Rayhan or Basil, the Kadi, a species of aloe, whose strongly-scented flowers the Arabs of Al-Yaman are fond of wearing in their turbands.[2] Of vegetables, there were cucumbers, egg-plants, and the edible hibiscus; the only fruit was a small kind of water-melon.

After enjoying a walk through the garden and a bath at the well, I started, gun in hand, towards the jungly plain that stretches towards the sea. It abounds in hares, and in a large description of spur-fowl[3]; the beautiful little sand antelope, scarcely bigger than an English rabbit,[4] bounded over the bushes, its thin legs

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1 In the upper country I found a large variety growing wild in the Fiumaras. The Badawin named it Buamado, but ignored its virtues.

2 This ornament is called Mushgur.

3 A large brown bird with black legs, not unlike the domestic fowl. The Arabs call it Dijajat al-Barr, (the wild hen): the Somal "digarin," a word also applied to the Guinea fowl, which it resembles in its short strong flight and habit of running. Owing to the Badawi prejudice against eating birds, it is found in large coveys all over the country.

4 It has been described by Salt and others. The Somal call it Sagaro, the Arabs Ghazalah: it is found throughout the land generally in pairs, and is fond of ravines under the hills, beds of torrents and patches of desert vegetation. It is easily killed by a single pellet of shot striking the neck. The Somal catch it by a loop of strong twine hung round a gap in a circuit of thorn hedge, or they run it down on foot, an operation requiring half a day on account of its fleetness, which enables it to escape the jackal and wild dog. When caught it utters piercing cries. Some Badawin do not eat the flesh: generally, however, it is considered a delicacy, and the skulls and bones of these little animals lie strewed around the kraals.

being scarcely perceptible during the spring. I was afraid to fire with ball, the place being full of Badawin huts, herds, and dogs, and the vicinity of man made the animals too wild for small shot. In revenge, I did considerable havoc amongst the spur-fowl, who proved equally good for sport and the pot, besides knocking over a number of old crows, whose gall the Arab soldiers wanted for collyrium.[1] Beyond us lay Warabalay or Hyænas' hill[2]: we did not visit it, as all its tenants had been driven away by the migration of the Nomads.

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1 The Somal hold the destruction of the "Tuka" next in the religious merit to that of the snake. They have a tradition that the crow, originally white, became black for his sins. When the Prophet and Abu Bakr were concealed in the cave, the pigeon hid there from their pursuers: the crow, on the contrary, sat screaming "ghar! ghar!" (the cave! the cave!) upon which Mohammed ordered him into eternal mourning, and ever to repeat the traitorous words.

There are several species of crows in this part of Africa. Besides the large-beaked bird of the Harar Hills, I found the common European variety, with, however, the breast feathers white tipped in small semicircles as far as the abdomen. The little "king crow" of India is common: its bright red eye and purplish plume render it a conspicuous object as it perches upon the tall camel's back or clings to waving plants.

2 The Waraba or Durwa is, according to Mr. Blyth, the distinguished naturalist, now Curator of the Asiatic Society's Museum at Calcutta, the Canis pictus seu venaticus (Lycaon pictus or Wilde Honde of the Cape Boers). It seems to be the Chien Sauvage or Cynhyène (Cynhyæna venatica) of the French traveller M. Delegorgue, who in his "Voyage dans l'Afrique Australe," minutely and diffusely describes it. Mr. Gordon Cumming suppose sit to form the connecting link between the wolf and the hyæna. This animal swarms throughout the Somali country, prowls about the camps all night, dogs travellers, and devours everything he can find, at times pulling down children and camels, and when violently pressed by hunger, men. The Somal declare the Waraba to be a hermaphrodite; so the ancients supposed the hyæna to be of both sexes—an error arising from the peculiar appearance of an orifice situated near two glands which secrete an unctuous fluid.

Returning, we breakfasted in the garden, and rain coming on, we walked out to enjoy the Oriental luxury of a wetting. Ali Iskandar, an old Arab mercenary, afforded us infinite amusement: a little opium made him half crazy, when his sarcastic pleasantries never ceased. We then brought out the guns, and being joined by the other escort, proceeded to a trial of skill. The Arabs planted a bone about 200 paces from us—a long distance for a people who seldom fire beyond fifty yards; moreover, the wind blew the flash strongly in their faces. Some shot two or three dozen times wide of the mark and were derided accordingly: one man hit the bone; he at once stopped practice, as the wise in such matters will do, and shook hands with all the party. He afterwards showed that his success on this occasion had been accidental; but he was a staunch old sportsman, remarkable, as the Arab Badawin generally are, for his skill and perseverance in stalking. Having no rifle, I remained a spectator. My revolvers excited abundant attention, though none would be persuaded to touch them. The largest, which, fitted with a stock, became an excellent carbine, was at once named Abu Sittah (the Father of Six) and the Shaytan or Devil: the pocket pistol became the Malunah or Accursed, and the distance to which it carried ball made every man wonder. The Arabs had antiquated matchlocks, mostly worn away to paper thinness at the mouth: as usual they fired with the right elbow raised to the level of the ear, and the left hand grasping the barrel, where with us the breech would be. Hassan Turki had one of those fine old Shishkhanah rifles formerly made at Damascus and Sana'a: it carried a two-ounce ball with perfect correctness, but was so badly mounted in its block-butt, shaped like a Dutch cheese, that it always required a rest.

On our return home we met a party of Ísa girls, who derided my colour and doubted the fact of my being

a Moslem. The Arabs declared me to be a Shaykh of Shaykhs, and translated to the prettiest of the party an impromptu proposal of marriage. She showed but little coyness, and stated her price to be an Audulli or necklace,[1] a couple of Tobes—she asked one too many—a few handfuls of beads,[2] and a small present for her papa. She promised, naïvely enough, to call next day and inspect the goods: the publicity of the town did not deter her, but the shamefacedness of my two companions prevented our meeting again. Arrived at Zayla after a sunny walk, the Arab escort loaded their guns, formed a line for me to pass along, fired a salute, and entered to coffee and sweetmeats.

On the 24th of November I had an opportunity of seeing what a timid people are these Somal of the towns, who, as has been well remarked, are, like the settled Arabs, the worst specimens of their race. Three Isa Badawin appeared before the southern gate, slaughtered a cow,

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1 Men wear for ornament round the neck a bright red leather thong, upon which are strung in front two square bits of true or imitation amber or honey stone: this "Makkawi," however, is seldom seen amongst the Badawin. The Audulli or woman's necklace is a more elaborate affair of amber, glass beads, generally coloured, and coral: every matron who can afford it possesses at least one of these ornaments. Both sexes carry round the necks or hang above the right elbow, a talisman against danger and disease, either in a silver box or more generally sewn up in a small case of red morocco. The Badawin are fond of attaching a tooth-stick to the neck thong.

2 Beads are useful in the Somali country as presents, and to pay for trifling purchases: like tobacco they serve for small change. The kind preferred by women and children is the "binnur," large and small white porcelain: the others are the red, white, green, and spotted twisted beads, round and oblong. Before entering a district the traveller should ascertain what may be the especial variety. Some kind are greedily sought for in one place, and in another rejected with disdain.

buried its head, and sent for permission to visit one of their number who had been imprisoned by the Hajj for the murder of his son Mas'ud. The place was at once thrown into confusion, the gates were locked, and the walls manned with Arab matchlock men: my three followers armed themselves, and I was summoned to the fray. Some declared that the Badawin were "doing[1]" the town; other that they were the van of a giant host coming to ravish, sack, and slay: it turned out that these Badawin had preceded their comrades, who were bringing in, as the price of blood,[2] an Abyssinian slave, seven camels, seven cows, a white mule, and a small black mare. The prisoner was visited by his brother, who volunteered to share his confinement, and the meeting was described as most pathetic: partly from mental organization and partly from the peculiarities of

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1 The Somali word "Făl" properly means "to do"; "to bewitch," is its secondary sense.

2 The price of blood in the Somali country is the highest sanctioned by Al-Islam. It must be remembered that amongst the pagan Arabs, the Koraysh "diyat," was twenty she-camels. Abd al-Muttalib, grandfather of Mohammed, sacrificed 100 animals to ransom the life of his son, forfeited by a rash vow, and from that time the greater became the legal number. The Somal usually demand 100 she-camels, or 300 sheep and a few cows; here, as in Arabia, the sum is made up by all the near relations of the slayer; 30 of the animals may be aged, and 30 under age, but the rest must be sound and good. Many tribes take less—from strangers 100 sheep, a cow, and a camel; but after the equivalent is paid, the murderer or one of his clan, contrary to the spirit of Al-Islam, is generally killed by the kindred or tribe of the slain. When blood is shed in the same tribe, the full reparation, if accepted by the relatives, is always exacted; this serves the purpose of preventing fratricidal strife, for in such a nation of murderers, only the Diyat prevents the taking of life.

Blood money, however is seldom accepted unless the murdered man has been slain with a lawful weapon. Those who kill with the Dankalah, a poisonous juice rubbed upon meat, are always put to death by the members of their own tribe.

society the only real tie acknowledged by these people is that which connects male kinsmen. The Hajj, after speaking big, had the weakness to let the murderer depart alive; this measure like peace-policy in general, is the best and surest way to encourage bloodshed and mutilation. But a few months before, an Isa Badawi enticed out of the gate a boy about fifteen, and slaughtered him for the sake of wearing the feather. His relations were directed to receive the Diyat or blood fine, and the wretch was allowed to depart unhurt—a silly clemency!

You must not suppose, dear L., that I yielded myself willingly to the weary necessity of a month at Zayla. But how explain to you the obstacles thrown in our way by African indolence, petty intrigue, and interminable suspicion? Four months before leaving Aden I had taken the precaution of meeting the Hajj, requesting him to select for us an Abban,[1] or protector, and to provide

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1 The Abban or protector of the Somali country is the Mogasa of the Gallas, the Akh of Al-Hijaz, the Ghafir of the Sinaitic Peninsula, and the Rabi'a of Eastern Arabia. It must be observed, however, that the word denotes the protégé as well as the protector; in the latter sense it is the polite address to a Somali, as Ya Abbanah, O Protectress, would be to his wife.

The Abban acts at once as broker, escort, agent, and interpreter, and the institution may be considered the earliest form of transit dues. In all sales he receives a certain percentage, his food and lodging are provided at the expense of his employer, and he not unfrequently exacts small presents from his kindred. In return he is bound to arrange all differences, and even to fight the battles of his client against his fellow-countrymen. Should an Abban be slain, his tribe is bound to take up the cause and to make good the losses of their protégé. Al-Ta'abanah, the office, being one of "name," the eastern synonym for our honour, as well as of lucre, causes frequent quarrels, which become exceedingly rancorous.

According to the laws of the country, the Abban is master of the life and property of his client. The traveller's success will depend mainly upon his selection: if inferior in rank, the protector can neither forward nor defend him; if timid, he will impede advance;

camels and mules; two months before starting I had advanced to him the money required in a country where nothing can be done without a whole or partial prepayment. The protector was to be procured anywhere, the cattle at Tajurrah, scarcely a day's sail from Zayla: when I arrived nothing was forthcoming. I at once begged the governor to exert himself; he politely promised to start a messenger that hour, and he delayed doing so for ten days. An easterly wind set in and gave the crew an excuse for wasting another fortnight.[1] Travellers are an irritable genus: I stormed and fretted at the delays, to show earnestness of purpose. All the effect was a paroxysm of talking. The Hajj and his son treated me, like a spoilt child, to a double allowance of food and milk: they warned me that the small-pox was depopulating Harar, that the road swarmed with brigands, and that the Amir or prince was certain destruction,—I contented myself with determining that both were true Oriental hyperbolists, and fell into more frequent fits of passion. The old man could not comprehend my secret. "If the English," he privately remarked, "wish to take Harar, let them send me 500 soldiers; if not, I can give

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and if avaricious, he will, by means of his relatives, effectually stop the journey by absorbing the means of prosecuting it. The best precaution against disappointment would be the registering Abbans at Aden; every donkey boy will offer himself as a protector, but only the chiefs of tribes should be provided with certificates. During my last visit to Africa, I proposed that English officers visiting the country should be provided with servants, not protectors, the former, however, to be paid like the latter; all the people recognized the propriety of the step.

In the following pages occur manifold details concerning the complicated subject, Al-Ta'abanah.

1 Future travellers would do well either to send before them a trusty servant with orders to buy cattle; or, what would be better, though a little more expensive, to take with them from Aden all the animals required.

all information concerning it." When convinced of my determination to travel, he applied his mind to calculating the benefit which might be derived from the event, and, as the following pages will show, he was not without success.

Towards the end of November, four camels were procured, an Abban was engaged, we hired two women cooks and a fourth servant; my baggage was reformed, the cloth and tobacco being sewn up in matting, and made to fit the camels' sides[1]; sandals were cut out for walking, letters were written, messages of dreary length —too important to be set down in black and white—were solemnly entrusted to us, palavers were held, and affairs began to wear the semblance of departure. The Hajj strongly recommended us to one of the principal families of the Gudabirsi tribe, who would pass us on to their brother-in-law Adan, the Jirad or prince of the Girhi; and he, in due time, to his kinsman the Amir of Harar. The chain was commenced by placing us under the protection of one Raghi, a petty Ísa chief of the Mummasan clan. By the good aid of the Hajj and our sweetmeats, he was persuaded, for the moderate consideration of ten Tobes,[2] to accompany us to the frontier

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1 The Somal use as camel saddles the mats which compose their huts; these lying loose upon the animal's back, cause, by slipping backwards and forwards, the loss of many a precious hour, and in wet weather become half a load. The more civilized make up of canvass or "gunny bags" stuffed with hay and provided with cross bars, a rude pack saddle, which is admirably calculated to gall the animal's back. Future travellers would do well to purchase camel-saddles at Aden, where they are cheap and well made.

2 He received four cloths of Cutch canvass, and six others of coarse American sheeting. At Zayla these articles are double the Aden value, which would be about thirteen rupees or twenty-six shillings; in the bush the price is quadrupled. Before leaving us the Abban received at least double the original hire. Besides small

of his clan, distant about fifty miles, to introduce us to the Gudabirsi, and to provide us with three men as servants, and a suitable escort, a score or so, in dangerous places. He began with us in an extravagant manner, declaring that nothing but "name" induced him to undertake the perilous task; that he had left his flocks and herds at a season of uncommon risk, and that all his relations must receive a certain honorarium. But having paid at least three pounds for a few days of his society, we declined such liberality, and my companions, I believe, declared that it would be "next time":—on all such occasions I make a point of leaving the room, since for one thing given, at least five are promised on oath. Raghi warned us seriously to prepare for dangers and disasters, and this seemed to be the general opinion of Zayla, whose timid citizens determined that we were tired of our lives. The cold had driven the Nomads from the hills to the warm maritime plains,[1] we should therefore traverse a populous region; and, as the End of Time aptly observed, "Man eats you up, the Desert does not." Moreover this year the Ayyal Nuh Ismail, a clan of the Habr Awal tribe, is "out," and has been successful against the Isa, who generally are the better men. They sweep the country in Kaum or Commandos,[2]

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presents of cloth, dates, tobacco and rice to his friends, he had six cubits of Sa'uda Wilayati or English indigo-dyed calico for women's fillets, and two of Sa'uda Kashshi, a Cutch imitation, a Shukkah or half Tobe for his daughter, and a sheep for himself, together with a large bundle of tobacco.

1 When the pastures are exhausted and the monsún sets in, the Badawin return to their cool mountains; like the Iliyat of Persia, they have their regular Kishlakh and Yaylakh.

2 "Kaum" is the Arabic, "All" the Somali, term for these raids.

numbering from twenty to two hundred troopers, armed with assegai, dagger, and shield, and carrying a water-skin and dried meat for a three days' ride, sufficient to scour the length of the low land. The honest fellows are not so anxious to plunder as to ennoble themselves by taking life: every man hangs to his saddle bow an ostrich[1] feather—emblem of truth—and the moment his javelin has drawn blood, he sticks it into his tufty poll with as much satisfaction as we feel when attaching a medal to our shell-jackets. It is by no means necessary to slay the foe in fair combat: Spartan-like, treachery is preferred to stand-up fighting; and you may measure their ideas of honour, by the fact that women are murdered in cold-blood, as by the Amazulus, with the hope that the unborn child may prove a male. The hero carries home the trophy of his prowess,[2] and

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1 Amongst the old Egyptians the ostrich feather was the symbol of truth. The Somal call it "Bal," the Arabs "Rish"; it is universally used here as the sign and symbol of victory. Generally the white feather only is stuck in the hair; the Ísa are not particular in using black when they can procure no other. All the clans wear it in the back hair, but each has its own rules; some make it a standard decoration, others discard it after the first few days. The learned have an aversion to the custom, stigmatizing it as pagan and idolatrous; the vulgar look upon it as the highest mark of honour.

2 This is an ancient practice in Asia as well as in Africa. The Egyptian temples show heaps of trophies placed before the monarchs as eyes or heads were presented in Persia. Thus in 1 Sam. xviii. 25, David brings the spoils of 200 Philistines, and shows them in full tale to the king, that he might be the king's son-in-law. Any work upon the subject of Abyssinia (Bruce, book 7, chap. 8), or the late Afghan war, will prove that the custom of mutilation, opposed as it is both to Christianity and to Al-Islam, is still practised in the case of hated enemies and infidels; and De Bey remarks of the Cape Kafirs, "Victores cæsis excidunt τα αιδοια, quæ exsiccata regi afferunt."

his wife, springing from her tent, utters a long shrill scream of joy, a preliminary to boasting of her man's valour, and bitterly taunting the other possessors of *noirs fainéants:* the derided ladies abuse their lords with peculiar virulence, and the lords fall into paroxysms of envy, hatred, and malice. During my short stay at Zayla six or seven murders were committed close to the walls: the Abban brought news, a few hours before our departure, that two Ísas had been slaughtered by the Habr Awal. The Ísa and Dankali also have a blood feud, which causes perpetual loss of life. But a short time ago six men of these two tribes were travelling together, when suddenly the last but one received from the hindermost a deadly spear-thrust in the back. The wounded man had the presence of mind to plunge his dagger in the side of the wayfarer who preceded him, thus dying as the people say, in company. One of these events throws the country into confusion, for the *vendetta* is rancorous and bloody, as in ancient Germany or in modern Corsica. Our Abban enlarged upon the unpleasant necessity of travelling all night towards the hills, and lying *perdu* during the day. The most dangerous times are dawn and evening-tide: the troopers spare their horses during the heat, and themselves during the dew-fall. Whenever, in the desert—where, says the proverb, all men are enemies—you sight a fellow-creature from afar, you wave the right arm violently up and down, shouting, "War Joga! War Joga!"—stand still! stand still! If they halt, you send a parliamentary to within speaking distance. Should they advance,[1] you fire, taking especial care not to miss; when two saddles are emptied the rest are sure to decamp.

1 When attacking cattle, the plundering party endeavour with shouts and noise to disperse the herds, whilst the assailants huddle them together, and attempt to face the danger in parties.

I had given the Abban orders to be in readiness—my patience being thoroughly exhausted—on Sunday, the 26th of November, and determined to walk the whole way, rather than waste another day waiting for cattle. As the case had become hopeless, a vessel was descried standing straight from Tajurrah, and, suddenly as could happen in the Arabian Nights, four fine mules, saddled and bridled, Abyssinian fashion, appeared at the door.[1]

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1 For the cheapest I paid twenty-three, for the dearest twenty-six dollars, besides a Riyal upon each, under the names of custom dues and carriage. The Hajj had doubtless exaggerated the price, but all were good animals, and the traveller has no right to complain, except when he pays dear for a bad article.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SOMAL, THEIR ORIGIN AND PECULIARITIES.

BEFORE leaving Zayla, I must not neglect a short description of its inhabitants, and the remarkable Somal races around it.[1]

Eastern Africa, like Arabia, presents a population composed of three markedly distinct races.

1. The Aborigines, such as the Negroes, the Bushmen, Hottentots, and other races, having such physiological peculiarities as the steatopyge, the tablier, and other developments described, in 1815, by the great Cuvier.

2. The almost pure Caucasian of the northern regions, west of Egypt: their immigration comes within the range of comparatively modern history.

3. The half-castes in Eastern Africa are represented principally by the Abyssinians, Gallas, (Hamites), Somal Sawahili, and Kafirs. The first-named people derive their descent from Menelek, son of Solomon by the Queen of Sheba: it is evident from their features and figures—too well known to require description—that they are descended from Semitic as well as Negrotic (Nigro-Hamitic) progenitors.[2]

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1 The ancients reckoned in Africa, (1) Libians, (2) Æthiopians. Herodotus added to these (3) Greeks, (4) Phœnicians.

2 Eusebius declares that the Abyssinians migrated from Asia to Africa whilst the Hebrews were in Egypt (circ. A. M. 2345); and Syncellus places the event about the age of the Judges.

About the origin of the Gallas there is a diversity of opinion.[1] Some declare them to be Meccan Arabs, who settled on the western coast of the Red Sea at a remote epoch: according to the Abyssinians, however, and there is little to find fault with in their theory, the Gallas are descended from a princess of their nation, who was given in marriage to a slave from the country south of Gurague. She bare seven sons, who became mighty robbers and founders of tribes: their progenitors obtained the name of Gallas, after the river Gala, in Gurague, where they gained a decisive victory over their kinsmen the Abyssins.[2] A variety of ethnologic and physiological reasons—into which space and subject prevent my entering—argue the Kafirs of the Cape to be a northern people, pushed southwards by some, to us, as yet, unknown cause. The origin of the Somal is a matter of modern history.

"Barbarah" (Berberah),[3] according to the Kamus,

1 Moslems, ever fond of philological fable, thus derive the word Galla. When Ullabu, the chief, was summoned by Mohammed to Islamize, the messenger returned to report that "he said *no*,"—Kál lá pronounced Gál lá—which impious refusal, said the Prophet, should from that time become the name of the race.

2 Others have derived them from Metcha, Karaiyo, and Tulema, three sons of an Æthiopian Emperor by a female slave. They have, according to some travellers, a prophecy that one day they will march to the east and north, and conquer the inheritance of their Jewish ancestors. Mr. Johnston asserts that the word Galla is "merely another form of *Calla*, which in the ancient Persian, Sanscrit, Celtic, and their modern derivative languages, under modified, but not changed terms, is expressive of blackness." The Gallas, however, are not a black people.

3 The Aden stone has been supposed to name the "Berbers," who must have been Gallas from the vicinity of Berberah. A certain amount of doubt still hangs on the interpretation: the Rev. Mr. Forster and Dr. Bird being the principal contrasts.

Rev. Mr. Forster.

"We assailed with cries of hatred and rage the Abyssinians and Berbers.

"We rode forth wrathfully against this refuse of mankind."

Dr. Bird.

"He, the Syrian philosopher in Abadan, Bishop of Cape Aden, who inscribed this in the desert, blesses the institution of the faith."

is "a well known town in El Maghrib, and a race located between El Zanj—Zanzibar and the Negrotic coast—and El Habash[1]: they are descended from the Himyar chiefs Sanháj (Sinhagia) (صنهاج) and Sumámah (ثمامه), and they arrived at the epoch of the conquest of Africa by the king Afrikús (Scipio Africanus?)." A few details upon the subjects of mutilation and excision prove these to have been the progenitors of the Somal,[2] who are nothing but a slice of the great Gala nation Islamized and Semiticized by repeated immigrations from Arabia. In the Kamus we also read that Samal (سما) is the name of the father of a tribe, so called because he *thrust out* (سَمَلَ, *samala*) his brother's eye.[3] The Shaykh Jami, a celebrated genealogist, informed me that in A.H. 666 = A.D. 1266-7, the Sayyid Yusuf al-Baghdadi visited the port of Siyaro near Berberah, then occupied by an infidel magician, who passed through mountains by the power of his gramarye: the saint summoned to his aid Mohammed bin Yunis al-Siddiki, of Bayt al-Fakih in Arabia, and by their united prayers a hill closed upon

1 This word is generally translated Abyssinia; Oriental geographers, however, use it in a more extended sense. The Turks have held possessions in "Habash," in Abyssinia never.

2 The same words are repeated in the Infak al-Maysur fi Tarikh bilad al-Takrur (Appendix to Denham and Clapperton's Travels, No. xii.), again confounding the Berbers and the Somal. Afrikus, according to that author, was a king of Al-Yaman who expelled the Berbers from Syria!

3 The learned Somal invariably spell their national name with an initial Sin, and disregard the derivation from Saumal (صومل), which would allude to the hardihood of the wild people. An intelligent modern traveller derives "Somali" from the Abyssinian "Soumahe," or heathens, and asserts that it corresponds with the Arabic word Kafir or unbeliever, the name by which Edrisi, the Arabian geographer, knew and described the inhabitants of the Affah (Afar) coast, to the east of the Straits of Bab al-Mandib. Such derivation is, however, unadvisable.

the pagan. Deformed by fable, the foundation of the tale is fact: the numerous descendants of the holy men still pay an annual fine, by way of blood-money to the family of the infidel chief. The last and most important Arab immigration took place about fifteen generations or 450 years ago, when the Sharif Ishak bin Ahmad,[1] left his native country Hazramaut, and, with forty-four saints, before mentioned, landed on Makhar—the windward coast extending from Karam Harbour to Cape Guardafui. At the town of Met, near Burnt Island, where his tomb still exists, he became the father of all the gentle blood and the only certain descent in the Somali country: by Magaden, a free woman, he had Jirhajis, Awal, and Arab; and by a slave or slaves, Jailah, Sambur, and Rambad. Hence the great clans, Habr Jirhajis and Awal, who prefer the matronymic—Habr signifying a mother—since, according to their dictum, no man knows who may be his sire.[2] These increased and multiplied by connection and affiliation to such an extent that about A.D. 1500 they drove their progenitors, the Galla, from Berberah, and gradually encroached upon them, till they entrenched themselves in the Highlands of Harar.

The old and pagan genealogies still known to the Somal, are Dirr, Aydur, Darud, and, according to some, Hawiyah. Dirr and Aydur, of whom nothing is certainly known but the name,[3] are the progenitors of the northern

1 According to others he was the son of Abdullah. The written genealogies of the Somal were, it is said, stolen by the Sharifs of al-Yaman, who feared to leave with the wild people documents that prove the nobility of their descent.

2 The salient doubt suggested by this genealogy is the barbarous nature of the names. A noble Arab would not call his children Jirhajis, Awal, and Rambad.

3 Lieut. Cruttenden applies the term Edoor (Aydur) to the descendants of Ishak, the children of Jirhajis, Awal, and Jailah.

Somal, the Ísa, Gudabirsi, Ishak, and Bursuk tribes. Darud Jabarti[1] bin Ismail bin Akil (or Ukayl) is supposed by his descendants to have been a noble Arab from Al-Hijaz, who, obliged to flee his country, was wrecked on the north-east coast of Africa, where he married a daughter of the Hawiyah tribe: rival races declare him to have been a Galla slave, who, stealing the Prophet's slippers,[2] was dismissed with the words, Inná-*tarad*-ná-hu (verily we have rejected him): hence his name Tarud (طارود) or Darud, the Rejected.[3] The etymological part of the story is, doubtless, fabulous; it expresses however, the popular belief that the founder of the eastward or windward tribes, now extending over the seaboard from Bundir Jadid to Ras Hafun, and southward from the sea to the Webbes,[4] was a man of ignoble origin. The children of Darud are now divided into two great bodies: "Harti" is the family name of the Dulbahanta, Ogadayn, Warsangali and Mijjarthayn, who call themselves sons of Harti bin Kombo bin Kabl Ullah bin Darud: the other Darud tribes not included under that appellation are the Girhi, Berteri, Marayhan, and Bahabr Ali. The

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His informants and mine differ, therefore, *toto cælo*. According to some, Dirr was the father of Aydur; others make Dirr (it has been written Tir and Durr) to have been the name of the Galla family into which Shaykh Ishak married.

1 Some travellers make Jabarti or Ghiberti to signify "slaves," from the Abyssinian Guebra; others, "Strong in the Faith" (Al-Islam). Bruce applies it to the Moslems of Abyssinia; it is still used, though rarely, by the Somal, who in these times generally designate by it the Sawahili or Negroid Moslems.

2 The same scandalous story is told of the venerable patron saint of Aden, the Sharif Haydrus.

3 Darud bin Ismail's tomb is near the Yubbay Tug in the windward mountains; an account of it will be found in Lieut. Speke's diary.

4 The two rivers Shabayli and Juba.

Hawiyah are doubtless of ancient and pagan origin; they call all Somal except themselves Hashiyah, and thus claim to be equivalent to the rest of the nation. Some attempt, as usual, to establish a holy origin, deriving themselves like the Shaykhash from the Caliph Abu Bakr: the antiquity, and consequently the pagan origin of the Hawiyah are proved by its present widely scattered state; it is a powerful tribe in the Mijjarthayn country, and yet is found in the hills of Harar.

The Somal, therefore, by their own traditions, as well as their strongly-marked physical peculiarities, their customs, and their geographical position, may be determined to be a half-caste tribe, an offshoot of the great Galla race, approximated, like the originally Negro-Egyptian, to the Caucasian type by a steady influx of pure Asiatic blood.

In personal appearance the race is not unprepossessing. The crinal hair is hard and wiry, growing, like that of a half-caste West Indian, in stiff ringlets which sprout in tufts from the scalp, and, attaining a moderate length, which they rarely surpass, hang down. A few elders, savans, and the wealthy, who can afford the luxury of a turband, shave the head. More generally, each filament is duly picked out with the comb or a wooden scratcher like a knitting-needle, and the mass made to resemble a child's "pudding," an old bob-wig, a mop, a counsellor's peruke, or an old-fashioned coachman's wig—there are a hundred ways of dressing the head. The Badawin, true specimens of the "greasy African race," wear locks dripping with rancid butter, and accuse their citizen brethren of being more like birds than men. The colouring matter of the hair, naturally a bluish-black, is removed by a mixture of quicklime and water, or in the desert by a *lessive* of ashes[1]: this makes it a dull

1 Curious to say this mixture does not destroy the hair; it would soon render a European bald. Some of the Somal have

yellowish-white, which is converted into red permanently by henna, temporarily by ochreish earth kneaded with water. The ridiculous Somali peruke of crimsoned sheepskin—almost as barbarous an article as the Welsh —is apparently a foreign invention: I rarely saw one in the low country, although the hill tribes about Harar sometimes wear a black or white "scratch-wig.[1]" The head is rather long than round, and generally of the amiable variety, it is gracefully put on the shoulders, belongs equally to Africa and Arabia, and would be exceedingly weak but for the beauty of the brow. As far as the mouth, the face, with the exception of high cheek-bones, is good; the contour of the forehead ennobles it; the eyes are large and well-formed, and the upper features are frequently handsome and expressive. The jaw, however, is almost invariably prognathous and African; the broad, turned-out lips betray approximation to the Negro; and the chin projects to the detriment of the facial angle. The beard is represented by a few tufts; it is rare to see anything equal to even the Arab development: the long and ample eyebrows admired by the people are uncommon, and the mustachioes are short and thin, often twisted outwards in two dwarf curls. The mouth is coarse as well as thick-lipped; the teeth rarely project as in the Negro, but they are not good: the habit of perpetually chewing coarse Surat tobacco stains them,[2] the gums become black and mottled, and the use of ashes with the quid discolours the lips. The skin, amongst the tribes inhabiting the hot regions, is smooth, black, and glossy; as the altitude increases it becomes lighter, and about Harar it is generally of a *café*

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applied it to their beards; the result has been the breaking and falling off of the filaments.

1 Second-hand lawyers' wigs were exported to Guinea.

2 Few Somal except the citizens smoke, on account of the expense, all, however, use the Takhzinah or quid.

au lait colour. The Badawin are fond of raising beauty marks in the shape of ghastly seams, and the thickness of the epidermis favours the size of these *stigmates*. The male figure is tall and somewhat ungainly. In only one instance I observed an approach to the steatopyge, making the shape to resemble the letter S; but the shoulders are high, the trunk is straight, the thighs fall off, the shin bones bow slightly forwards, and the feet, like the hands, are coarse, large, and flat. Yet with their hair, of a light straw colour, decked with the light waving feather, and their coal-black complexions set off by that most graceful of garments the clean white Tobe,[1] the contrasts are decidedly effective.

In mind the Somal are peculiar as in body. They are a people of most susceptible character, and withal uncommonly hard to please. They dislike the Arabs, fear and abhor the Turks, have a horror of Franks, and despise all other Asiatics who with them come under the general name of Hindí (Indians). The latter are abused on all occasions for cowardice, and a want of generosity, which has given rise to the following piquant epigram:

> "Ask not thy want from the Hindi:
> Impossible to find liberality in the Hindi!
> Had there been one liberal man in Al-Hind,
> Allah had raised up a prophet in Al-Hind!"

They have all the levity and instability of the Negro character; light-minded as the Abyssinians—described by Gobat as constant in nothing but inconstancy—soft, merry, and affectionate souls, they pass without any apparent transition into a state of fury, when

1 The best description of the dress is that of Fénélon: "Leurs habits sont aisés à faire, car en ce doux climat on ne porte qu'une pièce d'étoffe fine et légère, qui n'est point taillée, et que chacun met à longs plis autour de son corps pour la modestie; lui donnant la forme qu'il veut."

they are capable of terrible atrocities. At Aden they appear happier than in their native country. There I have often seen a man clapping his hands and dancing, child-like, alone to relieve the exuberance of his spirits: here they become as the Mongols and other pastoral people, a melancholy race, who will sit for hours upon a bank gazing at the moon, or croning some old ditty under the trees. This state is doubtless increased by the perpetual presence of danger and the uncertainty of life, which make them think of other things than dancing and singing. Much learning seems to make them mad; like the half-crazy Fakíhs of the Sahara in Northern Africa, the Widad, or priest, is generally unfitted for the affairs of this world, and the Hafiz or Koran-reciter, is almost idiotic. As regards courage, they are no exception to the generality of savage races. They have none of the recklessness standing in lieu of creed which characterizes the civilized man. In their great battles a score is considered a heavy loss; usually they will run after the fall of half a dozen: amongst a Kraal full of braves who boast a hundred murders, not a single maimed or wounded man will be seen, whereas in an Arabian camp half the male population will bear the marks of lead and steel. The bravest will shirk fighting if he has forgotten his shield: the sight of a lion and the sound of a gun elicit screams of terror, and their Kaum or forays much resemble the style of tactics rendered obsolete by the Great Turenne, when the tactician's chief aim was not to fall in with his enemy. Yet they are by no means deficient in the wily valour of wild men: two or three will murder a sleeper bravely enough; and when the passions of rival tribes, between whom there has been a blood feud for ages, are violently excited, they will use with asperity the dagger and spear. Their massacres are fearful. In February, 1847, a small sept, the Ayyal Yunis, being expelled from Berberah, settled at the road-

stead of Bulhar, where a few merchants, principally Indian and Arab, joined them. The men were in the habit of leaving their women and children, sick and aged, at the encampment inland, whilst, descending to the beach, they carried on their trade. One day, as they were thus employed, unsuspicious of danger, a foraging party of about 2,500 Ísas attacked the camp: men, women, and children were indiscriminately put to the spear, and the plunderers returned to their villages in safety, laden with an immense amount of booty. At present, a man armed with a revolver would be a terror to the country; the day, however, will come when the matchlock will supersede the assegai, and then the harmless spearman in his strong mountains will become, like the Arab, a formidable foe. Travelling among the Badawin, I found them kind and hospitable. A pinch of snuff or a handful of tobacco sufficed to win every heart, and a few yards of coarse cotton cloth supplied all our wants. I was petted like a child, forced to drink milk and to eat mutton; girls were offered to me in marriage; the people begged me to settle amongst them, to head their predatory expeditions, free them from lions, and kill their elephants; and often a man has exclaimed in pitying accents, "What hath brought thee, delicate as thou art, to sit with us on the cowhide in this cold under a tree?" Of course they were beggars, princes and paupers, lairds and loons, being all equally unfortunate; the Arabs have named the country Bilad Wa Issi—the "Land of Give me Something"—but their wants were easily satisfied, and the open hand always made a friend.

The Somal hold mainly to the Shafe'i school of Al-Islam: their principal peculiarity is that of not reciting prayers over the dead even in the towns. The marriage ceremony is simple: the price of the bride and the feast being duly arranged, the formula is recited by some priest or pilgrim. I have often been requested to officiate

on these occasions, and the End of Time has done it by irreverently reciting the Fatihah over the happy pair.[1] The Somal, as usual among the heterogeneous mass amalgamated by Al-Islam, have a diversity of superstitions attesting their pagan origin. Such, for instance, are their oaths by stones, their reverence of cairns and holy trees, and their ordeals of fire and water, the Bolungo of Western Africa. A man accused of murder or theft walks down a trench full of live charcoal and about a spear's length, or he draws out of the flames a smith's anvil heated to redness: some prefer picking four or five cowries from a large pot full of boiling water. The member used is at once rolled up in the intestines of a sheep and not inspected for a whole day. They have traditionary seers called Tawuli, like the Greegree-men of Western Africa, who, by inspecting the fat and bones of slaughtered cattle, "do medicine," predict rains, battles, and diseases of animals. This class is of both sexes: they never pray or bathe, and are therefore considered always impure; thus, being feared, they are greatly respected by the vulgar. Their predictions are delivered in a rude rhyme, often put for importance into the mouth of some deceased seer. During the three months called Rajalo[2] the Koran is not read over graves, and no marriage ever takes place. The reason of this peculiarity is stated to be imitation of their ancestor Ishak, who happened not to contract a matrimonial alliance at such epoch: it is, however, a manifest remnant of the pagan's auspicious and inauspicious months. Thus they sacrifice she-camels in the month

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1 Equivalent to reading out the Church Catechism at an English wedding.

2 Certain months of the lunar year. In 1854, the third Rajalo, corresponding with Rabia the Second, began on the 21st of December.

Sabuh, and keep holy with feasts and bonfires the Dubshid or New Year's Day.[1] At certain unlucky periods when the moon is in ill-omened asterisms those who die are placed in bundles of matting upon a tree, the idea being that if buried a loss would result to the tribe.[2]

Though superstitious, the Somal are not bigoted like the Arabs, with the exception of those who, wishing to become learned, visit Al-Yaman or Al-Hijaz, and catch the complaint. Nominal Mohammedans, Al-Islam hangs so lightly upon them, that apparently they care little for making it binding upon others.

The Somali language is no longer unknown to Europe. It is strange that a dialect which has no written character should so abound in poetry and eloquence. There are thousands of songs, some local, others general, upon all conceivable subjects, such as camel loading, drawing water, and elephant hunting; every man of education knows a variety of them. The rhyme is imperfect, being generally formed by the syllable "ay" (pronounced as in our word "hay"), which gives the verse a monotonous regularity; but, assisted by a tolerably regular alliteration

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1 The word literally means, "lighting of fire." It corresponds with the Nayruz of Yaman, a palpable derivation, as the word itself proves, from the old Guebre conquerors. In Arabia New Year's Day is called Ras al-Sanah, and is not celebrated by any peculiar solemnities. The ancient religion of the Afar coast was Sabæism, probably derived from the Berbers or shepherds—according to Bruce the first faith of the East, and the only religion of Eastern Africa. The Somal still retain a tradition that the "Furs," or ancient Guebres, once ruled the land.

2 Their names also are generally derived from their pagan ancestors: a list of the most common may be interesting to ethnologists. Men are called Rírásh, Igah, Beuh, Fáhí, Samattar, Fárih, Madar, Rághe, Dubayr, Irik, Diddar, Awálah, and Alyán. Women's names are Ayblá, Ayyo, Aurálá, Ambar, Zahabo, Ashkaro, Alká, Asobá, Gelo, Gobe, Mayrán and Samawedá.

and cadence, it can never be mistaken for prose, even without the song which invariably accompanies it. The country teems with "poets, poetasters, poetitos, poetaccios:" every man has his recognized position in literature as accurately defined as though he had been reviewed in a century of magazines—the fine ear of this people[1] causing them to take the greatest pleasure in harmonious sounds and poetical expressions, whereas a false quantity or a prosaic phrase excite their violent indignation. Many of these compositions are so idiomatic that Arabs settled for years amongst the Somal cannot understand them though perfectly acquainted with the conversational style. Every chief in the country must have a panegyric to be sung by his clan, and the great patronize light literature by keeping a poet. The amatory is of course the favourite theme: sometimes it appears in dialogue, the rudest form, we are told, of the Drama. The subjects are frequently pastoral: the lover for instance invites his mistress to walk with him towards the well in Lahelo, the Arcadia of the land; he compares her legs to the tall straight Libi tree, and imprecates the direst curses on her head if she refuse to drink with him the milk of his favourite camel. There are a few celebrated ethical compositions, in which the father lavishes upon his son all the treasures of Somali good advice, long as the somniferous sermons of Mentor to the insipid son of Ulysses. Sometimes a black Tyrtæus breaks into a wild lament for the loss of warriors or territory; he taunts the clan with cowardice, reminds them of their slain kindred, better men than themselves, whose spirits cannot rest unavenged in their gory graves, and urges a furious onslaught upon the exulting victor.

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1 It is proved by the facility with which they pick up languages, Western as well as Eastern, by mere ear and memory.

And now, dear L., I will attempt to gratify your just curiosity concerning *the* sex in Eastern Africa.

The Somali matron is distinguished—externally—from the maiden by a fillet of blue network or indigo-dyed cotton, which, covering the head and containing the hair, hangs down to the neck. Virgins wear their locks long, parted in the middle, and plaited in a multitude of hard thin pigtails: on certain festivals they twine flowers and plaster the head like Kaffir women, with a red ochre—the *coiffure* has the merit of originality. With massive rounded features, large flat craniums, long big eyes, broad brows, heavy chins, rich brown complexions, and round faces, they greatly resemble the stony beauties of Egypt—the models of the land ere Persia, Greece, and Rome reformed the profile and bleached the skin. They are of the Venus Kallipyga order of beauty: the feature is scarcely ever seen amongst young girls, but after the first child it becomes remarkable to a stranger. The Arabs have not failed to make it a matter of jibe.

> "'Tis a wonderful fact that your hips swell
> Like boiled rice or a skin blown out,"

sings a satirical Yamani: the Somal retort by comparing the lank haunches of their neighbours to those of tadpoles or young frogs. One of their peculiar charms is a soft, low, and plaintive voice, derived from their African progenitors. Always an excellent thing in woman, here it has an undefinable charm. I have often lain awake for hours listening to the conversation of the Badawi girls, whose accents sounded in my ears rather like music than mere utterance.

In muscular strength and endurance the women of the Somal are far superior to their lords: at home they are engaged all day in domestic affairs, and tending the cattle; on journeys their manifold duties are to load and

drive the camels, to look after the ropes, and, if necessary, to make them; to pitch the hut, to bring water and firewood, and to cook. Both sexes are equally temperate from necessity; the mead and the millet-beer, so common among the Abyssinians and the Danakil, are entirely unknown to the Somal of the plains. As regard their morals, I regret to say that the traveller does not find them in the golden state which Teetotal doctrines lead him to expect. After much wandering, we are almost tempted to believe the bad doctrine that morality is a matter of geography; that nations and races have, like individuals, a pet vice, and that by restraining one you only exasperate another. As a general rule Somali women prefer *amourettes* with strangers, following the well-known Arab proverb, "The new comer filleth the eye." In cases of scandal, the woman's tribe revenges its honour upon the man. Should a wife disappear with a fellow-clansman, and her husband accord divorce, no penal measures are taken, but she suffers in reputation, and her female friends do not spare her. Generally, the Somali women are of cold temperament, the result of artificial as well as natural causes: like the Kafirs, they are very prolific, but peculiarly bad mothers, neither loved nor respected by their children. The fair sex lasts longer in Eastern Africa than in India and Arabia: at thirty, however, charms are on the wane, and when old age comes on they are no exceptions to the hideous decrepitude of the East.

The Somal, when they can afford it, marry between the ages of fifteen and twenty. Connections between tribes are common, and entitle the stranger to immunity from the blood-feud: men of family refuse, however, to ally themselves with the servile castes. Contrary to the Arab custom, none of these people will marry cousins; at the same time a man will give his daughter to his uncle, and take to wife, like the Jews and Gallas, a

brother's relict. Some clans, the Habr Yunis for instance, refuse maidens of the same or even of a consanguineous family. This is probably a political device to preserve nationality and provide against a common enemy. The bride, as usual in the East, is rarely consulted, but frequent *tête à têtes* at the well and in the bush when tending cattle effectually obviate this inconvenience: her relatives settle the marriage portion, which varies from a cloth and a bead necklace to fifty sheep or thirty dollars, and dowries are unknown. In the towns marriage ceremonies are celebrated with feasting and music. On first entering the nuptial hut, the bridegroom draws forth his horsewhip and inflicts memorable chastisement upon the fair person of his bride, with the view of taming any lurking propensity to shrewishness.[1] This is carrying out with a will the Arab proverb,

"The slave girl from her capture, the wife from her wedding."

During the space of a week the spouse remains with his espoused, scarcely ever venturing out of the hut; his friends avoid him, and no lesser event than a plundering party or dollars to gain, would justify any intrusion. If the correctness of the wife be doubted, the husband on the morning after marriage digs a hole before his door and veils it with matting, or he rends the skirt of his Tobe, or he tears open some new hut-covering: this disgraces the woman's family. Polygamy is indispensable in a country where children are the principal wealth.[2] The chiefs, arrived at manhood, immediately

1 So the old Muscovites, we are told, always began married life with a sound flogging.

2 I would not advise polygamy amongst highly civilized races, where the sexes are nearly equal, and where reproduction becomes a minor duty. Monogamy is the growth of civilization: a plurality of wives is the natural condition of man in thinly-populated countries, where he who has the largest family is the greatest benefactor of his kind.

marry four wives: they divorce the old and unfruitful, and, as amongst the Kafirs, allow themselves an unlimited number in peculiar cases, especially when many of the sons have fallen. Daughters, as usual in Oriental countries, do not "count" as part of the family: they are, however, utilized by the father, who disposes of them to those who can increase his wealth and importance. Divorce is exceedingly common, for the men are liable to sudden fits of disgust. There is little ceremony in contracting marriage with any but maidens. I have heard a man propose after half an hour's acquaintance, and the fair one's reply was generally the question direct concerning "settlements." Old men frequently marry young girls, but then the portion is high and the *ménage à trois* common.

The Somal know none of the exaggerated and chivalrous ideas by which passion becomes refined affection amongst the Arab Badawin and the sons of civilization, nor did I ever hear of an African abandoning the spear and the sex to become a Darwaysh. Their "Hudhudu," however, reminds the traveller of the Abyssinian "eye-love," the Afghan's "Namzad-bazi," and the Semite's "Ishkuzri," which for want of a better expression we translate "Platonic love."[1] This meeting of the sexes, however, is allowed in Africa by male relatives; in Arabia and Central Asia it provokes their direst indignation. Curious to say, throughout the Somali country, kissing is entirely unknown.

Children are carried on their mothers' backs or laid sprawling upon the ground for the first two years:[2] they

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1 The old French term "la petite oie" explains it better. Some trace of the custom may be found in the Kafir's Slambuka or Schlabonka, for a description of which I must refer to the traveller Delegorgue.

2 The Somal ignore the Kafir custom during lactation.

are circumcised at the age of seven or eight, provided with a small spear, and allowed to run about naked till the age of puberty. They learn by conversation, not books, eat as much as they can beg, borrow and steal, and grow up healthy, strong, and well proportioned according to their race.

As in Al-Islam generally, so here, a man cannot make a will. The property of the deceased is divided amongst his children—the daughters receiving a small portion, if any, of it. When a man dies without issue, his goods and chattels are seized upon by his nearest male relatives; one of them generally marries the widow, or she is sent back to her family. Relicts, as a rule receive no legacies.

You will have remarked, dear L., that the people of Zayla are by no means industrious. They depend for support upon the Desert: the Badawi becomes the Nazil or guest of the townsmen, and he is bound to receive a little tobacco, a few beads, a bit of coarse cotton cloth, or, on great occasions, a penny looking-glass and a cheap German razor, in return for his slaves, ivories, hides, gums, milk, and grain. Any violation of the tie is severely punished by the Governor, and it can be dissolved only by the formula of triple divorce: of course the wild men are hopelessly cheated,[1] and their citizen brethren live in plenty and indolence. After the early breakfast, the male portion of the community leave their houses on business, that is to say, to chat, visit, and *flaner* about the streets and mosques.[2] They return to dinner and the siesta,

1 The citizens have learned the Asiatic art of bargaining under a cloth. Both parties sit opposite each other, holding hands: if the little finger for instance be clasped, it means 6, 60, or 600 dollars, according to the value of the article for sale; if the ring finger, 7, 70, or 700, and so on.

2 So, according to M. Krapf, the Suaheli of Eastern Africa wastes his morning hours in running from house to house, to his

after which they issue forth again, and do not come home till night. Friday is always an idle day, festivals are frequent, and there is no work during weddings and mournings. The women begin after dawn to plait mats and superintend the slaves, who are sprinkling the house with water, grinding grain for breakfast, cooking, and breaking up firewood; to judge, however, from the amount of chatting and laughter, there appears to be far less work than play.

In these small places it is easy to observe the mechanism of a government which, *en grand*, becomes that of Delhi, Teheran, and Constantinople. The Governor farms the place from the Porte; he may do what he pleases as long as he pays his rent with punctuality and provides presents and *douceurs* for the Pasha of Mocha. He punishes the petty offences of theft, quarrels, and arson by fines, the bastinado, the stocks, or confinement in an Arish or thatch-hut: the latter is a severe penalty, as the prisoner must provide himself with food. In cases of murder, he either refers to Mocha or he carries out the Kisas—*lex talionis*—by delivering the slayer to the relatives of the slain. The Kazi has the administration of the Shariat or religious law: he cannot, however, pronounce sentence without the Governor's permission; and generally his powers are confined to questions of divorce, alimony, manumission, the wound mulct, and similar cases which come within Koranic jurisdiction. Thus the religious code is ancillary and often opposed to "Al-Jabr"—"the tyranny"—the popular designation of what we call Civil Law.[1] Yet is Al-Jabr, despite its name,

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friends or superiors, *ku amkia* (as he calls it), to make his morning salutations. A worse than Asiatic idleness is the curse of this part of the world.

1 Diwan al-Jabr, for instance, is a civil court, opposed to the Mahkamah or the Kazi's tribunal.

generally preferred by the worldly wise. The Governor contents himself with a moderate bribe, the Kazi is insatiable: the former may possibly allow you to escape unplundered, the latter assuredly will not. This I believe to be the history of religious jurisdiction in most parts of the world.

CHAPTER V.

FROM ZAYLA TO THE HILLS.

Two routes connect Zayla with Harar; the south-western or direct line numbers ten long or twenty short stages [1]: the first eight through the Ísa country, and the last two among the Nole Gallas, who own the rule of "Waday," a Makad or chief of Christian persuasion. The Hajj objected to this way, on account of his recent blood-feud with the Rer Guleni. He preferred for me the more winding road which passes south, along the coast, through the Ísa Badawin dependent upon Zayla, to the nearest hills, and thence strikes south-westwards among the Gudabirsi and Girhi Somal, who extend within sight of Harar. I cannot but suspect that in selecting this route the good Sharmarkay served another

1 By this route the Mukattib or courier travels on foot from Zayla to Harar in five days at the most. The Somal reckon their journeys by the Gadi or march, the Arab "Hamlah," which varies from four to five hours. They begin before dawn and halt at about 11 A.M., the time of the morning meal. When a second march is made they load at 3 P.M. and advance till dark; thus fifteen miles would be the average of fast travelling. In places of danger they will cover twenty-six or twenty-seven miles of ground without halting to eat or rest: nothing less, however, than regard for "dear life" can engender such activity. Generally two or three hours' work per diem is considered sufficient; and, where provisions abound, halts are long and frequent.

purpose besides my safety. Petty feuds between the chiefs had long "closed the path," and perhaps the Somal were not unwilling that British cloth and tobacco should re-open it.

Early in the morning of the 27th of November, 1854, the mules and all the paraphernalia of travel stood ready at the door. The five camels were forced to kneel, growling angrily the while, by repeated jerks at the halter: their forelegs were duly tied or stood upon till they had shifted themselves into a comfortable position, and their noses were held down by the bystanders whenever, grasshopper-like, they attempted to spring up. Whilst spreading the saddle-mats, our women, to charm away remembrance of chafed hump and bruised sides, sang with vigour the "Song of Travel":

"O caravan-men, we deceive ye not, we have laden the camels!
Old women on the journey are kenned by their sleeping!
(O camel) can'st sniff the cock-boat and the sea?
Allah guard thee from the Mikahil and their Midgans!"[1]

As they arose from squat it was always necessary to adjust their little mountains of small packages by violently "heaving up" one side—an operation never failing to elicit a vicious grunt, a curve of the neck, and an attempt to bite. One camel was especially savage; it is said that on his return to Zayla, he broke a Badawi girl's neck. Another, a diminutive but hardy little brute of Donkali breed, conducted himself so uproariously that he at once obtained the name of Al-Harami, or the Ruffian.

About 3 P.M., accompanied by the Hajj, his amiable son Mohammed, and a party of Arab matchlock-men,

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1 The Mikahil is a clan of the Habr Awal tribe living nea Berberah, and celebrated for their bloodthirsty and butcherin propensities, Many of the Midgan or serviles (a term explaine Chap. II.) are domesticated amongst them.

who escorted me as a token of especial respect, I issued from the Ashurbara Gate, through the usual staring crowds, and took the way of the wilderness. After half a mile's march, we exchanged affectionate adieus, received much prudent advice about keeping watch and ward at night, recited the Fatihah with upraised palms, and with many promises to write frequently and to meet soon, shook hands and parted. The soldiers gave me a last volley, to which I replied with the "Father of Six."

You see, dear L., how travelling maketh man *banal*. It is the natural consequence of being forced to find in every corner where Fate drops you for a month, a "friend of the soul" and a "moon-faced beauty." With Orientals generally you *must* be on extreme terms, as in Hibernia, either an angel of light or, that failing, a goblin damned. In East Africa especially, English phlegm, shyness, or pride, will bar every heart and raise every hand against you,[1] whereas what M. Rochet calls "a certain *rondeur* of manner" is a specific for winning affection. You should walk up to your man, clasp his fist, pat his back, speak some unintelligible words to him —if, as is the plan of prudence, you ignore the language —laugh a loud guffaw, sit by his side, and begin pipes and coffee. He then proceeds to utilize you, to beg in one country for your interest, and in another for your tobacco. You gently but decidedly thrust that subject out of the way, and choose what is most interesting to yourself. As might be expected, he will at times revert to his own concerns; your superior obstinacy will oppose effectual passive resistance to all such efforts; by degrees the episodes diminish in frequency and duration: at last they cease altogether. The man is now your own.

You will bear in mind, if you please, that I am a

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1 So the Abyssinian chief informed M. Krapf, that he loved the French, but could not endure us—simply the effect of manner.

Moslem merchant, a character not to be confounded with the notable individuals seen on 'Change. Mercator in the East is a compound of tradesman, divine and T. G. Usually of gentle birth, he is everywhere welcomed and respected; and he bears in his mind and manner that, if Allah please, he may become prime minister a month after he has sold you a yard of cloth. Commerce appears to be an accident, not an essential, with him; yet he is by no means deficient in acumen. He is a grave and reverend signior, with rosary in hand and Koran on lip, is generally a pilgrim, talks at dreary length about Holy Places, writes a pretty hand, has read and can recite much poetry, is master of his religion, demeans himself with respectability, is perfect in all points of ceremony and politeness, and feels equally at home whether sultan or slave sit upon his counter. He has a wife and children in his own country, where he intends to spend the remnant of his days; but "the world is uncertain"—"Fate descends, and man's eye seeth it not"—"the earth is a charnel house": briefly his many wise old saws give him a kind of theoretical consciousness that his bones may moulder in other places than his fatherland.

To describe my little caravan. Foremost struts Raghi, our Ísa guide, in all the bravery of Abbanship. He is bare-headed and clothed in Tobe and slippers: a long, heavy, horn-hilted dagger is strapped round his waist, outside his dress; in his right hand he grasps a ponderous wire-bound spear, which he uses as a staff, and the left forearm supports a round targe of battered hide. Being a man of education, he bears on one shoulder a Musalla or prayer carpet of tanned leather, the article used throughout the Somali country; slung over the other is a Wesi or wicker bottle containing water for religious ablution. He is accompanied by some men who carry a little stock of town goods and drive a camel

colt, which by-the-by they manage to lose before midnight.

My other attendants must now be introduced to you, as they are to be for the next two months companions of our journey.

First in the list are the fair Samaweda Yusuf, and Aybla Farih,[1] buxom dames about thirty years old, who presently secured the classical nicknames of Shahrázád, and Dunyazad. They look each like three average women rolled into one, and emphatically belong to that race for which the article of feminine attire called, I believe, a "bussle" would be quite superfluous. Wonderful, truly, is their endurance of fatigue! During the march they carry pipe and tobacco, lead and flog the camels, adjust the burdens, and will never be induced to ride, in sickness or in health. At the halt they unload the cattle, dispose the parcels in a semicircle, pitch over them the Gurgi or mat tent, cook our food, boil tea and coffee, and make themselves generally useful. They bivouack outside our abode, modesty not permitting the sexes to mingle, and in the severest cold wear no clothing but a head fillet and an old Tobe. They have curious soft voices, which contrast agreeably with the harsh organs of the males. At first they were ashamed to see me; but that feeling soon wore off, and presently they enlivened the way with pleasantries far more naïve than refined. To relieve their greatest fatigue, nothing seems necessary but the "Jogsi"[2]: they lie at full length, prone, stand upon each other's backs trampling and kneading with the

1 The first is the name of the individual; the second is that of her father.

2 This delicate operation is called by the Arabs, Da'asah (whence the "Doseh ceremony" at Cairo). It is used over most parts of the Eastern World as a remedy for sickness and fatigue, and is generally preferred to Takbis or Dugmo, the common style of shampooing, which, say many Easterns, loosens the skin.

toes, and rise like giants much refreshed. Always attendant upon these dames is Yusuf, a Zayla lad, who, being one-eyed, was pitilessly named by my companions, the "Kalandar;" he prays frequently, is strict in his morals, and has conceived, like Mrs. Brownrigg, so exalted an idea of discipline, that, but for our influence, he certainly would have beaten the two female 'prentices to death. They hate him therefore, and he knows it.

Immediately behind Raghi and his party walk Shahrázád and Dunyazad, the former leading the head camel, the latter using my chibúk stick as a staff. She has been at Aden, and sorely suspects me; her little black eyes never meet mine; and frequently, with affected confusion, she turns her sable cheek the clean contrary way. Strung together by their tails, and soundly beaten when disposed to lag, the five camels pace steadily along under their burdens—bales of Wilayati or American sheeting, Duwwarah or Cutch canvass, with indigo-dyed stuff slung along the animals' sides, and neatly sewn up in a case of matting to keep off dust and rain—a cow's hide, which serves as a couch, covering the whole. They carry a load of "Mushakkar" (bad Mocha dates) for the Somal, with a parcel of better quality for ourselves, and a half hundredweight of coarse Surat tobacco;[1] besides which we have a box of beads, and

1 The Somal, from habit, enjoy no other variety; they even shewed disgust at my Latakia. Tobacco is grown in some places by the Gudabirsi and other tribes; but it is rare and bad. Without this article it would be impossible to progress in East Africa; every man asks for a handful, and many will not return milk for what they expect to receive as a gift. Their importunity reminds the traveller of the Galloway beggars some generations ago:—"They are for the most part great chewers of tobacco, and are so addicted to it, that they will ask for a piece thereof from a stranger as he is riding on his way; and therefore let not a traveller want an ounce or two of roll tobacco in his pocket, and for an inch or two thereof he need not fear the want of a guide by day or night."

another of trinkets, mosaic-gold earrings, necklaces, watches and similar nick-nacks. Our private provisions are represented by about 300 lbs. of rice—here the traveller's staff of life—a large pot full of "Kawurmah,"[1] dates, salt,[2] clarified butter, tea, coffee, sugar, a box of biscuits in case of famine, "Halwá" or Arab sweetmeats to be used when driving hard bargains, and a little turmeric for seasoning. A simple *batterie de cuisine*, and sundry skins full of potable water,[3] dangle from chance rope-ends: and last but not the least important, is a heavy box[4] of ammunition sufficient for a three months' sporting tour.[5] In the rear of the caravan trudges a

1 Flesh boiled in large slices, sun-dried, broken to pieces and fried in ghi.

2 The Bahr Assal or Salt Lake, near Tajurrah, annually sends into the interior thousands of little matted parcels containing this necessary. Inland, the Badawin will rub a piece upon the tongue before eating, or pass about a lump, as the Dutch did with sugar in the last war; at Harar a donkey load is the price of a slave; and the Abyssinians say of a *millionaire*, "he eateth salt."

3 The element found upon the maritime plain is salt or brackish. There is nothing concerning which the African traveller should be so particular as water; bitter with nitre, and full of organic matter, it causes all those dysenteric diseases which have made research in this part of the world a Upas tree to the discoverer. Pocket filters are invaluable. The water of wells should be boiled and passed through charcoal; and even then it might be mixed to a good purpose with a few drops of proof spirit. The Somal generally carry their stores in large wickerwork pails. I preferred skins, as more portable and less likely to taint the water.

4 Here as in Arabia, boxes should be avoided, the Badawin always believed them to contain treasures. Day after day I have been obliged to display the contents to crowds of savages, who amused themselves by lifting up the case with loud cries of "hoo! hoo!! hoo!!!" (the popular exclamation of astonishment), and by speculating upon the probable amount of dollars contained therein.

5 The following list of my expenses may perhaps be useful to future travellers. It must be observed that, had the whole out-

Badawi woman driving a donkey—the proper "tail" in these regions, where camels start if followed by a horse or mule. An ill-fated sheep, a parting present from the Hajj, races and frisks about the Kafilah. It became so tame that the Somal received an order not to "cut" it; one day, however, I found myself dining, and that pet lamb was the *menu*.

By the side of the camels ride my three attendants, the pink of Somali fashion. Their frizzled wigs are radiant with grease; their Tobes are splendidly white, with borders dazzlingly red; their new shields are covered with canvas cloth; and their two spears, poised over the right shoulder, are freshly scraped, oiled, blackened, and polished. They have added my spare rifle and guns to the camel-load; such weapons are well enough at Aden, in Somali-land men would deride the outlandish tool! I told them that in my country women use bows and arrows, moreover that lancers are generally considered a corps of non-combatants; in vain! they adhered as strongly—so mighty a thing is prejudice—to their partiality for bows, arrows, and lances. Their horsemanship is

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fit been purchased at Aden, a considerable saving would have resulted:

	Cos. Rs.
Passage money from Aden to Zayl - - -	33
Presents at Zayla - - - - -	100
Price of four mules with saddles and bridles - -	225
Price of four camels - - - -	88
Provisions (tobacco, rice, dates, &c.) for three months	428
Price of 150 Tobes - - - - -	357
Nine pieces of indigo-dyed cotton - - -	16
Minor expenses (cowhides for camels, mats for tents, presents to Arabs, a box of beads, three handsome Abyssinian Tobes bought for chiefs) - -	166
Expenses at Berberah, and passage back to Aden -	77
Total Cos. Rs.	1490=£149

peculiar, they balance themselves upon little Abyssinian saddles, extending the leg and raising the heel in the Louis Quinze style of equitation, and the stirrup is an iron ring admitting only the big toe. I follow them mounting a fine white mule, which with its gaudily *galonné* Arab pad and wrapper cloth, has a certain dignity of look; a double-barrelled gun lies across my lap; and a rude pair of holsters, the work of Hasen Turki, contains my Colt's six-shooters.

Marching in this order, which was to serve as a model, we travelled due south along the coast, over a hard, stoneless, and alluvial plain, here dry, there muddy (where the tide reaches), across boggy creeks, broad water-courses, and warty flats of black mould powdered with nitrous salt, and bristling with the salsolaceous vegetation familiar to the Arab voyager. Such is the general formation of the plain between the mountains and the sea, whose breadth, in a direct line, may measure from forty-five to forty-eight miles. Near the first zone of hills, or sub-Ghauts, it produces a thicker vegetation; thorns and acacias of different kinds appear in clumps; and ground broken with ridges and ravines announces the junction. After the monsún this plain is covered with rich grass. At other seasons it affords but a scanty supply of "aqueous matter" resembling bilge-water. The land belongs to the Mummasan clan of the Ísa: how these "Kurrah-jog" or "sun-dwellers," as the Badawin are called by the burgher Somal, can exist here in summer, is a mystery. My arms were peeled even in the month of December; and my companions, panting with the heat, like the Atlantes of Herodotus, poured forth reproaches upon the rising sun. The townspeople, when forced to hurry across it in the hotter season, cover themselves during the day with Tobes wetted every half hour in sea water; yet they are sometimes killed by the fatal thirst which the Samún engenders. Even the Badawin are

now longing for rain; a few weeks' drought destroys half their herds.

Early in the afternoon our Abban and a woman halted for a few minutes, performed their ablutions, and prayed with a certain display: satisfied apparently, with the result, they never repeated the exercise. About sunset we passed, on the right, clumps of trees overgrowing a water called "Warabod," the Hyena's Well; this is the first Marhalah or halting-place usually made by travellers to the interior. Hence there is a direct path leading south-south-west, by six short marches, to the hills. Our Abban, however, was determined that we should not so easily escape his kraal. Half an hour afterwards we passed by the second station, "Hangagarri," a well near the sea: frequent lights twinkling through the darkening air informed us that we were in the midst of the Ísa. At 8 P.M., we reached "Gagab," the third Marhalah, where the camels, casting themselves upon the ground, imperatively demanded a halt. Raghi was urgent for an advance, declaring that already he could sight the watch-fires of his Rer or tribe:[1] but the animals carried the point against him. They were presently unloaded and turned out to graze, and the lariats of the mules, who are addicted to running away, were fastened to stones for want of pegs.[2] Then lighting a fire, we sat down to a homely supper of dates.

The air was fresh and clear, and the night breeze was delicious after the steamy breath of day. The weary confinement of walls made the splendid expanse a luxury

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1 I shall frequently use Somali terms, not to display my scanty knowledge of the dialect, but because they perchance may prove serviceable to my successors.

2 The Somal always "side-line" their horses and mules with stout stiff leathern thongs provided with loops and wooden buttons; we found them upon the whole safer than lariats or tethers.

to the sight, whilst the tumbling of the surf upon the near shore, and the music of the jackal, predisposed to sweet sleep. We now felt that at length the die was cast. Placing my pistols by my side, with my rifle-butt for a pillow, and its barrel as a bed-fellow, I sought repose with none of that apprehension which even the most stout-hearted traveller knows before the start. It is the difference between fancy and reality, between anxiety and certainty: to men gifted with any imaginative powers the anticipation must ever be worse than the event. Thus it happens, that he who feels a thrill of fear before engaging in a peril, exchanges it for a throb of exultation when he finds himself hand to hand with the danger.

The "End of Time" volunteered to keep watch that night. When the early dawn glimmered he aroused us, and blew up the smouldering fire, whilst our women proceeded to load the camels. We pursued our way over hard alluvial soil to sand, and thence passed into a growth of stiff yellow grass not unlike a stubble in English September. Day broke upon a Somali Arcadia, whose sole flaws were salt water and Samun. Whistling shepherds[1] carried in their arms the younglings of the herds, or, spear in hand, drove to pasture long regular lines of camels, that waved their vulture-like heads, and arched their necks to bite in play their neighbours' faces, humps, and hind thighs. They were led by a patriarch, to whose throat hung a Kor or wooden bell, the preventa-

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1 Arabs hate "Al-Sifr" or whistling, which they hold to be the chit-chat of the Jinns. Some say that the musician's mouth is not to be purified for forty days; others that Satan, touching a man's person, causes him to produce the offensive sound. The Hijazis objected to Burckhardt that he could not help talking to devils, and walking about the room like an unquiet spirit. The Somali has no such prejudice. Like the Kafir of the Cape, he passes his day whistling to his flocks and herds; moreover, he makes signals by changing the note, and is skilful in imitating the song of birds.

tive for straggling: and most of them were followed (for winter is the breeding season) by colts in every stage of infancy.[1] Patches of sheep, with snowy skins, and jetty faces, flecked the yellow plain; and herds of goats resembling deer were driven by hide-clad children to the bush. Women, in similar attire, accompanied them, some chewing the inner bark of trees, others spinning yarn of a white creeper called Sagsug for ropes and tent mats. The boys carried shepherds' crooks,[2] and bore their watering pails,[3] foolscap fashion, upon their heads. Sometimes they led the ram, around whose neck a cord of white leather was bound for luck; at other times they frisked with the dog, an animal by no means contemptible in the eyes of the Badawin.[4] As they advanced, the graceful little sand antelopes bounded away over the bushes; and above them, soaring high in the cloudless skies, were flights of vultures and huge percnopters, unerring indicators of man's habitation in Somali-land.[5]

A net-work of paths showed that we were approaching a populous place; and presently men swarmed forth from their hive-shaped tents, testifying their satisfaction

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1 In this country camels foal either in the Gugi (monsun), or during the cold season immediately after the autumnal rains.

2 The shepherd's staff is a straight stick about six feet long, with a crook at one end, and at the other a fork to act as a rake.

3 These utensils will be described in a future chapter.

4 The settled Somal have a holy horror of dogs, and, Wahhabi-like, treat man's faithful slave most cruelly. The wild people are more humane; they pay two ewes for a good colley, and demand a two-year-old sheep as "diyat" or blood-money for the animal, if killed.

5 Vultures and percnopters lie upon the wing waiting for the garbage of the kraals; consequently they are rare near the cow-villages, where animals are not often killed.

at our arrival, the hostile Habr Awal having threatened to "eat them up." We rode cautiously, as is customary, amongst the yeaning she-camels, who are injured by a sudden start, and about 8 A.M. arrived at our guide's kraal, the fourth station, called "Gudingaras," or the low place where the Garas tree grows. The encampment lay south-east (165°) of, and about twenty miles from, Zayla.

Raghi disappeared, and the Badawin flocked out to gaze upon us as we approached the kraal. Meanwhile Shahrazad and Dunyazad fetched tent-sticks from the village, disposed our luggage so as to form a wall, rigged out a wigwam, spread our beds in the shade, and called aloud for sweet and sour milk. I heard frequently muttered by the red-headed spearmen the ominous term "Faranj[1]"; and although there was no danger, it was deemed advisable to make an impression without delay. Presently they began to deride our weapons: the Hammal requested them to put up one of their shields as a mark; they laughed aloud but shirked compliance. At last a large brown, bare-necked vulture settled on the ground at twenty paces' distance. The Somal hate the "Gurgur," because he kills the dying and devours the dead on the battle-field: a bullet put through the bird's body caused a cry of wonder, and some ran after the lead as it span whistling over the ridge. Then loading with swan shot which these Badawin had never seen, I knocked over a second vulture flying. Fresh screams followed the marvellous feat; the women exclaimed, "Lo! he bringeth down the birds from heaven;" and one old man, putting his forefinger in his mouth, praised Allah and prayed to

1 They apply this term to all but themselves; an Indian trader who had travelled to Harar, complained to me that he had always been called a Frank by the Badawin in consequence of his wearing Shalwar, or drawers.

be defended from such a calamity. The effect was such that I determined always to carry a barrel loaded with shot as the best answer for all who might object to "Faranj."

We spent our day in the hut after the normal manner, with a crowd of woolly-headed Badawin squatting perseveringly opposite our quarters, spear in hand, with eyes fixed upon every gesture. Before noon the door-mat was let down—a precaution also adopted whenever box or package was opened—we drank milk and ate rice with "a kitchen" of Kawurmah. About midday the crowd retired to sleep; my companions followed their example, and I took the opportunity of sketching and jotting down notes.[1] Early in the afternoon the Badawin returned, and resumed their mute form of pleading for tobacco: each man, as he received a handful, rose slowly from his hams and went his way. The senior who disliked the gun was importunate for a charm to cure his sick camel: having obtained it, he blessed us in a set speech, which lasted at least half an hour, and concluded with spitting upon the whole party for good luck.[2] It is always well to encourage these Nestors; they are regarded with the greatest reverence by the tribes, who believe that

> "old experience doth attain
> To something like prophetic strain;"

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1 Generally it is not dangerous to write before these Badawin, as they only suspect account-keeping, and none but the educated recognizes a sketch. The traveller, however, must be on his guard: in the remotest villages he will meet Somal who have returned to savage life after visiting the sea-board, Arabia, and possibly India or Egypt.

2 I have often observed this ceremony performed upon a new turband or other article of attire; possibly it may be intended as a mark of contempt, assumed to blind the evil eye.

and they can either do great good or cause much petty annoyance.

In the evening I took my gun, and, accompanied by the End of Time, went out to search for venison: the plain, however, was full of men and cattle, and its wilder denizens had migrated. During our walk we visited the tomb of an Ísa brave. It was about ten feet long, heaped up with granite pebbles, bits of black basalt, and stones of calcareous lime: two upright slabs denoted the position of the head and feet, and upon these hung the deceased's milk-pails, much the worse for sun and wind. Round the grave was a thin fence of thorns: opposite the single narrow entrance were three blocks of stone planted in line, and showing the number of enemies slain by the brave.[1] Beyond these trophies, a thorn roofing, supported by four bare poles, served to shade the relatives, when they meet to sit, feast, weep, and pray.

The Badawin funerals and tombs are equally simple. They have no favourite cemeteries as in Sind and other Moslem and pastoral lands: men are buried where they die, and the rarity of the graves scattered about the country excited my astonishment. The corpse is soon interred. These people, like most barbarians, have a horror of death and all that reminds them of it: on several occasions I have been begged to throw away a hut-stick, that had been used to dig a grave. The bier is a rude framework of poles bound with ropes of hide. Some tie up the body and plant it in a sitting posture, to save themselves the trouble of excavating deep: this perhaps may account for the circular tombs seen in many parts of the country. Usually the corpse is thrust into a long hole, covered with wood and matting, and

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1 Such is the general form of the Somali grave. Sometimes wo stumps of wood take the place of the upright stones at the head and foot, and around one grave I counted twenty trophies.

heaped over with earth and thorns, half-protected by an oval mass of loose stones, and abandoned to the jackals and hyenas.

We halted a day at Gudingaras, wishing to see the migration of a tribe. Before dawn, on the 30th November, the Somali Stentor proclaimed from the ridge-top, "Fetch your camels!—Load your goods!—We march!" About 8 A.M. we started in the rear. The spectacle was novel to me. Some 150 spearmen, assisted by their families, were driving before them divisions which, in total, might amount to 200 cows, 7000 camels, and 11,000 or 12,000 sheep and goats. Only three wore the Bal or feather, which denotes the brave; several, however, had the other decoration—an ivory armlet.[1] Assisted by the boys, whose heads were shaved in a cristated fashion truly ridiculous, and large pariah dogs with bushy tails, they drove the beasts and carried the colts, belaboured runaway calves, and held up the hind legs of struggling sheep. The sick, of whom there were many—dysentery being at the time prevalent—were carried upon camels with their legs protruding in front from under the hide-cover. Many of the dromedaries showed the Habr Awal brand:[2] laden with hutting materials and domestic furniture, they were led by the maidens: the matrons followed, bearing their progeny upon their backs, bundled in the shoulder-lappets of cloth or hide. The smaller girls, who, in addition to

1 Some braves wear above the right elbow an ivory armlet called Fol or Aj: in the south this denotes the elephant-slayer. Other Ísa clans assert their warriorhood by small disks of white stone, fashioned like rings, and fitted upon the little finger of the left hand. Others bind a bit of red cloth round the brow.

2 It is sufficient for a Badawi to look at the general appearance of an animal; he at once recognizes the breed. Each clan, however, in this part of Eastern Africa has its own mark.

the boys' crest, wore a circlet of curly hair round the head, carried the weakling lambs and kids, or aided their mammas in transporting the baby. Apparently in great fear of the "All" or Commando, the Badawin anxiously inquired if I had my "fire" with me,[1] and begged us to take the post of honour—the van. As our little party pricked forward, the camels started in alarm, and we were surprised to find that this tribe did not know the difference between horses and mules. Whenever the boys lost time in sport or quarrel, they were threatened by their fathers with the jaws of that ogre, the white stranger; and the women exclaimed, as they saw us approach, "Here comes the old man who knows knowledge[2]!"

Having skirted the sea for two hours, I rode off with the End of Time to inspect the Dihh Silil,[3] a fiumara which runs from the western hills north-eastwards to the sea. Its course is marked by a long line of graceful tamarisks, whose vivid green looked doubly bright set off by tawny stubble and amethyst-blue sky. These freshets are the Edens of Adel. The banks are charmingly wooded with acacias of many varieties, some thorned like the fabled Zakkum, others parachute-shaped, and planted in impenetrable thickets: huge white creepers, snake-shaped, enclasp giant trees, or connect with their cordage the higher boughs, or depend like cables from the lower branches to the ground. Luxuriant parasites abound: here they form domes of

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1 They found no better word than "fire" to denote the gun.

2 "Oddai," an old man, corresponds with the Arab Shaykh in etymology. The Somal, however, give the name to men of all ages after marriage.

3 The "Dihh" is the Arab "Wady,"—a fiumara or freshet. "Webbe" (Obbay, Abbai, &c.) is a large river; "Durdur," a running stream.

flashing green, there they surround with verdure decayed trunks, and not unfrequently cluster into sylvan bowers, under which—grateful sight!—appears succulent grass. From the thinner thorns the bell-shaped nests of the Loxia depend, waving in the breeze, and the wood resounds with the cries of bright-winged choristers. The torrent-beds are of the clearest and finest white sand, glittering with gold-coloured mica, and varied with nodules of clear and milky quartz, red porphyry, and granites of many hues. Sometimes the centre is occupied by an islet of torn trees and stones rolled in heaps, supporting a clump of thick jujube or tall acacia, whilst the lower parts of the beds are overgrown with long lines of lively green colocynth.[1] Here are usually the wells, surrounded by heaps of thorns, from which the leaves have been browsed off, and dwarf sticks that support the water-hide. When the flocks and herds are absent, troops of gazelles may be seen daintily pacing the yielding surface; snake trails streak the sand, and at night the fiercer kind of animals, lions, leopards, and elephants, take their turn. In Somali-land the well is no place of social meeting; no man lingers to chat near it, no woman visits it, and the traveller fears to pitch hut where torrents descend, and where enemies, human and bestial, meet.

We sat under a tree watching the tribe defile across the water-course: then remounting, after a ride of two miles, we reached a ground called Kuranyali,[2] upon which the wigwams of the Nomads were already rising. The parched and treeless stubble lies about eight miles

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1 I saw these Dihhs only in the dry season; at times the torrent must be violent, cutting ten or twelve feet deep into the plain.

2 The name is derived from Kuranyo, an ant: it means the "place of ants," and is so called from the abundance of a tree which attracts them.

from and 145° S.E. of Gudingaras; both places are supplied by Angagarri, a well near the sea, which is so distant that cattle, to return before nightfall, must start early in the morning.

My attendants had pitched the Gurgi or hut: the Hammal and Long Gulad were, however, sulky on account of my absence, and the Kalandar appeared disposed to be mutinous. The End of Time, who never lost an opportunity to make mischief, whispered in my ear, "Despise thy wife, thy son, and thy slave, or they despise thee!" The old saw was not wanted, however, to procure for them a sound scolding. Nothing is worse for the Eastern traveller than the habit of "sending to Coventry:" it does away with all manner of discipline.

We halted that day at Kuranyali, preparing water and milk for two long marches over the desert to the hills. Being near the shore, the air was cloudy, although men prayed for a shower in vain: about midday the pleasant sea-breeze fanned our cheeks, and the plain was thronged with tall pillars of white sand.[1]

The heat forbade egress, and our wigwam was crowded with hungry visitors. Raghi, urged thereto by his tribe, became importunate, now for tobacco, then for rice, now for dates, then for provisions in general. No wonder that the Prophet made his Paradise for the Poor a mere place of eating and drinking. The half-famished Badawin, Somal or Arab, think of nothing beyond the stomach—their dreams know no higher vision of bliss than mere repletion. A single article of diet, milk or flesh, palling upon man's palate, they will greedily suck the stones of eaten dates: yet Abyssinian like, they are squeamish and fastidious as regards food. They despise the excellent fish with which Nature has so plentifully

1 The Arabs call these pillars "Devils," the Somal "Sigo."

stocked their seas.[1] "Speak not to me with that mouth which eateth fish!" is a favourite insult amongst the Badawin. If you touch a bird or a fowl of any description, you will be despised even by the starving beggar. You must not eat marrow or the flesh about the sheep's thigh-bone, especially when travelling, and the kidneys are called a woman's dish. None but the Northern Somal will touch the hares which abound in the country, and many refuse the sand antelope and other kinds of game, not asserting that the meat is unlawful, but simply alleging a disgust. Those who chew coffee berries are careful not to place an even number in their mouths, and camel's milk is never heated, for fear of bewitching the animal.[2] The Somali, however, differs in one point from his kinsman the Arab: the latter prides himself upon his temperance; the former, like the North American Indian, measures manhood by appetite. A "Son of the Somal" is taught, as soon as his teeth are cut, to devour two pounds of the toughest mutton, and ask for more: if his powers of deglutition fail, he is derided as degenerate.

On the next day (Friday, December 1st) we informed the Abban that we intended starting early in the afternoon, and therefore warned him to hold himself and his escort, together with the water and milk necessary for our march, in readiness. He promised compliance and disappeared. About 3 P.M. the Badawin, armed as usual with spear and shield, began to gather round the hut,

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1 The Cape Kafirs have the same prejudice against fish, comparing its flesh to that of serpents. In some points their squeamishness resembles that of the Somal: he, for instance, who tastes the Rhinoceros Simus is at once dubbed "Om Fogazan" or outcast.

2 This superstition may have arisen from the peculiarity that the camel's milk, however fresh, if placed upon the fire, breaks like some cow's milk.

and—nothing in this country can be done without that terrible "palaver!"—the speechifying presently commenced. Raghi, in a lengthy harangue hoped that the tribe would afford us all necessary supplies and assist us in the arduous undertaking. His words elicited no hear, hear! there was an evident unwillingness on the part of the wild men to let us, or rather our cloth and tobacco, depart. One remarked, with surly emphasis, that he had "seen no good and eaten no Bori[1] from that caravan, why should he aid it?" When we asked the applauding hearers what they had done for us, they rejoined by inquiring whose the land was? Another smitten by the fair Shahrazad's bulky charms, had proposed matrimony, and offered as dowry a milch camel: she "temporised," not daring to return a positive refusal, and the suitor betrayed a certain Hibernian *velleïté* to consider consent an unimportant part of the ceremony. The mules had been sent to the well, with orders to return before noon: at 4 P.M. they were not visible. I then left the hut, and, sitting on a cow's-hide in the sun, ordered my men to begin loading, despite the remonstrances of the Abban and the interference of about fifty Badawin. As we persisted, they waxed surlier, and declared all which was ours became theirs, to whom the land belonged: we did not deny the claim, but simply threatened sorcery-death, by wild beasts and foraging parties, to their "camels, children and women." This brought them to their senses, the usual effect of such threats; and presently arose the senior who had spat upon us for luck's sake. With his toothless jaws he mumbled a vehement speech, and warned the tribe that it was not good to detain such strangers: they lent ready ears to the words of Nestor,

1 "Bori" in Southern Arabia popularly means a water-pipe: here it is used for tobacco.

saying, "Let us obey him, he is near his end!" The mules arrived, but when I looked for the escort, none was forthcoming. At Zayla it was agreed that twenty men should protect us across the desert, which is the very passage of plunder; now, however, five or six paupers offered to accompany us for a few miles. We politely declined troubling them, but insisted upon the attendance of our Abban and three of his kindred: as some of the Badawin still opposed us, our aged friend once more arose, and by copious abuse finally silenced them. We took leave of him with many thanks and handfuls of tobacco, in return for which he blessed us with fervour. Then, mounting our mules, we set out, followed for at least a mile by a long tail of howling boys, who, ignorant of clothing, except a string of white beads round the neck, but armed with dwarf spears, bows, and arrows, showed all the impudence of baboons. They derided the End of Time's equitation till I feared a scene; sailor-like, he prided himself upon graceful horsemanship, and the imps were touching his tenderest point.

Hitherto, for the Abban's convenience, we had skirted the sea, far out of the direct road: now we were to strike south-westwards into the interior. At 6 P. M. we started across a "Goban"[1] which eternal summer gilds with a dull ochreish yellow, towards a thin blue strip of hill on the far horizon. The Somal have no superstitious dread of night and its horrors, like Arabs and Abyssinians: our Abban, however, showed a whole-

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1 "Goban" is the low maritime plain lying below the "Bor" or Ghauts, and opposed to Ogú, the table-land above. "Ban" is an elevated grassy prairie, where few trees grow; "Dir," a small jungle, called Haija by the Arabs; and Khain is a forest or thick bush. "Bor," is a mountain, rock, or hill: a stony precipice is called "Jar," and the high clay banks of a ravine "Gebi."

some mundane fear of plundering parties, scorpions, and snakes.[1] I had been careful to fasten round my ankles the twists of black wool called by the Arabs Za'al,[2] and universally used in Al-Yaman: a stock of garlic and opium, here held to be specifics, fortified the courage of the party, whose fears were not wholly ideal, for, in the course of the night, Shahrazad nearly trod upon a viper.

At first the plain was a network of holes, the habi-

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1 Snakes are rare in the cities, but abound in the wilds of Eastern Africa, and are dangerous to night travellers, though seldom seen by day. To kill a serpent is considered by the Badawin almost as meritorious as to slay an Infidel. The Somal have many names for the reptile tribe. The Subhanyo, a kind of whipsnake, and a large yellow rock snake called Got, are little feared. The Abesi (in Arabic Al-Hayyah—the Cobra) is so venomous that it kills the camel; the Mas or Hanash, and a long black snake called Jilbis, are considered equally dangerous. Serpents are in Somali-land the subject of many superstitions. One horn of the Cerastes, for instance, contains a deadly poison: the other, pounded and drawn across the eye, makes man a seer and reveals to him the treasures of the earth. There is a flying snake which hoards precious stones, and is attended by a hundred guards: a Somali horseman once, it is said, carried away a jewel; he was pursued by a reptile army, and although he escaped to his tribe, the importunity of the former proprietors was so great that the plunder was eventually restored to them. Centipedes are little feared; their venom leads to inconveniences more ridiculous than dangerous. Scorpions, especially the large yellow variety, are formidable in hot weather: I can speak of the sting from experience. The first symptom is a sensation of nausea, and the pain shoots up after a few minutes to the groin, causing a swelling accompanied by burning and throbbing, which last about twelve hours. The Somal bandage above the wound and wait patiently till the effect subsides.

2 These are tightened in case of accident, and act as superior ligatures. I should, however, advise every traveller in these regions to provide himself with a pneumatic pump, and not to place his trust in Za'al, garlic, or opium.

tations of the Jir Ad,[1] a field rat with ruddy back and white belly, the Mullah or Parson, a smooth-skinned lizard, and the Dabagalla, a ground squirrel with a brilliant and glossy coat. As it became dark arose a cheerful moon, exciting the howlings of the hyenas, the barkings of their attendant jackals,[2] and the chattered oaths of the Hidinhitu bird.[3] Dotted here and there over the misty landscape, appeared dark clumps of a tree called "Kullan," a thorn with an edible berry not unlike the jujube, and banks of silvery mist veiled the far horizon from the sight.

We marched rapidly and in silence, stopping every quarter of an hour to raise the camels' loads as they slipped on one side. I had now an opportunity of seeing how feeble a race is the Somali. My companions

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1 The grey rat is called by the Somal "Baradublay": in Eastern Africa it is a minor plague, after India and Arabia, where, neglecting to sleep in boots, I have sometimes been lamed for a week by their venomous bites.

2 In this country the jackal attends not upon the lion, but the Waraba. His morning cry is taken as an omen of good or evil according to the note.

3 Of this bird, a red and long-legged plover, the Somal tell the following legend. Originally her diet was meat, and her society birds of prey: one night, however, her companions having devoured all the provisions whilst she slept, she swore never to fly with friends, never to eat flesh, and never to rest during the hours of darkness. When she sees anything in the dark she repeats her oaths, and, according to the Somal, keeps careful watch all night. There is a larger variety of this bird, which, purblind during daytime, rises from under the traveller's feet with loud cries. The Somal have superstitions similar to that above noticed about several kinds of birds. When the cry of the "Galu" (so called from his note Gal! Gal! come in! come in!) is heard over a kraal, the people say, "Lét us leave this place, the Galu hath spoken!" At night they listen for the Fin, also an ill-omened bird: when a man declares "the Fin did not sleep last night," it is considered advisable to shift ground.

on the line of march wondered at my being able to carry a gun; they could scarcely support, even whilst riding, the weight of their spears, and preferred sitting upon them to spare their shoulders. At times they were obliged to walk because the saddles cut them, then they remounted because their legs were tired; briefly, an English boy of fourteen would have shown more bottom than the sturdiest. This cannot arise from poor diet, for the citizens, who live generously, are yet weaker than the Badawin; it is a peculiarity of race. When fatigued they become reckless and impatient of thirst: on this occasion, though want of water stared us in the face, one skin of the three was allowed to fall upon the road and burst, and the contents of the second were drunk before we halted.

At 11 P.M., after marching twelve miles in direct line, we bivouacked upon the plain. The night breeze from the hills had set in, and my attendants chattered with cold: Long Gulad in particular became stiff as a mummy. Raghi was clamorous against a fire, which might betray our whereabouts in the "Bush Inn." But after such a march the pipe was a necessity, and the point was carried against him.

After a sound sleep under the moon, we rose at 5 A.M. and loaded the camels. It was a raw morning. A large nimbus rising from the east obscured the sun, the line of blue sea was raised like a ridge by refraction, and the hills, towards which we were journeying, now showed distinct falls and folds. Troops of Dera or gazelles, herding like goats, stood, stared at us, turned their white tails, faced away, broke into a long trot, and bounded over the plain as we approached. A few ostriches appeared, but they were too shy even for bullet.[1] At

1 Throughout this country ostriches are exceedingly wild: the Rev. Mr. Erhardt, of the Mombas Mission, informs me that they are

8 P.M. we crossed one of the numerous drains which intersect this desert—"Biya Hablod," or the Girls' Water, a fiumara running from south-west to east and north-east. Although dry, it abounded in the Marar, a tree bearing yellowish red berries full of viscous juice like green gum—edible but not nice—and the brighter vegetation showed that water was near the surface. About two hours afterwards, as the sun became oppressive, we unloaded in a water-course, called by my companions Adad or the Acacia Gum:[1] the distance was about twenty-five miles, and the direction S.W. 225° of Kuranyali.

We spread our couches of cowhide in the midst of a green mass of tamarisk under a tall Kud tree, a bright-leaved thorn, with balls of golden gum clinging to its boughs, dry berries scattered in its shade, and armies of ants marching to and from its trunk. All slept upon the soft white sand, with arms under their hands, for our spoor across the desert was now unmistakeable. At midday, rice was boiled for us by the indefatigable women, and at 3 P.M. we resumed our march towards the hills, which had exchanged their shadowy blue for a coat of pronounced brown. Journeying onwards, we reached the Barragid fiumara, and presently exchanged the plain for rolling ground covered with the remains of an extinct race, and probably alluded to by Al-Makrizi when he records that the Moslems of Adel had erected,

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equally so farther south. The Somal stalk them during the day with camels, and kill them with poisoned arrows. It is said that about 3 P.M. the birds leave their feeding places, and traverse long distances to roost: the people assert that they are blind at night, and rise up under the pursuer's feet.

1 Several Acacias afford gums, which the Badawin eat greedily to strengthen themselves. The town's people declare that the food produces nothing but flatulence.

throughout the country, a vast number of mosques and oratories for Friday and festival prayers. Places of worship appeared in the shape of parallelograms, unhewed stones piled upon the ground, with a semicircular niche in the direction of Meccah. The tombs, different from the heaped form now in fashion, closely resembled the older erections in the island of Sa'ad al-Din, near Zayla—oblong slabs planted deep in the soil. We also observed hollow rings of rough blocks, circles measuring about a cubit in diameter: I had not time to excavate them and the End of Time could only inform me that they belonged to the "Awwalin," or olden inhabitants.

At 7 P.M., as evening was closing in, we came upon the fresh trail of a large Habr Awal calvacade. The celebrated footprint seen by Robinson Crusoe affected him not more powerfully than did this "daaseh" my companions. The voice of song suddenly became mute. The women drove the camels hurriedly, and all huddled together, except Raghi, who kept well to the front ready for a run. Whistling with anger, I asked my attendants what had slain them: the End of Time, in a hollow voice, replied, "Verily, O pilgrim, whoso seeth the track, seeth the foe!" and he quoted in tones of terror those dreary lines—

> "Man is but a handful of dust,
> And life is a violent storm."

We certainly were a small party to contend against 200 horsemen—nine men and two women: moreover all except the Hammal and Long Gulad would infallibly have fled at the first charge.

Presently we sighted the trails of sheep and goats, showing the proximity of a village: their freshness was ascertained by my companions after an eager scrutiny in the moon's bright beams. About half an hour afterwards, rough ravines with sharp and thorny descents

warned us that we had exchanged the dangerous plain for a place of safety where horsemen rarely venture. Raghi, not admiring the "open," hurried us onward, in hope of reaching some kraal. At 8 P. M., however, seeing the poor women lamed with thorns, and the camels casting themselves upon the ground, I resolved to halt. Despite all objections, we lighted a fire, finished our store of bad milk—the water had long ago been exhausted—and lay down in the cold, clear air, covering ourselves with hides and holding our weapons.

At 6 A. M. we resumed our ride over rough stony ground, the thorns tearing our feet and naked legs, and the camels slipping over the rounded waste of drift pebbles. The Badawin, with ears applied to the earth, listened for a village, but heard none. Suddenly we saw two strangers, and presently we came upon an Ísa kraal. It was situated in a deep ravine, called Damal, backed by a broad and hollow fiumara at the foot of the hills, running from west to east, and surrounded by lofty trees, upon which brown kites, black vultures, and percnopters like flakes of snow were mewing. We had marched over a winding path about eleven miles from, and in a south-west direction (205°) of, Adad. Painful thoughts suggested themselves: in consequence of wandering southwards, only six had been taken off thirty stages by the labours of seven days.

As usual in Eastern Africa, we did not enter the kraal uninvited, but unloosed and pitched the wigwam under a tree outside. Presently the elders appeared bringing, with soft speeches, sweet water, new milk, fat sheep and goats, for which they demanded a Tobe of Cutch canvas. We passed with them a quiet luxurious day of coffee and pipes, fresh cream and roasted mutton: after the plain-heats we enjoyed the cool breeze of the hills, the cloudy sky, and the verdure of the glades, made

doubly green by comparison with the parched stubbles below.

The Ísa, here mixed with the Gudabirsi, have little power: we found them poor and proportionally importunate. The men, wild-looking as open mouths, staring eyes, and tangled hair could make them, gazed with extreme eagerness upon my scarlet blanket: for very shame they did not beg it, but the inviting texture was pulled and fingered by the greasy multitude. We closed the hut whenever a valuable was produced, but eager eyes peeped through every cranny, till the End of Time ejaculated "Praised be Allah[1]!" and quoted the Arab saying, "Show not the Somali thy door, and if he find it, block it up!" The women and children were clad in chocolate-coloured hides, fringed at the tops: to gratify them I shot a few hawks, and was rewarded with loud exclamations—"Allah preserve thy hand!"—"May thy skill never fail thee before the foe!" A crone seeing me smoke, inquired if the fire did not burn; I handed my pipe, which nearly choked her, and she ran away from a steaming kettle, thinking it a weapon. As my companions observed, there was not a "Miskal of sense in a Maund of heads:" yet the people looked upon my sun-burnt skin with a favour they denied to the "lime-white face."

I was anxious to proceed in the afternoon, but Raghi had arrived at the frontier of his tribe: he had blood to settle amongst the Gudabirsi, and without a protector he could not enter their lands. At night we slept armed on account of the lions that infest the hills, and our huts were surrounded with a thorn fence—a precaution here first adopted, and never afterwards neglected. Early on the morning of the 4th of December heavy clouds rolled down from the mountains,

1 "Subhan' Allah!" an exclamation of pettishness or displeasure.

and a Scotch mist deepened into a shower: our new Abban had not arrived, and the hut-mats, saturated with rain, had become too heavy for the camels to carry.

In the forenoon the Ísa kraal, loading their asses,[1] set out towards the plain. This migration presented no new features, except that several sick and decrepid were barbarously left behind, for lions and hyænas to devour.[2] To deceive "warhawks" who might be on the look-out, the migrators set fire to logs of wood and masses of sheep's earth, which, even in rain, will smoke and smoulder for weeks.

About midday arrived the two Gudabirsi who intended escorting us to the village of our Abbans. The elder, Rirash, was a black-skinned, wild-looking fellow, with a shock head of hair and a deep scowl which belied his good temper and warm heart: the other was a dun-faced youth betrothed to Raghi's daughter. They both belonged to the Mahadasan clan, and commenced operations by an obstinate attempt to lead us far out of our way eastwards. The pretext was the defenceless state of their flocks and herds, the real reason an itching for cloth and tobacco. We resisted manfully this time, nerved by the memory of wasted days, and, despite their declarations of Absi,[3] we determined upon making westward for the hills.

At 2 P.M. the caravan started along the fiumara course in rear of the deserted kraal, and after an hour's ascent Rirash informed us that a well was near. The Hammal and I, taking two water skins, urged our mules

1 The hills not abounding in camels, like the maritime regions, asses become the principal means of transport.

2 This barbarous practice is generally carried out in cases of small-pox where contagion is feared.

3 Fear—danger; it is a word which haunts the traveller in Somali-land.

over stones and thorny ground: presently we arrived at a rocky ravine, where, surrounded by brambles, rude walls, and tough frame works, lay the wells—three or four holes sunk ten feet deep in the limestone. Whilst we bathed in the sulphureous spring, which at once discoloured my silver ring, Rirash, baling up the water in his shield, filled the bags and bound them to the saddles. In haste we rejoined the caravan, which we found about sunset, halted by the vain fears of the guides. The ridge upon which they stood was a mass of old mosques and graves, showing that in former days a thick population tenanted these hills: from the summit appeared distant herds of kine and white flocks scattered like patches of mountain quartz. Riding in advance, we traversed the stony ridge, fell into another ravine, and soon saw signs of human life. A shepherd descried us from afar and ran away reckless of property: causing the End of Time to roll his head with dignity, and to ejaculate, "Of a truth said the Prophet of Allah, 'fear is divided.'" Presently we fell in with a village, from which the people rushed out, some exclaiming, "Lo! let us look at the kings!" others, "Come, see the white man, he is governor of Zayla!" I objected to such dignity, principally on account of its price: my companions, however, were inexorable; they would be Salatin —kings—and my colour was against claims to low degree. This fairness, and the Arab dress, made me at different times the ruler of Aden, the chief of Zayla, the Hajj's son, a boy, an old woman, a man painted white, a warrior in silver armour, a merchant, a pilgrim, a hedge-priest, Ahmad the Indian, a Turk, an Egyptian, a Frenchman, a Banyan, a shariff, and lastly a Calamity sent down from heaven to weary out the lives of the Somal: every kraal had some conjecture of its own, and each fresh theory was received by my companions with roars of laughter.

As the Gudabirsi pursued us with shouts for tobacco and cries of wonder, I dispersed them with a gun-shot: the women and children fled precipitately from the horrid sound, and the men, covering their heads with their shields, threw themselves face foremost upon the ground. Pursuing the fiumara course, we passed a number of kraals, whose inhabitants were equally vociferous: out of one came a Zayla man, who informed us that the Gudabirsi Abbans, to whom we bore Sharmarkay's letter of introduction, were encamped within three days' march. It was reported, however, that a quarrel had broken out between them and the Jirad Adan, their brother-in-law; no pleasant news!—in Africa, under such circumstances, it is customary for friends to detain, and for foes to oppose, the traveller. We rode stoutly on, till the air darkened and the moon tipped the distant hill peaks with a dim mysterious light. I then called a halt: we unloaded on the banks of the Darkaynlay fiumara, so called from a tree which contains a fiery milk, fenced ourselves in—taking care to avoid being trampled upon by startled camels during our sleep, by securing them in a separate but neighbouring inclosure—spread our couches, ate our frugal suppers, and lost no time in falling asleep. We had travelled five hours that day, but the path was winding, and our progress in a straight line was at most eight miles.

And now, dear L., being about to quit the land of the Ísa, I will sketch the tribe.

The Ísa, probably the most powerful branch of the Somali nation, extends northwards to the Wayma family of the Dankali; southwards to the Gudabirsi, and midway between Zayla and Berberah; eastwards it is bounded by the sea, and westwards by the Gallas around Harar. It derives itself from Dirr and Aydur, without, however, knowing aught beyond the ancestral

names, and is twitted with paganism by its enemies. This tribe, said to number 100,000 shields, is divided into numerous clans:[1] these again split up into minor septs[2] which plunder, and sometimes murder, one another in time of peace.

A fierce and turbulent race of republicans, the Ísa own nominal allegiance to a Ugaz or chief residing in the Hadagali hills. He is generally called "Roblay"—Prince Rainy—the name or rather title being one of good omen, for a drought here, like a dinner in Europe, justifies the change of a dynasty. Every kraal has its Oddai (shaykh or head man,) after whose name the settlement, as in Sind and other pastoral lands, is called. He is obeyed only when his orders suit the taste of King Demos, is always superior to his fellows in wealth of cattle, sometimes in talent and eloquence, and in deliberations he is assisted by the Wail or Akil—the Pítzo-council of Southern Africa—elders obeyed on account of their age. Despite, however, this apparatus

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1 The Somali Tol or Tul corresponds with the Arabic Kabilah, a tribe; under it is the Kola or Jilib (Ar. Fakhizah), a clan. "Gob," is synonymous with the Arabic Kabail, "men of family," opposed to "Gum," the caste-less. In the following pages I shall speak of the Somali *nation*, the Ísa tribe, the Rer Musa *clan*, and the Rer Galan *sept*, though by no means sure that such verbal graduation is generally recognized.

2 The Ísa, for instance, are divided into—

1. Rer Wardik (the royal clan).
2. Rer Abdullah.
3. Rer Musa.
4. Rer Mummasan.
5. Rer Gulani.
6. Rer Hurroni.
7. Rer Urwena.
8. Rer Furlabah.
9. Rer Gada.
10. Rer Ali Addah.

These are again subdivided: the Rer Musa (numbering half the Ísa), split up, for instance, into—

1. Rer Galan.
2. Rer Harlah.
3. Rer Gadishah.
4. Rer Dubbah.
5. Rer Kul.
6. Rer Gedi.

of rule, the Badawin have lost none of the characteristics recorded in the Periplus: they are still "uncivilized and under no restraint." Every free-born man holds himself equal to his ruler, and allows no royalties or prerogatives to abridge his birthright of liberty.[1] Yet I have observed, that with all their passion for independence, the Somal, when subject to strict rule as at Zayla and Harar, are both apt to discipline and subservient to command.

In character, the Ísa are childish and docile, cunning, and deficient in judgment, kind and fickle, good-humoured and irascible, warm-hearted, and infamous for cruelty and treachery. Even the protector will slay his *protégé*, and citizens married to Ísa girls send their wives to buy goats and sheep from, but will not trust themselves amongst, their connections. "Traitorous as an Ísa," is a proverb at Zayla, where the people tell you that these Badawin with the left hand offer a bowl of milk, and stab with the right. "Conscience," I may observe, does not exist in Eastern Africa, and "Repentance" expresses regret for missed opportunities of mortal crime. Robbery constitutes an honourable man: murder—the more atrocious the midnight crime the better—makes the hero. Honour consists in taking human life: hyæna-like, the Badawin cannot be trusted where blood may be shed. Glory is the having done all manner of harm. Yet the Ísa have their good points: they are not noted liars, and will rarely perjure themselves: they look down upon petty pilfering without violence, and they are generous and hospitable compared with the other Somal. Personally,

1 Traces of this turbulent equality may be found amongst the Kafirs in general meetings of the tribe, on the occasion of harvest home, when the chief who at other times destroys hundreds by a gesture, is abused and treated with contempt by the youngest warrior.

I had no reason to complain of them. They were importunate beggars, but a pinch of snuff or a handful of tobacco always made us friends: they begged me to settle amongst them, they offered me sundry wives and —the Somali Badawi, unlike the Arab, readily affiliates strangers to his tribe—they declared that after a few days' residence, I should become one of themselves.

In appearance, the Ísa are distinguished from other Somal by blackness, ugliness of feature, and premature baldness of the temples; they also shave, or rather scrape off with their daggers, the hair high up the nape of the neck. The locks are dyed dun, frizzled, and greased; the Widads or learned men remove them, and none but paupers leave them in their natural state; the mustachioes are clipped close, the straggling whisker is carefully plucked, and the pile—erroneously considered impure—is removed either by vellication, or by passing the limbs through the fire. The eyes of the Badawin, also, are less prominent than those of the citizens: the brow projects in pent-house fashion, and the organ, exposed to bright light, and accustomed to gaze at distant objects, acquires more concentration and power. I have seen amongst them handsome profiles, and some of the girls have fine figures with piquant, if not pretty, features.

Flocks and herds form the true wealth of the Ísa. According to them, sheep and goats are of silver, and the cow of gold: they compare camels to the rock, and believe, like most Moslems, the horse to have been created from the wind. Their diet depends upon the season. In hot weather, when forage and milk dry up, the flocks are slaughtered, and supply excellent mutton; during the monsun, men become fat, by drinking all day long the produce of their cattle. In the latter article of diet, the Ísa are delicate and curious: they prefer cow's milk, then the goat's, and lastly the ewe's, which the Arab loves best: the first is drunk fresh, and the two latter clotted,

whilst the camel's is slightly soured. The townspeople use camel's milk medicinally: according to the Badawin, he who lives on this beverage, and eats the meat for forty-four consecutive days, acquires the animal's strength. It has perhaps less "body" than any other milk, and is deliciously sweet shortly after foaling: presently it loses flavour, and nothing can be more nauseous than the produce of an old camel. The Somal have a name for cream—"Laban"—but they make no use of the article, churning it with the rest of the milk. They have no buffaloes, they shudder at the Tartar idea of mare's-milk, like the Arabs they hold the name Labban[1] a disgrace, and they make it a point of honour not to draw supplies from their cattle during the day.

The life led by these wild people is necessarily monotonous. They rest but little—from 11 P.M. till dawn—and never sleep in the bush for fear of plundering parties. Few begin the day with prayer as Moslems should: for the most part they apply themselves to counting and milking their cattle. The animals, all of which have names,[2] come when called to the pail, and supply the family with a morning meal. Then the warriors, grasping their spears, and sometimes the young women armed only with staves, drive their herds to pasture: the matrons and children, spinning or rope-making, tend the flocks, and the kraal is abandoned to the very young, the old, and the sick. The herdsmen wander about, watching the cattle and tasting nothing but the pure element or a pinch of coarse tobacco. Sometimes they play at Shahh, Shantarah, and other games, of which they are passionately fond: with a board formed of lines traced in the sand, and bits of dry wood

1 "Milk-seller."

2 For instance, Anfarr, the "Spotted;" Tarren, "Wheatflour;" &c., &c.

or camel's earth acting pieces, they spend hour after hour, every looker-on vociferating his opinion, and catching at the men, till apparently the two players are those least interested in the game. Or, to drive off sleep, they sit whistling to their flocks, or they perform upon the Florimo, a reed pipe generally made at Harar, which has a plaintive sound uncommonly pleasing.[1] In the evening the kraal again resounds with lowing and bleating: the camel's milk is all drunk, the cow's and goat's reserved for butter and ghi, which the women prepare; the numbers are once more counted, and the animals are carefully penned up for the night. This simple life is varied by an occasional birth and marriage, dance and foray, disease and murder. Their maladies are few and simple;[2] death generally comes by the spear, and the

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1 It is used by the northern people, the Abyssinians, Gallas, Adail, Ísa and Gudabirsi; the southern Somal ignore it.

2 The most dangerous disease is small-pox, which history traces to Eastern Abyssinia, where it still becomes at times a violent epidemic, sweeping off its thousands. The patient, if a man of note, is placed upon the sand, and fed with rice and millet bread till he recovers or dies. The chicken-pox kills many infants; they are treated by bathing in the fresh blood of a sheep, covered with the skin, and exposed to the sun. Smoke and glare, dirt and flies, cold winds and naked extremities, cause ophthalmia, especially in the hills, this disease rarely blinds any save the citizens, and no remedy is known. Dysentery is cured by rice and sour milk, patients also drink clarified cow's butter; and in bad cases the stomach is cauterised, fire and disease, according to the Somal, never co-existing. Hæmorrhoids, when dry, are reduced by a stick, used as a bougie and allowed to remain *in loco* all night. Sometimes the part affected is cupped with a horn and knife, or a leech performs excision. The diet is camels' or goats' flesh and milk; clarified butter and Bussorah dates —rice and mutton are carefully avoided. For a certain local disease, they use Senna or colocynth, anoint the body with sulphur boiled in ghi, and expose it to the sun, or they leave the patient all night in the dew; abstinence and perspiration generally effect a cure. For the minor form, the afflicted drink the melted fat of a sheep's tail.

Badawi is naturally long lived. I have seen Macrobians hale and strong, preserving their powers and faculties in spite of eighty and ninety years.

Consumption is a family complaint, and therefore considered incurable; to use the Somali expression, they address the patient with "Allah have mercy upon thee!" not with "Allah cure thee!"

There are leeches who have secret simples for curing wounds. Generally the blood is squeezed out, the place is washed with water, the lips are sewn up and a dressing of astringent leaves is applied. They have splints for fractures, and they can reduce dislocations. A medical friend at Aden partially dislocated his knee, which half-a-dozen of the faculty insisted upon treating as a sprain. Of all his tortures none was more severe than that inflicted by my Somali visitors. They would look at him, distinguish the complaint, ask him how long he had been invalided, and hearing the reply—four months—would break into exclamations of wonder. "In our country," they cried, "when a man falls, two pull his body and two his legs, then they tie sticks round it, give him plenty of camel's milk, and he is well in a month;" a speech which made friend S. groan in spirit.

Firing and clarified butter are the farrier's panaceas. Camels are cured by sheep's head broth, asses by chopping one ear, mules by cutting off the tail, and horses by ghi or a drench of melted fat.

CHAPTER VI.

FROM THE ZAYLA HILLS TO THE MARAR PRAIRIE.

I HAVE now, dear L., quitted the maritime plain or first zone, to enter the Ghauts, that threshold of the Æthiopian highlands which, beginning at Tajurrah, sweeps in semicircle round the bay of Zayla, and falls about Berberah into the range of mountains which fringes the bold Somali coast. This chain has been inhabited, within History's memory, by three distinct races—the Gallas, the ancient Moslems of Adel, and by the modern Somal. As usual, however, in the East, it has no general vernacular name.[1]

The aspect of these Ghauts is picturesque. The primitive base consists of micaceous granite, with veins of porphyry and dykes of the purest white quartz: above lie strata of sandstone and lime, here dun, there yellow, or of a dull grey, often curiously contorted and washed clear of vegetable soil by the heavy monsun. On these heights, which are mostly conoid with rounded tops, joined by ridges and saddlebacks, various kinds of Acacia cast a pallid and sickly green, like the olive tree upon the hills of Provence. They are barren in the cold

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1 Every hill and peak, ravine and valley, will be known by some striking epithet: as Borad, the White Hill; Libahlay, the Lions' Mountain; and so forth. Comprehensive names are not adapted to social wants of uncivilized men.

season, and the Nomads migrate to the plains: when the monsun covers them with rich pastures, the people revisit their deserted kraals. The kloofs or ravines are the most remarkable features of this country: in some places the sides rise perpendicularly, like gigantic walls, the breadth varying from one hundred yards to half a mile; in others cliffs and scaurs, sapped at their foundations, encumber the bed, and not unfrequently a broad band of white sand stretches between two fringes of emerald green, delightful to look upon after the bare and ghastly basalt of Southern Arabia. The Jujube grows to a height already betraying signs of African luxuriance: through its foliage flit birds, gaudy-coloured as king-fishers, of vivid red, yellow, and changing-green. I remarked a long-tailed jay called Gobiyan or Fat,[1] russet-hued ringdoves, the modest honey-bird, corn quails, canary-coloured finches, sparrows gay as those of Surinam, humming-birds with a plume of metallic lustre, and especially a white-eyed kind of maina, called by the Somal, Shimbir Load, or the cow-bird. The Armo-creeper,[2] with large fleshy leaves, pale green, red, or crimson, and clusters of bright berries like purple grapes, forms a conspicuous ornament in the valleys. There is a great variety of the Cactus tribe, some growing to the height of thirty and thirty-five feet: of these one was particularly pointed out to me. The vulgar Somal call it Guraato, the more learned Shajarat

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1 The Arabs call it Kakatua, and consider it a species of parrot. The name Cacatoes, is given by the Cape Boers, according to Delegorgue, to the Coliphymus Concolor. The Gobiyan resembles in shape and flight our magpie; it has a crest and a brown coat with patches of white, and a noisy note like a frog. It is very cunning and seldom affords a second shot.

2 The berries of the Armo are eaten by children, and its leaves, which never dry up, by the people in times of famine; they must be boiled or the acrid juice will excoriate the mouth.

al-Zakkum: it is the mandrake of these regions, and the round excrescences upon the summits of its fleshy arms are supposed to resemble men's heads and faces.

On Tuesday, the 5th December, we arose at 6 A.M., after a night so dewy that our clothes were drenched, and we began to ascend the Wady Darkaynlay, which winds from east to south. After an hour's march appeared a small cairn of rough stones, called Siyaro, or Mazar,[1] to which each person, in token of honour, added his quotum. The Abban opined that Auliya or holy men had sat there, but the End of Time more sagaciously conjectured that it was the site of some Galla idol or superstitious rite. Presently we came upon the Hills of the White Ant,[2] a characteristic feature in this part of Africa. Here the land has the appearance of a Turkish cemetery on a grand scale: there it seems like a city in ruins: in some places the pillars are truncated into a resemblance to bee-hives, in others they cluster together, suggesting the idea of a portico: whilst many of them, veiled by trees, and overrun with gay creepers, look like the remains of sylvan altars. Generally the hills are conical, and vary in height from four to twelve feet: they are counted by hundreds, and the Somal account for the number by declaring that the insects abandon their home when dry, and commence building another. The older erections are worn away, by wind and rain, to a thin tapering spire, and are frequently hollowed out and arched beneath by rats and ground squirrels. The substance, fine yellow mud, glued by the secretions of the ant, is hard to break: it is pierced sieve-like, by a net-work of tiny shafts. I saw these hills for the first time in the Wady Darkaynlay:

1 Siyaro is the Somali corruption of the Arabic Ziyárat, which, synonymous with Mazar, means a place of pious visitation.

2 The Somal call the insect Abor, and its hill Dundumo.

in the interior they are larger and longer than near the maritime regions.

We travelled up the fiumara in a southerly direction till 8 A.M., when the guides led us away from the bed. They anticipated meeting Gudabirsis: pallid with fear, they also trembled with cold and hunger. Anxious consultations were held. One man, Ali—surnamed "Doso," because he did nothing but eat, drink and stand over the fire—determined to leave us: as, however, he had received a tobe for pay, we put a veto upon that proceeding. After a march of two hours, over ground so winding that we had not covered more than three miles, our guides halted under a tree, near a deserted kraal, at a place called Al-Armo, the "Armo-creeper water," or more facetiously Dabadaláshay: from Damal it bore S.W. 190°. One of our Badawin, mounting a mule, rode forward to gather intelligence, and bring back a skin full of water. I asked the End of Time what they expected to hear: he replied with the proverb "News liveth!" The Somal Badawin have a passion for knowing how the world wags. In some of the more desert regions the whole population will follow the wanderer. No traveller ever passes a kraal without planting spear in the ground, and demanding answers to a lengthened string of queries: rather than miss intelligence he will inquire of a woman. Thus it is that news flies through the country. Among the wild Gudabirsi the Russian war was a topic of interest, and at Harar I heard of a violent storm which had damaged the shipping in Bombay Harbour, but a few weeks after the event.

The Badawi returned with an empty skin but a full budget. I will offer you, dear L., a specimen of the "palaver[1]" which is supposed to prove the aphorism that

1 The corrupted Portuguese word used by African travellers; in the Western regions it is called Kelder, and the Arabs term it "Kalam."

all barbarians are orators. Demosthenes leisurely dismounts, advances, stands for a moment cross-legged—the favourite posture in this region—supporting each hand with a spear planted in the ground: thence he slips to squat, looks around, ejects saliva, shifts his quid to behind his ear, places his weapons before him, takes up a bit of stick, and traces lines which he carefully smooths away—it being ill-omened to mark the earth. The listeners sit gravely in a semicircle upon their heels, with their spears, from whose bright heads flashes a ring of troubled light, planted upright, and look steadfastly on his countenance over the upper edges of their shields, with eyes apparently planted, like those of the Blemmyes, in their breasts. When the moment for delivery is come, the head man inquires, "What is the news?" The informant would communicate the important fact that he has been to the well: he proceeds as follows, noting emphasis by raising his voice, at times about six notes, and often violently striking at the ground in front.

"It is good news, if Allah please!"

"Wa Sidda!"—Even so! respond the listeners, intoning or rather groaning the response.

"I mounted mule this morning."

"Even so!"

"I departed from ye riding."

"Even so!"

"*There!*" (with a scream and pointing out the direction with a stick).

"Even so!"

"*There* I went."

"Even so!"

"I threaded the wood."

"Even so!"

"I traversed the sands."

"Even so!"

"I feared nothing."

"Even so!"

"At last I came upon cattle tracks."

"Hoo! hoo!! hoo!!!" (An ominous pause follows this exclamation of astonishment.)

"They were fresh."

"Even so!"

"So were the earths."

"Even so!"

"I distinguished the feet of women."

"Even so!"

"But there were no camels."

"Even so!"

"At last I saw sticks"—

"Even so!"

"Stones"—

"Even so!"

"Water"—

"Even so!"

"A well!!!"

Then follows the palaver, wherein, as occasionally happens further West, he distinguishes himself who can rivet the attention of the audience for at least an hour without saying anything in particular. The advantage of *their* circumlocution, however, is that by considering a subject in every possible light and phase as regards its cause and effect, antecedents, actualities, and consequences, they are prepared for any emergency which, without the palaver, might come upon them unawares.

Although the thermometer showed summer heat, the air was cloudy and raw blasts poured down from the mountains. At half past 3 P.M. our camels were lazily loaded, and we followed the course of the fiumara, which runs to the W. and S.W. After half an hour's progress, we arrived at the gully in which are the wells, and the guides halted because they descried half-a-dozen youths and boys bathing and washing their Tobes. All,

cattle as well as men, were sadly thirsty: many of us had been chewing pebbles during the morning, yet, afraid of demands for tobacco, the Badawin would have pursued the march without water had I not forced them to halt. We found three holes in the sand; one was dry, a second foul, and the third contained a scanty supply of the pure element from twenty to twenty-five feet below the surface. A youth stood in the water and filled a wicker-pail, which he tossed to a companion perched against the side half way up: the latter in his turn hove it to a third, who, catching it at the brink, threw the contents, by this time half wasted, into the skin cattle trough. We halted about half an hour to refresh man and beast, and then resumed our way up the Wady, quitting it where a short cut avoids the frequent windings of the bed. This operation saved but little time; the ground was stony, the rough ascents fatigued the camels, and our legs and feet were lacerated by the spear-like thorns. Here, the ground was overgrown with aloes,[1] sometimes six feet high with pink and "pale Pomona green" leaves, bending in the line of beauty towards the ground, graceful in form as the capitals of Corinthian columns, and crowned with gay-coloured bells, but barbarously supplied with woody thorns and strong serrated edges. There the Hig, an aloetic plant with a point so hard and sharp that horses cannot cross ground where it grows, stood in bunches like the largest and stiffest of rushes.[2] Senna sprang

1 Three species of the Dar or Aloe grow everywhere in the higher regions of the Somali country. The first is called Dar Main, the inside of its peeled leaf is chewed when water cannot be procured. The Dar Murodi or Elephant's aloe is larger and useless: the Dar Digwen or Long-eared resembles that of Socotra.

2 The Hig is called "Salab" by the Arabs, who use its long tough fibre for ropes. Patches of this plant situated on moist ground at the foot of hills, are favourite places with sand antelope, spur-fowl and other game.

spontaneously on the banks, and the gigantic Ushr or Asclepias shed its bloom upon the stones and pebbles of the bed. My attendants occupied themselves with gathering the edible pod of an Acacia called Kura,[1] whilst I observed the view. Frequent ant-hills gave an appearance of habitation to a desert still covered with the mosques and tombs of old Adel; and the shape of the country had gradually changed, basins and broad slopes now replacing the thickly crowded conoid peaks of the lower regions.

As the sun sank towards the west, Long Gulad complained bitterly of the raw breeze from the hills. We passed many villages, distinguished by the barking of dogs and the bleating of flocks, on their way to the field: the unhappy Raghi, however, who had now become our *protégé*, would neither venture into a settlement, nor bivouac amongst the lions. He hurried us forwards till we arrived at a hollow called Gud, "the Hole," which supplied us with the protection of a deserted kraal, where our camels, half-starved and knocked-up by an eight miles' march, were speedily unloaded. Whilst pitching the tent, we were visited by some Gudabirsi, who attempted to seize our Abban, alleging that he owed them a cow. We replied doughtily, that he was under our sandals: as they continued to speak in a high tone, a pistol was discharged over their heads, after which they cringed like dogs. A blazing fire, a warm supper, dry beds, broad jests, and funny stories, soon restored the flagging spirits of our party. Towards night the moon dispersed the thick mists which, gathering into clouds, threatened rain, and the cold sensibly diminished: there was little dew, and we

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1 The Damel or pod has a sweetish taste, not unlike that of a withered pea; pounded and mixed with milk or ghi, it is relished by the Badawin when vegetable food is scarce.

should have slept comfortably had not our hungry mules hobbled as they were, hopped about the kraal and fought till dawn.

On the 6th December, we arose late to avoid the cold morning air, and at 7 A.M. set out over rough ground, hoping to ascend the Ghauts that day. After creeping about two miles, the camels unable to proceed, threw themselves upon the earth, and we unwillingly called a halt at Jiyaf, a basin below the Dobo[1] fiumara. Here, white flocks dotting the hills, and the scavengers of the air warned us that we were in the vicinity of villages. Our wigwam was soon full of fair-faced Gudabirsi, mostly Loajira[2] or cow-herd boys, who, according to the custom of their class, wore their Tobes bound scarf-like round their necks. They begged us to visit their village, and offered a heifer for each lion shot on Mount Libahlay: unhappily we could not afford time. These youths were followed by men and women bringing milk, sheep, and goats, for which, grass being rare, they asked exorbitant prices—eighteen cubits of Cutch canvas for a lamb, and two of blue cotton for a bottle of ghi. Amongst them was the first really pretty face seen by me in the Somali country. The head was well formed, and gracefully placed upon a long thin neck and narrow shoulders; the hair, brow, and nose were unexceptionable, there was an arch look in the eyes of jet and pearl, and a suspicion of African protuberance about the lips, which gave the countenance an exceeding *naïveté*. Her skin was a warm, rich nut-brown, an especial charm in these regions, and her movements had that grace which suggests perfect symmetry of limb. The poor girl's costume, a coif for the back

1 Dobo in the Somali tongue signifies mud or clay.

2 The Loajira (from "Loh," a cow) is a neatherd; the "Geljira" is the man who drives camels.

hair, a cloth imperfectly covering the bosom, and a petticoat of hides, made no great mystery of forms: equally rude were her ornaments; an armlet and pewter earrings, the work of some blacksmith, a necklace of white porcelain beads, and sundry talismans in cases of tarnished and blackened leather. As a tribute to her prettiness I gave her some cloth, tobacco, and a bit of salt, which was rapidly becoming valuable: her husband stood by, and, although the preference was marked, he displayed neither anger nor jealousy. She showed her gratitude by bringing us milk, and by assisting us to start next morning. In the evening we hired three fresh camels[1] to carry our goods up the ascent, and killed some antelopes which, in a stew, were not contemptible. The End of Time insisted upon firing a gun to frighten away the lions, who make night hideous with their growls, but never put in an appearance.

The morning cold greatly increased, and we did not start till 8 A.M. After half an hour's march up the bed of a fiumara, leading apparently to a *cul de sac* of lofty rocks in the hills, we quitted it for a rude zig-zag winding along its left side, amongst bushes, thorn trees and huge rocks. The walls of the opposite bank were strikingly perpendicular! in some places stratified, in others solid and polished by the course of stream and cascade. The principal material was a granite, so coarse, that the composing mica, quartz, and felspar separated into detached pieces as large as a man's thumb; micaceous grit, which glittered in the sunbeams, and various sandstones, abounded. The road caused us some trouble; the camels' loads were always slipping from their mats; I found it necessary to dismount

1 For these we paid twenty-four cubits of canvas, and two of blue cotton; equivalent to about three shillings.

from my mule, and, sitting down, we were stung by the large black ants which infest these hills.[1]

About half way up, we passed two cairns, and added to them our mite like good Somal. After two hours of hard work the summit of this primitive pass was attained, and sixty minutes more saw us on the plateau above the hills—the second zone of East Africa. Behind us lay the plains, of which we vainly sought a view: the broken ground at the foot of the mountains is broad, and mists veiled the reeking expanse of the low country.[2] The plateau in front of us was a wide extent of rolling ground, rising slightly towards the west; its colour was brown with a threadbare coat of verdure, and at the bottom of each rugged slope ran a stony water-course trending from south-west to north-east. The mass of tangled aloes, ragged thorn, and prim-looking poison trees,[3] must once have been

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1 The natives call them Jana; they are about three-fourths of an inch long, and armed with stings that prick like thorns and burn violently for a few minutes.

2 Near Berberah, where the descents are more rapid, such panoramas are common.

3 This is the celebrated Wăbá, which produces the Somali Wăbáyo, a poison applied to darts and arrows. It is a round stiff evergreen, not unlike a bay, seldom taller than twenty feet, affecting hill sides and torrent banks, growing in clumps that look black by the side of the Acacias; thornless, with a laurel-coloured leaf, which cattle will not touch, unless forced by famine, pretty bunches of pinkish-white flowers, and edible berries black and ripening to red. The bark is thin, the wood yellow, compact, exceedingly tough and hard, the root somewhat like liquorice; the latter is prepared by trituration and other processes, and the produce is a poison in substance and colour resembling pitch.

Travellers have erroneously supposed the arrow poison of Eastern Africa to be the sap of a Euphorbium. The following "observations accompanying a substance procured near Aden, and used by the Somalis to poison their arrows," by F. S. Arnott, Esq., M.D., will be read with interest.

populous; tombs and houses of the early Moslems covered with ruin the hills and ridges.

About noon, we arrived at a spot called the Kafir's Grave. It is a square enceinte of rude stones about one

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"In February 1853, Dr. Arnott had forwarded to him a watery extract prepared from the root of a tree, described as 'Wabie,' a toxicodendron from the Somali country on the Habr Gerhajis range of the Goolies mountains. The tree grows to the height of twenty feet. The poison is obtained by boiling the root in water, until it attains the consistency of an inspissated juice. When cool the barb of the arrow is anointed with the juice, which is regarded as a virulent poison, and it renders a wound tainted therewith incurable. Dr. Arnott was informed that death usually took place within an hour; that the hairs and nails dropped off after death, and it was believed that the application of heat assisted its poisonous qualities. He could not, however, ascertain the quantity made use of by the Somalis, and doubted if the point of an arrow would convey a sufficient quantity to produce such immediate effects. He had tested its powers in some other experiments, besides the ones detailed, and although it failed in several instances, yet he was led to the conclusion that it was a very powerful narcotic irritant poison. He had not, however, observed the local effect said to be produced upon the point of insertion."

"The following trials were described:—

"1. A little was inserted into the inside of the ear of a sickly sheep, and death occurred in two hours.

"2. A little was inserted into the inside of the ear of a healthy sheep, and death occurred in two hours preceded by convulsions.

"3. Five grains were given to a dog; vomiting took place after an hour, and death in three or four hours.

"4. One grain was swallowed by a fowl, but no effect produced.

"5. Three grains were given to a sheep, but without producing any effect.

"6. A small quantity was inserted into the ear and shoulder of a dog, but no effect was produced.

"7. Upon the same dog two days after, the same quantity was inserted into the thigh; death occurred in less than two hours.

"8. Seven grains were given to a sheep without any effect whatever.

hundred yards each side; and legends say that one Misr, a Galla chief, when dying, ordered the place to be filled seven times with she-camels destined for his Ahan or funeral feast. This is the fourth stage upon the direct

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"9. To a dog five grains were administered, but it was rejected by vomiting; this was again repeated on the following day, with the same result. On the same day four grains were inserted into a wound upon the same dog; it produced violent effects in ten, and death in thirty-five minutes.

"10. To a sheep two grains in solution were given without any effect being produced. The post-mortem appearances observed were, absence of all traces of inflammation, collapse of the lungs, and distension of the cavities of the heart."

Further experiments of the Somali arrow poisoned by R. Haines, M.B., assistant surgeon (from Transactions of the Medical and Physical Society of Bombay. No. 2, new series 1853-1854).

"Having while at Ahmednuggur received from the secretary a small quantity of Somali arrow poison, alluded to by Mr. Vaughan in his notes on articles of the Materia Medica, and published in the last volume of the Society's Transactions, and called 'Wabie,' the following experiments were made with it:—

"September 17th. 1. A small healthy rabbit was taken, and the skin over the hip being divided, a piece of the poisonous extract about the size of a corn of wheat was inserted into the cellular tissue beneath: thirty minutes afterwards, seems disinclined to move, breathing quicker, passed * * : one hour, again passed * * * followed by * * *; has eaten a little: one hour and a half, appears quite to have recovered from his uneasiness, and has become as lively as before. (This rabbit was made use of three days afterwards for the third experiment.)

"2. A full-grown rabbit. Some of the poison being dissolved in water a portion of the solution corresponding to about fifteen grains was injected into an opening in the peritoneum, so large a quantity being used, in consequence of the apparent absence of effect in the former case: five minutes, he appears to be in pain, squeaking occasionally; slight convulsive retractions of the head and neck begin to take place, passed a small quantity of * * : ten minutes, the spasms are becoming more frequent, but are neither violent nor prolonged, respiration scarcely preceptible; he now fell

road from Zayla to Harar: we had wasted ten days, and the want of grass and water made us anxious about our animals. The camels could scarcely walk, and my mule's spine rose high beneath the Arab pad:—such are

on his side: twelve minutes, several severe general convulsions came on, and at the end of another minute he was quite dead, the pulsation being for the last minute quite imperceptible. The chest was instantly opened, but there was no movement of the heart whatever.

"September 20th. 3. The rabbit used for the first experiment was taken and an attempt was made to inject a little filtered solution into the jugular vein, which failed from the large size of the nozzle of the syringe; a good deal of blood was lost. A portion of the solution corresponding to about two grains and a half of the poison was then injected into a small opening made in the pleura. Nine minutes afterwards: symptoms precisely resembling those in number two began to appear. Fourteen minutes: convulsions more violent; fell on his side. Sixteen minutes, died.

"4. A portion of the poison, as much as could be applied, was smeared over the square iron head of an arrow, and allowed to dry. The arrow was then shot into the buttock of a goat with sufficient force to carry the head out of sight; twenty minutes afterwards, no effect whatever having followed, the arrow was extracted. The poison had become softened and was wiped completely off two of the sides, and partly off the two other sides. The animal appeared to suffer very little pain from the wound; it was kept for a fortnight, and then died, but not apparently from any cause connected with the wound. In fact it was previously diseased. Unfortunately the seat of the wound was not then examined, but a few days previously it appeared to have healed of itself. In the rabbit of the former experiment, three days after the insertion of the poison in the wound, the latter was closed with a dry coagulum and presented no marks of inflammation around it.

"5. Two good-sized village dogs being secured, to each after several hours' fasting, were given about five grains enveloped in meat. The smaller one chewed it a long time, and frothed much at the mouth. He appeared to swallow very little of it, but the larger one ate the whole up without difficulty. After more than two hours no effect whatever being perceptible in either animal, they were shot to get rid of them. These experiments, though not altogether complete, certainly establish the fact that it is a poison of no very great activity.

the effects of Jílál,[1] the worst of travelling seasons in Eastern Africa.

The quantity made use of in the second experiment was too great to allow a fair deduction to be made as to its properties. When a fourth to a sixth of the quantity was employed in the third experiment the same effects followed, but with rather less rapidity; death resulting in the one case in ten, in the other in sixteen minutes, although the death in the latter case was perhaps hastened by the loss of blood. The symptoms more resemble those produced by nux vomica than by any other agent. No apparent drowsiness, spasms, slight at first, beginning in the neck, increasing in intensity, extending over the whole body, and finally stopping respiration and with it the action of the heart. Experiments first and fourth show that a moderate quantity, such as may be introduced on the point of an arrow, produced no sensible effect either on a goat or a rabbit, and it could scarcely be supposed that it would have more on a man than on the latter animal; and the fifth experiment proves that a full dose taken into the stomach produces no result within a reasonable time.

"The extract appeared to have been very carelessly prepared. It contained much earthy matter, and even small stones, and a large proportion of what seemed to be oxidized extractive matter also was left undisturbed when it was treated with water: probably it was not a good specimen. It seems, however, to keep well, and shows no disposition to become mouldy."

1 The Somal divide their year into four seasons:—

1. Gugi (monsun, from "Gug," rain) begins in April, is violent for forty-four days and subsides in August. Many roads may be traversed at this season, which are death in times of drought; the country becomes "Barwáko" (in Arabic, Rakha, a place of plenty), forage and water abound, the air is temperate, and the light showers enliven the traveller.

2. Hagá is the hot season after the monsun, and corresponding with our autumn: the country suffers from the Fora, a violent dusty Samun, which is allayed by a fall of rain called Karan.

3. Dáir, the beginning of the cold season, opens the sea to shipping. The rain which then falls is called Diarti or Hais: it comes with a west-south-west wind from the hills of Harar.

4. Jílál is the dry season from December to April. The country then becomes Abar (in Arabic, Jahr), a place of famine: the Nomads migrate to the low plains, where pasture is procurable. Some reckon as a fifth season, Kalíl, or the heats between Jílál and the monsun.

At 1 P.M. we unloaded under a sycamore tree, called, after a Galla chieftain,[1] "Halimalah," and giving its name to the surrounding valley. This ancient of the forest is more than half decayed, several huge limbs lie stretched upon the ground, whence, for reverence, no one removes them: upon the trunk, or rather trunks, for it bifurcates, are marks deeply cut by a former race, and Time has hollowed in the larger stem an arbour capable of containing half-a-dozen men. This holy tree was, according to the Somal, a place of prayer for the infidel, and its ancient honours are not departed. Here, probably to commemorate the westward progress of the tribe, the Gudabirsi Ugaz or chief has the white canvas turband bound about his brows, and hence rides forth to witness the equestrian games in the Harawwah Valley. As everyone who passes by, visits the Halimalah tree, foraging parties of the Northern Ísa and the Jibril Abokr (a clan of the Habr Awal) frequently meet, and the traveller wends his way in fear and trembling.

The thermometer showed an altitude of 3,350 feet: under the tree's cool shade, the climate reminded me of Southern Italy in winter. I found a butter-cup, and heard a wood-pecker[2] tapping on the hollow trunk, a reminiscence of English glades. The Abban and his men urged an advance in the afternoon. But my health had suffered from the bad water of the coast, and the camels were faint with fatigue: we therefore dismissed the hired beasts, carried our property into a deserted kraal, and, lighting a fire, prepared to "make all snug"

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1 According to Bruce this tree flourishes everywhere on the low hot plains between the Red Sea and the Abyssinian hills. The Gallas revere it and plant it over sacerdotal graves. It suggests the Fetish trees of Western Africa, and the Hiero-Sykaminon of Egypt.

2 There are two species of this bird, both called by the Somal, "Daudaulay" from their tapping.

for the night. The Badawin, chattering with cold, stood closer to the comfortable blaze than ever did pater-familias in England: they smoked their faces, toasted their hands, broiled their backs with intense enjoyment, and waved their legs to and fro through the flame to singe away the pile, which at this season grows long. The End of Time, who was surly, compared them to demons, and quoted the Arab's saying:—"Allah never bless smooth man, or hairy woman!"

On the 8th of December, at 8 A.M., we travelled slowly up the Halimalah Valley, whose clayey surface glistened with mica and quartz pebbles from the hills. All the trees are thorny except the Sycamore and the Asclepias. The Gub, or Jujube, grows luxuriantly in thickets: its dried wood is used by women to fumigate their hair[1]: the Kedi, a tree like the porcupine—all spikes—supplies the Badawin with hatchet-handles. I was shown the Abol with its edible gum, and a kind of Acacia, here called Galol. Its bark dyes cloth a dull red, and the thorn issues from a bulb which, when young and soft, is eaten by the Somal, when old it becomes woody, and hard as a nut. At 9 A.M. we crossed the Lesser Abbaso, a fiumara with high banks of stiff clay and filled with large rolled stones: issuing from it, we traversed a thorny path over ascending ground between higher hills, and covered with large boulders and step-like layers of grit. Here appeared several Gudabirsi tombs, heaps of stones or pebbles, surrounded by a fence of thorns, or an enceinte of loose blocks: in the latter, slabs are used to make such houses as children would build in play, to denote the number of establishments left by the deceased. The new grave is known by the conical milk-pails surmounting the stick

1 The limbs are perfumed with the "Hedi," and "Karanli," products of the Ugadayn or southern country.

at the head of the corpse, upon the neighbouring tree is thrown the mat which bore the dead man to his last home, and hard by are the blackened stones upon which his funeral feast was cooked. At 11 A.M. we reached the Greater Abbaso, a fiumara about 100 yards wide, fringed with lovely verdure and full of the antelope called Gurnuk: its watershed was, as usual in this region, from west and south-west to east and north-east. About noon we halted, having travelled eight miles from the Holy Tree.

At half past three reloading we followed the course of the Abbaso Valley, the most beautiful spot we had yet seen. The presence of mankind, however, was denoted by the cut branches of thorn encumbering the bed: we remarked too, the tracks of lions pursued by hunters, and the frequent streaks of serpents, sometimes five inches in diameter. Towards evening our party closed up in fear, thinking that they saw spears glancing through the trees: I treated their alarm lightly, but the next day proved that it was not wholly imaginary. At sunset we met a shepherd who swore upon the stone[1] to bring us milk in exchange for tobacco, and presently, after a five miles' march, we halted in a deserted kraal on the left bank of a fiumara. Clouds gathered black upon the hill tops, and a comfortless blast, threatening rain, warned us not to delay pitching the Gurgi. A large fire was lighted, and several guns were discharged to frighten away the lions that infest this place. Twice during the night our

1 This great oath suggests the litholatry of the Arabs, derived from the Abyssinian and Galla Sabæans; it is regarded by the Ísa and Gudabirsi Badawin as even more binding than the popular religious adjurations. When a suspected person denies his guilt, the judge places a stone before him saying "Tabo!" (feel!); the liar will seldom dare to touch it. Sometimes a Somali will take up a stone and say "Dagáhá," (it is a stone), he may then generally be believed.

camels started up and rushed round their thorn ring in alarm.

Late in the morning of Saturday, the 9th December, I set out accompanied by Rirash and the End of Time, to visit some ruins a little way distant from the direct road. After an hour's ride we turned away from the Abbaso Fiumara and entered a basin among the hills distant about sixteen miles from the Holy Tree. This is the site of Darbiyah Kola—Kola's Fort—so called from its Galla queen. It is said that this city and its neighbour Aububah fought like certain cats in Kilkenny till both were "eaten up": the Gudabirsi fix the event at the period when their forefathers still inhabited Bulhar on the coast—about 300 years ago. If the date be correct, the substantial ruins have fought a stern fight with time. Remnants of houses cumber the soil, and the carefully built wells are filled with rubbish: the palace was pointed out to me with its walls of stone and clay intersected by layers of wood work. The mosque is a large roofless building containing twelve square pillars of rude masonry, and the Mihrab, or prayer niche, is denoted by a circular arch of tolerable construction. But the voice of the Muezzin is hushed for ever, and creepers now twine round the ruined fane. The scene was still and dreary as the grave; for a mile and a half in length all was ruins—ruins—ruins.

Leaving this dead city, we rode towards the south-west between two rugged hills of which the loftiest summit is called Wanauli. As usual they are rich in thorns: the tall "Wadi" affords a gum useful to cloth-dyers, and the leaves of the lofty Wumba are considered, after the Daum-palm, the best material for mats. On the ground appeared the blue flowers of the "Man" or "Himbah,"[1] a shrub resembling a potato: it bears a gay yellow apple full of brown seeds which is not eaten by the Somal. My companions made me taste some of the Karir berries,

1 The wild egg-plant, known all over Zanzibar and the East coast.

which in colour and flavour resemble red currants: the leaves are used as a dressing to ulcers. Topping the ridge we stood for a few minutes to observe the view before us. Beneath our feet lay a long grassy plain—the sight must have gladdened the hearts of our starving mules!—and for the first time in Africa horses appeared grazing free amongst the bushes. A little further off lay the Aylonda valley studded with graves, and dark with verdure. Beyond it stretched the Wady Harawwah, a long gloomy hollow in the general level. The background was a bold sweep of blue hill, the second gradient of the Harar line, and on its summit closing the western horizon lay a golden streak—the Marar Prairie. Already I felt at the end of my journey.

About noon, reaching a kraal, whence but that morning our Gudabirsi Abbans had driven off their kine, we sat under a tree and with a pistol reported arrival. Presently the elders came out and welcomed their old acquaintance the End of Time as a distinguished guest. He eagerly inquired about the reported quarrel between the Abbans and their brother-in-law the Jirad Adan. When assured that it was the offspring of Somali imagination, he rolled his head, and with dignity remarked, "What man shutteth to us, that Allah openeth!" We complimented each other gravely upon the purity of our intentions—amongst Moslems a condition of success—and not despising second causes, lost no time in sending a horseman for the Abbans. Presently some warriors came out and inquired if we were of the Caravan that was travelling last evening up a valley with laden camels. On our answering in the affirmative, they laughingly declared that a commando of twelve horsemen had followed us with the intention of a sham-attack. This is favourite sport with the Badawin. When however the traveller shows fright, the feint is apt to turn out a fact. On one occasion a party of Arab merchants, not under-

standing the "fun of the thing," shot two Somal: the tribe had the justice to acquit the strangers, mulcting them, however, a few yards of cloth for the families of the deceased. In reply I fired a pistol unexpectedly over the heads of my new hosts, and improved the occasion of their terror by deprecating any practical facetiousness in future.

We passed the day under a tree: the camels escorted by my two attendants, and the women, did not arrive till sunset, having occupied about eight hours in marching as many miles. Fearing lions, we pitched inside the kraal, despite crying children, scolding wives, cattle rushing about, barking dogs, flies and ticks, filth and confinement. I will now attempt a description of a village in Eastern Africa.

The Rer or Kraal[1] is a line of scattered huts on plains where thorns are rare, beasts of prey scarce, and raids not expected. In the hills it is surrounded by a strong fence to prevent cattle straying: this, when danger induces caution, is doubled and trebled. Yet the lion will sometimes break through it, and the leopard clears it, prey in mouth, with a bound. The abattis has usually four entrances which are choked up with heaps of bushes at night. The interior space is partitioned off by dwarf hedges into rings, which contain and separate the different species of cattle. Sometimes there is an outer compartment adjoining the exterior fence, set apart for the camels; usually they are placed in the centre of the kraal. Horses being most valuable are side-lined and tethered close to the owner's hut, and rude bowers of brush and fire wood protect the weaklings of the flocks from the heat of the sun and the inclement night breeze.

At intervals around and inside the outer abattis are built the Gurgi or wigwams—hemispheric huts like old bee-hives about five feet high by six in diameter: they

1 Kariyah is the Arabic word.

are even smaller in the warm regions, but they increase in size as the elevation of the country renders climate less genial. The material is a framework of "Digo," or sticks bent and hardened in the fire: to build the hut, these are planted in the ground, tied together with cords, and covered with mats of two different kinds: the Aus composed of small bundles of grass neatly joined, is hard and smooth; the Kibid has a long pile and is used as couch as well as roof. The single entrance in front is provided with one of these articles which serves as a curtain; hides are spread upon the top during the monsun, and little heaps of earth are sometimes raised outside to keep out wind and rain.

The furniture is simple as the building. Three stones and a hole form the fireplace, near which sleep the children, kids, and lambs: there being no chimney, the interior is black with soot. The cow-skin couches are suspended during the day, like arms and other articles which suffer from rats and white ants, by loops of cords to the sides. The principal ornaments are basket-work bottles, gaily adorned with beads, cowries, and stained leather. Pottery being here unknown, the Badawin twist the fibres of the root into various shapes, and make them water-tight with the powdered bark of another tree.[1] The Han is a large wicker-work bucket, mounted in a framework of sticks, and used to contain water on journeys. The Guraf (a word derived from the Arabic "Ghurfah") is a conical-shaped vessel, used to bale out the contents of a well. The Del, or milk-pail, is shaped like two cones joined at the base by lateral thongs, the upper and smaller half acting as cup and cover. And finally the Wesi, or water bottle, contains the traveller's store for drinking and religious ablution.

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1 In the northern country the water-proofing matter is, according to travellers, the juice of the Quolquol, a species of Euphorbia.

When the kraal is to be removed, the huts and furniture are placed upon the camels, and the hedges and earth are sometimes set on fire, to purify the place and deceive enemies. Throughout the country black circles of cinders or thorn diversify the hill sides, and show an extensive population. Travellers always seek deserted kraals for security of encampment. As they swarm with vermin by night and flies by day,[1] I frequently made strong objections to these favourite localities: the utmost conceded to me was a fresh enclosure added by a smaller hedge to the outside abattis of the more populous cow-kraals.

On the 10th December we halted: the bad water, the noonday sun of 107°, and the cold mornings—51° being the average—had seriously affected my health. All the population flocked to see me, darkening the hut with nodding wigs and staring faces: and—Gudabirsi are polite knaves—apologized for the intrusion. Men, women, and children appeared in crowds, bringing milk and ghi, meat and water, several of the elders remembered having seen me at Berberah,[2] and the blear-eyed maidens, who were in no wise shy, insisted upon admiring the white stranger.

Feeling somewhat restored by repose, I started the next day, "with a tail on" to inspect the ruins of Aububah. After a rough ride over stony ground we arrived at a grassy hollow, near a line of hills, and dismounted to visit the Shaykh Aububah's remains.

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1 The flies are always most troublesome where cows have been; kraals of goats and camels are comparatively free from the nuisance.

2 Some years ago a French lady landed at Berberah: her white face, according to the End of Time, made every man hate his wife, and every wife hate herself. I know not who the fair dame was: her charms and black silk dress, however, have made a lasting impression upon the Somali heart; from the coast to Harar she is still remembered with rapture.

He rests under a little conical dome of brick, clay and wood, similar in construction to that of Zayla : it is falling to pieces, and the adjoining mosque, long roofless, is overgrown with trees, that rustle melancholy sounds in the light joyous breeze. Creeping in by a dwarf door or rather hole, my Gudabirsi guides showed me a bright object forming the key of the arch : as it shone they suspected silver, and the End of Time whispered a sacrilegious plan for purloining it. Inside the vault were three graves apparently empty, and upon the dark sunken floor lay several rounded stones, resembling cannon balls, and used as weights by the more civilised Somal. Thence we proceeded to the battle-field, a broad sheet of sandstone, apparently dinted by the hoofs of mules and horses : on this ground, which, according to my guides, was in olden days soft and yielding, took place the great action between Aububah and Darbiyah Kola. A second mosque was found with walls in tolerable repair, but, like the rest of the place, roofless. Long Gulad ascended the broken staircase of a small square minaret, and delivered a most ignorant and Badawi-like Azan or call to prayer. Passing by the shells of houses, we concluded our morning's work with a visit to the large graveyard. Apparently it did not contain the bones of Moslems : long lines of stones pointed westward, and one tomb was covered with a coating of hard mortar, in whose sculptured edge my benighted friends detected magical inscriptions. I heard of another city called Ahammad in the neighbouring hills, but did not visit it. These are all remains of Galla settlements, which the ignorance and exaggeration of the Somal fill with "writings" and splendid edifices.

Returning home we found that our Gudabirsi Badawin had at length obeyed the summons. The six sons of a noted chief, Ali Addah or White Ali, by

three different mothers, Beuh, Igah, Khayri, Nur, Ismail and Yunis, all advanced towards me as I dismounted, gave the hand of friendship, and welcomed me to their homes. With the exception of the first-named, a hard-featured man at least forty years old, the brothers were good-looking youths, with clear brown skins, regular features, and graceful figures. They entered the Gurgi when invited, but refused to eat, saying, that they came for honour not for food. The Hajj Sharmarkay's introductory letter was read aloud to their extreme delight, and at their solicitation, I perused it a second and a third time; then having dismissed, with sundry small presents, the two Abbans Raghi and Rirash, I wrote a flattering account of them to the Hajj, and entrusted it to certain citizens who were returning in caravan Zaylawards, after a commercial tour in the interior.

Before they departed, there was a feast after the Homeric fashion. A sheep was "cut," disembowelled, dismembered, tossed into one of our huge cauldrons, and devoured within the hour: the almost live food[1] was washed down with huge draughts of milk. The feasters resembled Wordsworth's cows, "forty feeding like one": in the left hand they held the meat to their teeth, and cut off the slice in possession with long daggers perilously close, were their noses longer and their mouths less obtrusive. During the dinner I escaped from the place of flies, and retired to a favourite tree. Here the End of Time seeing me still in pain, insisted upon trying a Somali medicine. He cut two pieces of dry wood, scooped a hole in the shorter, and sharpened the longer, applied point to socket, which he sprinkled with a little sand, placed his

1 The Abyssinian Brindo of omophagean fame is not eaten by the Somal, who always boil, broil, or sun-dry their flesh. They have, however, no idea of keeping it, whereas the more civilized citizens of Harar hang their meat till tender.

foot upon the "female stick," and rubbed the other between his palms till smoke and char appeared. He then cauterized my stomach vigorously in six different places, quoting a tradition, "the End of Physic is Fire."

On Tuesday the 12th December, I vainly requested the two sons of White Ali, who had constituted themselves our guides, to mount their horses: they feared to fatigue the valuable animals at a season when grass is rare and dry. I was disappointed by seeing the boasted "Faras"[1] of the Somal, in the shape of ponies hardly thirteen hands high. The head is pretty, the eyes are well opened, and the ears are small; the form also is good, but the original Arab breed has degenerated in the new climate. They are soft, docile and—like all other animals in this part of the world—timid: the habit of climbing rocks makes them sure-footed, and they show the remains of blood when forced to fatigue. The Gudabirsi will seldom sell these horses, the great safeguard against their conterminous tribes, the Ísa and Girhi, who are all infantry: a village seldom contains more than six or eight, and the lowest value would be ten cows or twenty Tobes.[2] Careful of his beast when at rest, the Somali Badawi in the saddle is rough and cruel: whatever beauty the animal may possess in youth, completely disappears before the fifth year, and few are without spavin, or sprained back-sinews. In some parts of the country,[3] "to ride

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1 Whilst other animals have indigenous names, the horse throughout the Somali country retains the Arab appellation "Faras." This proves that the Somal, like their progenitors, the Gallas, originally had no cavalry. The Gudabirsi tribe has but lately mounted itself by making purchases of the Habr Girhajis and the Habr Awal herds.

2 The milch cow is here worth two Tobes or about six shillings.

3 Particularly amongst the windward tribes visited by Lieut. Cruttenden, from whom I borrow this description.

violently to your hut two or three times before finally dismounting, is considered a great compliment, and the same ceremony is observed on leaving. Springing into the saddle (if he has one), with the aid of his spear, the Somali cavalier first endeavours to infuse a little spirit into his half-starved hack by persuading him to accomplish a few plunges and capers: then, his heels raining a hurricane of blows against the animal's ribs, and occasionally using his spear-point as a spur, away he gallops, and after a short circuit, in which he endeavours to show himself to the best advantage, returns to his starting point at full speed, when the heavy Arab bit brings up the blown horse with a shock that half breaks his jaw and fills his mouth with blood. The affection of the true Arab for his horse is proverbial: the cruelty of the Somali to his, may I think be considered equally so." The Badawin practise horse-racing, and run for bets, which are contested with ardour: on solemn occasions, they have rude equestrian games, in which they display themselves and their animals. The Gudabirsi, and indeed most of the Somal, sit loosely upon their horses. Their saddle is a demi-pique, a high-backed wooden frame, like the Egyptian fellah's: two light splinters leave a clear space for the spine, and the tree is tightly bound with wet thongs: a sheepskin shabracque is loosely spread over it, and the drawf iron stirrup admits only the big toe, as these people fear a stirrup which, if the horse fall, would entangle the foot. Their bits are cruelly severe; a solid iron ring, as in the Arab bridle embracing the lower jaw takes the place of a curb chain. Some of the head-stalls, made at Berberah, are prettily made of cut leather and bright steel ornaments like diminutive quoits. The whip is a hard hide handle, plated with zinc, and armed with a single short broad thong.

With the two sons of White Ali and the End of Time, at 8 A.M., on the 12th December, I rode forward,

leaving the jaded camels in charge of my companions and the women. We crossed the plain in a south-westerly direction, and after traversing rolling ground, we came to a ridge, which commanded an extensive view. Behind lay the Wanauli Hills, already purple in the distance. On our left was a mass of cones, each dignified by its own name; no one, it is said, can ascend them, which probably means that it would be a fatiguing walk. Here are the visitation-places of three celebrated saints, Amud, Sau, and Shaykh Sharlagamadi, or the "Hidden from Evil." To the north-west I was shown some blue peaks tenanted by the Ísa Somal. In front, backed by the dark hills of Harar, lay the Harawwah valley. The breadth is about fifteen miles: it runs from south-west to north-east, between the Highlands of the Girhi and the rolling ground of the Gudabirsi Somal, as far, it is said, as the Dankali country. Of old this luxuriant waste belonged to the former tribe; about twelve years ago it was taken from them by the Gudabirsi, who carried off at the same time thirty cows, forty camels, and between three and four hundred sheep and goats.

Large herds tended by spearmen and grazing about the bush, warned us that we were approaching the kraal in which the sons of White Ali were camped; at half-past 10 A.M., after riding eight miles, we reached the place which occupies the lower slope of the Northern Hills that enclose the Harawwah valley. We spread our hides under a tree, and were soon surrounded by Badawin, who brought milk, sun-dried beef, ghi and honey in one of the painted wooden bowls exported from Cutch. After breakfast, at which the End of Time distinguished himself by dipping his meat into honey, we went out gun in hand towards the bush. It swarmed with sand-antelope and Gurnuk: the ground-squirrels haunted every ant-hill, hoopoos and spur-fowls paced among the thickets, in the trees we heard the

frequent cry of the Gobiyan and the bird facetiously termed from its cry "Dobo-dogon-guswen," and the bright-coloured eagle, the Abodi or Bakiyyah,[1] lay on wing high in the cloudless air. When tired of killing we returned to our cow-hides, and sat in conversation with the Badawin. They boasted of the skill with which they used the shield, and seemed not to understand the efficiency of a sword-parry: to illustrate the novel idea I gave a stick to the best man, provided myself in the same way, and allowed him to cut at me. After repeated failures he received a sounding blow upon the least bony portion of his person: the crowd laughed long and loud, and the pretending "knight-at-arms" retired in confusion.

Darkness fell, but no caravan appeared: it had been delayed by a runaway mule—perhaps by the desire to restrain my vagrant propensities—and did not arrive till midnight. My hosts cleared a Gurgi for our reception, brought us milk, and extended their hospitality to the full limits of even savage complaisance.

Expecting to march on the 13th December soon after dawn, I summoned Beuh and his brethren to the hut, reminding him that the Hajj had promised me an escort without delay to the village of the Jirad Adan. To my instances they replied that, although they were most

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1 This beautiful bird, with a black and crimson plume, and wings lined with silver, soars high and seldom descends except at night: its shyness prevented my shooting a specimen. The Abodi devours small deer and birds: the female lays a single egg in a large loose nest on the summit of a tall tree, and she abandons her home when the hand of man has violated it. The Somal have many superstitions connected with this eagle: if it touch a child the latter dies, unless protected by the talismanic virtues of the "Hajar Abodi," a stone found in the bird's body. As it frequently swoops upon children carrying meat, the belief has doubtlessly frequently fulfilled itself.

anxious to oblige, the arrival of Mudah the eldest son rendered a consultation necessary; and retiring to the woods, sat in palaver from 8 A.M. to past noon. At last they came to a resolution which could not be shaken. They would not trust one of their number in the Jirad's country; a horseman however, should carry a letter inviting the Girhi chief to visit his brothers-in-law. I was assured that Adan would not drink water before mounting to meet us: but, fear is reciprocal, there was evidently bad blood between them, and already a knowledge of Somali customs caused me to suspect the result of our mission. However, a letter was written reminding the Jirad of "the word spoken under the tree," and containing in case of recusance, a threat to cut off the salt well at which his cows are periodically driven to drink. Then came the bargain for safe conduct. After much haggling, especially on the part of the handsome Igah, they agreed to receive twenty Tobes, three bundles of tobacco, and fourteen cubits of indigo-dyed cotton. In addition to this I offered as a bribe one of my handsome Abyssinian shirts with a fine silk fringe, made at Aden, to be received by the man Beuh on the day of entering the Jirad's village.

I arose early in the next morning, having been promised by the Abbans grand sport in the Harawwah valley. The Somal had already divided the elephants' spoils: they were to claim the hero's feather, I was to receive two-thirds of the ivory—nothing remained to be done but the killing. After sundry pretences and prayers for delay, Beuh saddled his hack, the Hammal mounted one mule, a stout-hearted Badawi called Fahi took a second, and we started to find the herds. The End of Time lagged in the rear: the reflection that a mule cannot outrun an elephant, made him look so ineffably miserable, that I sent him back to the kraal. "Dost thou believe me to be a coward, O Pilgrim?" thereupon exclaimed

the Mullah, waxing bold in the very joy of his heart. "Of a truth I do!" was my reply. Nothing abashed, he hammered his mule with heel, and departed ejaculating, "What hath man but a single life? and he who throweth it away, what is he but a fool?" Then we advanced with cocked guns, Beuh singing, Boanerges-like, the Song of the Elephant.

In the Somali country, as amongst the Kafirs, after murdering a man or boy, the death of an elephant is considered *the* act of heroism: most tribes wear for it the hair-feather and the ivory bracelet. Some hunters, like the Bushmen of the Cape,[1] kill the Titan of the forests with barbed darts carrying Waba-poison. The general way of hunting resembles that of the Abyssinian Agageers described by Bruce. One man mounts a white pony, and galloping before the elephant, induces him, as he readily does—firearms being unknown—to charge and "chivy." The rider directs his course along, and close to, some bush, where a comrade is concealed; and the latter, as the animal passes at speed, cuts the back sinew of the hind leg, where in the human subject the tendon Achilles would be, with a sharp broad and heavy knife.[2] This wound at first occasions little inconvenience: presently the elephant, fancying, it is supposed, that a thorn has stuck in his foot, stamps violently, and rubs the scratch till the sinew is fairly divided. The animal, thus disabled,

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1 The Bushman creeps close to the beast and wounds it in the leg or stomach with a diminutive dart covered with a couch of black poison: if a drop of blood appear, death results from the almost unfelt wound.

2 So the Veddahs of Ceylon are said to have destroyed the elephant by shooting a tiny arrow into the sole of the foot. The Kafirs attack it in bodies armed with sharp and broad-head "Omkondo" or assegai: at last, one finds the opportunity of cutting deep into the hind back sinew, and so disables the animal.

is left to perish wretchedly of hunger and thirst: the tail, as amongst the Kafirs, is cut off to serve as trophy, and the ivories are removed when loosened by decomposition. In this part of Africa the elephant is never tamed.[1]

For six hours we rode the breadth of the Harawwah Valley: it was covered with wild vegetation, and surface-drains, that carry off the surplus of the hills enclosing it. In some places the torrent beds had cut twenty feet into the soil. The banks were fringed with milk-bush and Asclepias, the Armo-creeper, a variety of thorns, and especially the yellow-berried Jujube: here numberless birds followed bright-winged butterflies, and the "Shaykhs of the Blind," as the people call the black fly, settled in swarms upon our hands and faces as we rode by. The higher ground was overgrown with a kind of cactus, which here becomes a tree, forming shady avenues. Its quadrangular fleshy branches of emerald green, sometimes forty feet high, support upon their summits large round bunches of a bright crimson berry: when the plantation is close, domes of extreme beauty appear scattered over the surface of the country. This "Hassadin" abounds in burning milk, and the Somal look downwards when passing under its branches: the elephant is said to love it, and in many places the trees were torn to pieces by hungry trunks. The nearest approaches to game were the last year's earths; likely places, however, shady trees and green thorns near water, were by no means uncommon. When we reached the valley's southern wall, Beuh informed us that we might ride all day, if we pleased, with the same result.

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1 The traveller Delegorgue asserts that the Boers induce the young elephant to accompany them, by rubbing upon its trunk the hand wetted with the perspiration of the huntsman's brow, and that the calf, deceived by the similarity of smell, believes that it is with its dam. The fact is, that the orphan elephant, like the bison, follows man because it fears to be left alone.

At Zayla I had been informed that elephants are "thick as sand" in Harawwah: even the Gudabirsi, when at a distance, declared that they fed there like sheep, and, after our failure, swore that they had killed thirty but last year. The animals were probably in the high Harirah Valley, and would be driven downwards by the cold at a later period: some future Gordon Cumming may therefore succeed where the Hajj Abdullah notably failed.

On the 15th December I persuaded the valiant Beuh, with his two brothers and his bluff cousin Fahi, to cross the valley with us. After recovering a mule which had strayed five miles back to the well, and composing sundry quarrels between Shahrazad, whose swains had detained her from camel-loading, and the Kalandar whose one eye flashed with indignation at her conduct, we set out in a southerly direction. An hour's march brought us to an open space surrounded by thin thorn forest: in the centre is an ancient grave, about which are performed the equestrian games when the turband of the Ugaz has been bound under the Holy Tree. Shepherds issued from the bush to stare at us as we passed, and stretched forth the hand for "Bori": the maidens tripped forwards exclaiming, "Come, girls, let us look at this prodigy!" and they never withheld an answer if civilly addressed. Many of them were grown up, and not a few were old maids, the result of the tribe's isolation; for here, as in Somaliland generally, the union of cousins is abhorred. The ground of the valley is a stiff clay, sprinkled with pebbles of primitive formation: the hills are mere rocks, and the torrent banks with strata of small stones, showed a water-mark varying from ten to fifteen feet in height: in these fiumaras we saw frequent traces of the Adler-game, deer and hog. At 1 P.M. our camels and mules were watered at wells in a broad wady called Jannah-Gaban or the Little Garden;

its course, I was told, lies northwards through the Harawwah Valley to the Odla and Waruf, two depressions, in the Wayma country near Tajurrah. About half an hour afterwards we arrived at a deserted sheepfold distant six miles from our last station. After unloading we repaired to a neighbouring well, and found the water so hard that it raised lumps like nettle stings in the bather's skin. The only remedy for the evil is an unguent of oil or butter, a precaution which should never be neglected by the African traveller. At first the sensation of grease annoys, after a few days it is forgotten, and at last the "pat of butter" is expected as pleasantly as the pipe or the cup of coffee. It prevents the skin from chaps and sores, obviates the evil effects of heat, cold, and wet, and neutralizes the Proteus-like malaria poison. The Somal never fail to anoint themselves when they can afford ghi, and the Badawi is at the summit of his bliss, when sitting in the blazing sun, or—heat acts upon these people as upon serpents—with his back opposite a roaring fire, he is being smeared, rubbed, and kneaded by a companion.

My guides, fearing lions and hyenas, would pass the night inside a foul sheepfold: I was not without difficulty persuaded to join them. At eight next morning we set out through an uninteresting thorn-bush towards one of those Têtes or isolated hills which form admirable bench-marks in the Somali country. "Koralay," a term corresponding with our Saddle-back, exactly describes its shape: pommel and crupper, in the shape of two huge granite boulders, were all complete, and between them was a depression for a seat. As day advanced the temperature changed from 50° to a maximum of 121°. After marching about five miles, we halted in a broad watercourse called Gallajab, the "Plentiful Water": there we bathed, and dined on an excellent camel which had broken its leg by falling from a bank.

Resuming our march at 5 P.M., we travelled over ascending ground which must be most fertile after rain: formerly it belonged to the Girhi, and the Gudabirsi boasted loudly of their conquest. After an hour's march we reached the base of Koralay, upon whose lower slopes appeared a pair of the antelopes called Alakud[1]: they are tame, easily shot, and eagerly eaten by the Badawin. Another hour of slow travelling brought us to a broad fiumara with high banks of stiff clay thickly wooded and showing a water-mark eighteen feet above the sand. The guides named these wells Agjogsi, probably a generic term signifying that water is standing close by. Crossing the fiumara we ascended a hill, and found upon the summit a large kraal alive with heads of kine. The inhabitants flocked out to stare at us and the women uttered cries of wonder. I advanced towards the prettiest, and fired my rifle by way of salute over her head. The people delighted exclaimed, Mod! Mod!—"Honour to thee!"—and we replied with shouts of Kulliban—"May heaven aid ye!"[2] At 5 P.M., after five miles' march, the camels were unloaded in a deserted kraal whose high fence denoted danger of wild beasts. The cowherds bade us beware of lions: but a day before a girl had been dragged out of her hut, and Moslem burial could be given to only one of her legs. A Badawi named Uddao, whom we hired as mule-keeper, was ordered to spend the night singing, and, as is customary with Somali watchmen, to address and

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1 An antelope, about five hands high with small horns, which inhabits the high ranges of the mountains, generally in couples, resembles the musk deer, and is by no means shy, seldom flying till close pressed; when running it hops awkwardly upon the toes and never goes far.

2 These are solemn words used in the equestrian games of the Somal.

answer himself dialogue-wise with a different voice, in order to persuade thieves that several men are on the alert. He was a spectacle of wildness as he sat before the blazing fire—his joy by day, his companion and protector in the shades, the only step made by him in advance of his brethren the Cynocephali.

We were detained four days at Agjogsi by the non-appearance of the Jirad Adan: this delay gave me an opportunity of ascending to the summit of Koralay the Saddleback, which lay about a mile north of our encampment. As we threaded the rocks and hollows of the side we came upon dens strewed with cows' bones, and proving by a fresh taint that the tenants had lately quitted them. In this country the lion is seldom seen unless surprised asleep in his lair of thicket: during my journey, although at times the roaring was heard all night, I saw but one. The people have a superstition that the king of beasts will not attack a single traveller, because such a person, they say, slew the mother of all the lions; except in darkness or during violent storms, which excite the fiercer carnivors, he is a timid animal, much less feared by the people than the angry and agile leopard. Unable to run with rapidity when pressed by hunger, he pursues a party of travellers as stealthily as a cat, and arrived within distance, springs, strikes down the hindermost, and carries him away to the bush.

From the summit of Koralay, we had a fair view of the surrounding country. At least forty kraals, many of them deserted, lay within the range of sight. On all sides except the north-west and south-east was a mass of sombre rock and granite hill: the course of the valleys between the several ranges was denoted by a lively green, and the plains scattered in patches over the landscape shone with dull yellow, the effect of clay and stubble, whilst a light mist encased the prospect in a circlet of blue and silver. Here the End of Time conceived the jocose

idea of crowing me king of the country. With loud cries of Buh! Buh! Buh! he showered leaves of a gum tree and a little water from a prayer bottle over my head, and then with all solemnity bound on the turband.[1] It is perhaps fortunate that this facetiousness was not witnessed: a crowd of Badawin assembled below the hill, suspecting as usual some magical practices, and had they known the truth, our journey might have ended abruptly. Descending, I found porcupines' quills in abundance,[2] and shot a rock pigeon called Elal-jog—the "Dweller at wells." At the foot a "Baune" or Hyrax Abyssinicus, resembling the Coney of Palestine,[3] was observed at its favourite pastime of sunning itself upon the rocks.

On the evening of the 20th December the mounted messenger returned, after a six hours' hard ride, bringing back unopened the letter addressed by me to the Jirad, and a private message for their sister to the sons of White Ali, advising them not to advance. Ensued terrible palavers. It appeared that the Jirad was upon the point of mounting horse, when his subjects swore him to remain and settle a dispute with the Amir of Harar. Our Abbans, however, withdrew their hired camels, positively refused to accompany us, and Beuh privily informed the End of Time that I had acquired through

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1 Sometimes milk is poured over the head, as gold and silver in the Nuzziranah of India. These ceremonies are usually performed by low-caste men; the free-born object to act in them.

2 The Somal call it Hiddik or Anukub; the quills are used as head scratchers, and are exported to Aden for sale.

3 It appears to be the Ashkoko of the Amharas, identified by Bruce with the Saphan of the Hebrews. This coney lives in chinks and holes of rocks: it was never seen by me on the plains. The Arabs eat it, the Somal generally do not.

the land the evil reputation of killing everything, from an elephant to a bird in the air. One of the younger brethren, indeed, declared that we were the forerunners of good, and if the Jirad harmed a hair of our heads, he would slaughter every Girhi under the sun. We had, however, learned properly to appreciate such vaunts, and the End of Time drily answered that their sayings were honey but their doings myrrh. Being a low-caste and a shameless tribe, they did not reply to our reproaches. At last, a manœuvre was successful: Beuh and his brethren, who squatted like sulky children in different places, were dismissed with thanks—we proposed placing ourselves under the safeguard of Jirad Hirsi, the Berteri chief. This would have thrown the protection-price, originally intended for their brother-in-law, into the hands of a rival, and had the effect of altering their resolve. Presently we were visited by two Widad or hedge-priests, Ao Samattar and Ao Nur,[1] both half-witted fellows, but active and kind-hearted. The former wore a dirty turband, the latter a Zabid cap, a wicker-work calotte, composed of the palm leaf's mid-rib: they carried dressed goatskins, as prayer carpets, over their right shoulders dangled huge wooden ink bottles with Lauh or wooden tablets for writing talismans,[2] and from the left hung a greasy bag, containing a tattered copy of the Koran and a small MS. of prayers. They read tolerably, but did not understand Arabic, and I presented them with cheap Bombay lithographs of the Holy Book. The number of these idlers increased as we approached Harar, the Alma Mater of Somali-land:

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1 The prefix appears to be a kind of title appropriated by saints and divines.

2 These charms are washed off and drunk by the people: an economical proceeding where paper is scarce.

—the people seldom listen to their advice, but on this occasion Ao Samattar succeeded in persuading the valiant Beuh that the danger was visionary. Soon afterwards rode up to our kraal three cavaliers, who proved to be sons of Adam, the future Ugaz of the Gudabirsi tribe: this chief had fully recognized the benefits of reopening to commerce a highway closed by their petty feuds, and sent to say that, in consequence of his esteem for the Hajj Sharmarkay, if the sons of White Ali feared to escort us, he in person would do the deed. Thereupon Beuh became a "Gesi" or hero, as the End of Time ironically called him: he sent back his brethren with their horses and camels, and valorously prepared to act as our escort. I tauntingly asked him what he now thought of the danger. For all reply he repeated the words, which the Badawin—who, like the Arabs, have a holy horror of towns—had been dinning daily into my ears, "They will spoil that white skin of thine at Harar!"

At 3 P.M., on the 21st December, we started in a westerly direction through a gap in the hills, and presently turned to the south-west, over rapidly rising ground, thickly inhabited, and covered with flocks and herds. About 5 P.M., after marching two miles, we raised our wigwam outside a populous kraal, a sheep was provided by the hospitality of Ao Samattar, and we sat deep into the night enjoying a genial blaze.

Early the next morning we had hoped to advance: water, however, was wanting, and a small caravan was slowly gathering;—these details delayed us till 4 P.M. Our line lay westward, over rising ground, towards a conspicuous conical hill called Konti. Nothing could be worse for camels than the rough ridges at the foot of the mountain, full of thickets, cut by deep Fiumaras, and abounding in dangerous watercourses: the burdens slipped now backwards then forwards, sometimes the load

was almost dragged off by thorns, and at last we were obliged to leave one animal to follow slowly in the rear. After creeping on two miles, we bivouacked in a deserted cow-kraal—*sub dio*, as it was warm under the hills. That evening our party was increased by a Gudabirsi maiden in search of a husband: she was surlily received by Shahrazad and Dunyazad, but we insisted upon her being fed, and superintended the operation. Her style of eating was peculiar; she licked up the rice from the hollow of her hand. Next morning she was carried away in our absence, greatly against her will, by some kinsmen who had followed her.

And now, bidding adieu to the Gudabirsi, I wil briefly sketch the tribe.

The Gudabirsi, or Gudabursi, derive themselves from Dir and Aydur, thus claiming affinity with the Isa; others declare their tribe to be an offshoot from the Bahgoba clan of the Habr Awal, originally settled near Jabal Almis, and Bulhar, on the sea-shore. The Somal unhesitatingly stigmatize them as a bastard and ignoble race: a noted genealogist once informed me, that they were little better than Midgans or serviles. Their ancestors' mother, it is said, could not name the father of her child: some proposed to slay it, others advocated its preservation, saying, "Perhaps we shall increase by it." Hence the name of the tribe.[1]

The Gudabirsi are such inveterate liars that I could fix them no number between 3,000 and 10,000. They own the rough and rolling ground diversified with thorny hill and grassy vale, above the first or seaward range of mountains; and they have extended their lands by conquest towards Harar, being now bounded in that direction

1 "Birsan," in Somali, meaning to increase.

by the Marar Prairie. As usual, they are subdivided into a multitude of clans.[1]

In appearance the Gudabirsi are decidedly superior to their limitrophes the Ísa. I have seen handsome faces amongst the men as well as the women. Some approach closely to the Caucasian type: one old man, with olive-coloured skin, bald brow, and white hair curling round his temples, and occiput, exactly resembled an Anglo-Indian veteran. Generally, however, the prognathous mouth betrays an African origin, and chewing tobacco mixed with ashes stains the teeth, blackens the gums, and mottles the lips. The complexion is the Abyssinian *café au lait*, contrasting strongly with the sooty skins of the coast; and the hair, plentifully anointed with rancid butter, hangs from the head in lank corkscrews the colour of a Russian pointer's coat. The figure is rather squat, but broad and well set.

The Gudabirsi are as turbulent and unmanageable, though not so bloodthirsty, as the Ísa. Their late chief, Ugaz Roblay of the Bayt Samattar sept, left children who could not hold their own: the turband was at once claimed by a rival branch, the Rer Abdillah, and a civil war ensued. The lovers of legitimacy will rejoice to

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1 The Ayyal Yunis, the principal clan, contains four septs, viz.:—

1. Jibril Yunis.
2. Nur Yunis.
3. Ali Yunis.
4. Adan Yunis.

The other chief clans are—

1. Mikahil Dera.
2. Rer Ugaz.
3. Jibrain.
4. Rer Mohammed Asa
5. Musa Fin.
6. Rer Abokr
7. Basannah.
8. Bahabr Hasan.
9. Abdillah Mikahil.
10. Hasan Mikahil.
11. Eyah Mikahil.
12. Hasan Waraba.

hear that when I left the country, Galla, son of the former Prince Rainy, was likely to come to his own again.

The stranger's life is comparatively safe amongst this tribe: as long as he feeds and fees them, he may even walk about unarmed. They are, however, liars even amongst the Somal, Bobadils amongst boasters, inveterate thieves, and importunate beggars. The smooth-spoken fellows seldom betray emotion except when cloth or tobacco is concerned; "dissimulation is as natural to them as breathing," and I have called one of their chiefs a "dog" without exciting his indignation.

The commerce of these wild regions is at present in a depressed state: were the roads safe, traffic with the coast would be considerable. The profit on hides, for instance, at Aden, would be at least cent. per cent.: the way, however, is dangerous, and detention is frequent, consequently the gain will not remunerate for risk and loss of time. No operation can be undertaken in a hurry, consequently demand cannot readily be supplied. What Laing applies to Western, may be repeated of Eastern Africa: "the endeavour to accelerate an undertaking is almost certain to occasion its failure." Nowhere is patience more wanted, in order to perform perfect work.

The wealth of the Gudabirsi consists principally in cattle, peltries, hides, gums, and ghi. The asses are dun-coloured, small, and weak; the camels large, loose, and lazy; the cows are pretty animals, with small humps, long horns resembling the Damara cattle, and in the grazing season with plump, well-rounded limbs; there is also a bigger breed, not unlike that of Tuscany. The standard is the Tobe of coarse canvas; worth about three shillings at Aden, here it doubles in value. The price of a good camel varies from six to eight cloths; one Tobe buys a two-year-old heifer, three, a cow between three and four years old. A ewe costs half a cloth: the goat, although the flesh is according to the Somal

nutritive, whilst "mutton is disease," is a little cheaper than the sheep. Hides and peltries are usually collected at and exported from Harar; on the coast they are rubbed over with salt, and in this state carried to Aden. Cows' skins fetch a quarter of a dollar, or about one shilling in cloth, and two dollars are the extreme price for the Kurjah or score of goats' skins. The people of the interior have a rude way of tanning[1]; they macerate the hide, dress, and stain it of a deep calf-skin colour with the bark of a tree called Jirmah, and lastly the leather is softened with the hand. The principal gum is the Adad or Acacia Arabica: foreign merchants purchase it for about half a dollar per Farasilah of twenty pounds: cow's and sheep's butter may fetch a dollar's worth of cloth for the measure of thirty-two pounds. This great article of commerce is good and pure in the country, whereas at Berberah, the Habr Awal adulterate it, previous to exportation, with melted sheeps' tails.

The principal wants of the country which we have traversed are coarse cotton cloth, Surat tobacco, beads, and indigo-dyed stuffs for women's coifs. The people would also be grateful for any improvement in their breed of horses, and when at Aden I thought of taking with me some old Arab stallions as presents to chiefs. Fortunately the project fell to the ground: a strange horse of unusual size and beauty, in these regions, would be stolen at the end of the first march.

1 The best prayer-skins are made at Ogadayn; there they cost about half a dollar each.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM THE MARAR PRAIRIE TO HARAR.

EARLY on the 23rd December assembled the caravan, which we were destined to escort across the Marar Prairie. Upon this neutral ground the Ísa, Berteri, and Habr Awal meet to rob and plunder unhappy travellers. The Somal shuddered at the sight of a wayfarer, who rushed into our encampment *in cuerpo*, having barely run away with his life. Not that our caravan carried much to lose—a few hides and pots of clarified butter, to be exchanged for the Holcus grain of the Girhi cultivators—still the smallest contributions are thankfully received by these plunderers. Our material consisted of four or five half-starved camels, about fifty donkeys with ears cropped as a mark, and their eternal accompaniments in Somali land, old women. The latter seemed to be selected for age, hideousness, and strength: all day they bore their babes smothered in hides upon their backs, and they carried heavy burdens apparently without fatigue. Amongst them was a Badawi widow, known by her "Wer," a strip of the inner bark of a tree tied round the greasy fillet.[1] We were accompanied by three Widads,

1 It is worn for a year, during which modest women will not marry. Some tribes confine the symbol to widowhood, others extend it to all male relations; a strip of white cotton, or even a white fillet, instead of the usual blue cloth, is used by the more civilized.

provided with all the instruments of their craft, and uncommonly tiresome companions. They recited Koran *à tort et à travers:* at every moment they proposed Fatihahs, the name of Allah was perpetually upon their lips, and they discussed questions of divinity, like Gil Blas and his friends, with a violence bordering upon frenzy. One of them was celebrated for his skill in the "Fal," or Omens: he was constantly consulted by my companions, and informed them that we had nought to fear except from wild beasts. The prediction was a good hit: I must own however, that it was not communicated to me before fulfilment.

At half past six A.M., we began our march over rough and rising ground, a network of thorns and watercourses, and presently entered a stony gap between two ranges of hills. On our right was a conical peak, bearing the remains of buildings upon its summit. Here, said Abtidon, a wild Gudabirsi hired to look after our mules, rests the venerable Shaykh Samawai. Of old, a number of wells existed in the gaps between the hills: these have disappeared with those who drank of them.

Presently we entered the Barr or Prairie of Marar, one of the long strips of plain which diversify the Somali country. Its breadth, bounded on the east by the rolling ground over which we had passed, on the west by Gurays, a range of cones offshooting from the highlands of Harar, is about twenty-seven miles, the general course is north and south: in the former direction, it belongs to the Ísa: in the latter may be seen the peaks of Kadau and Madir, the property of the Habr Awal tribes; and along these ranges it extends, I was told, towards Ogadayn. The surface of the plain is gently rolling ground: the black earth, filled with the holes of small beasts, would be most productive, and the outer coat is an expanse of tall, waving, sunburnt grass, so unbroken, that from a distance it resembles the nap of yellow velvet. In the frequent

Wadys, which carry off the surplus rain of the hills, scrub and thorn trees grow in dense thickets, and the grass is temptingly green. Yet the land lies fallow: water and fuel are scarce at a distance from the hills, and the wildest Badawi dare not front the danger of foraging parties, the fatal heats of day, and the killing colds of night. On the edges of the plain, however, are frequent vestiges of deserted kraals.

About mid-day, we crossed a depression in the centre, where Acacias supplied us with gum for luncheon, and sheltered flocks of antelope. I endeavoured to shoot the white-tailed Sig, and the large dun Oryx; but the *brouhaha* of the caravan prevented execution. Shortly afterwards we came upon patches of holcus, which had grown wild, from seeds scattered by travellers. This was the first sight of grain that gladdened my eyes since I left Bombay: the grave of the First Murderer never knew a Triptolemus,[1] and Zayla is a barren flat of sand. My companions eagerly devoured the pith of this African "sweet cane," despite its ill reputation for causing fever. I followed their example, and found it almost as good as bad sugar. The Badawin loaded their spare asses with the bitter gourd, called Ubbah; externally it resembles the water melon, and becomes, when shaped, dried, and smoked, the wickerwork of the Somal, and the pottery of more civilized people.

Towards evening, as the setting sun sank slowly behind the distant western hills, the colour of the Prairie changed from glaring yellow to a golden hue, mantled with a purple flush inexpressibly lovely. The animals of the waste began to appear. Shy lynxes[2] and jackals

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1 Cain is said to repose under Jabal Shamsan at Aden—an appropriate sepulchre.

2 This beast, called by the Somal Jambel, closely resembles the Sind species. It is generally found in the plains and prairies.

fattened by many sheeps' tails,[1] warned my companions that fierce beasts were nigh, ominous anecdotes were whispered, and I was told that a caravan had lately lost nine asses by lions. As night came on, the Badawi Kafilah, being lightly loaded, preceded us, and our tired camels lagged far behind. We were riding in rear to prevent straggling, when suddenly my mule, the hindermost, pricked his ears uneasily, and attempted to turn his head. Looking backwards, I distinguished the form of a large animal following us with quick and stealthy strides. My companions would not fire, thinking it was a man: at last a rifle-ball, pinging through the air—the moon was too young for correct shooting—put to flight a huge lion. The terror excited by this sort of an adventure was comical to look upon: the valiant Beuh, who, according to himself, had made his *preuves* in a score of foughten fields, threw his arms in the air, wildly shouting Libah! Libah!!—the lion! the lion!!—and nothing else was talked of that evening.

The ghostly western hills seemed to recede as we advanced over the endless rolling plain. Presently the ground became broken and stony, the mules stumbled in deep holes, and the camels could scarcely crawl along. As we advanced, our Widads, who poor devils! had been "roasted" by the women all day on account of their poverty, began to recite the Koran with might, in gratitude for having escaped many perils. Night deepening, our attention was rivetted by a strange spectacle; a broad sheet of bright blaze, reminding me of Hanno's fiery river, swept apparently down a hill, and, according to

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1 In the Somali country, as in Kafirland, the Duwao or jackal is peculiarly bold and fierce. Disdaining garbage, he carries off lambs and kids, and fastens upon a favourite *friandise*, the sheep's tail: the victim runs away in terror, and unless the jackal be driven off by dogs, leaves a delicate piece of fat behind it.

my companions, threatened the whole prairie. These accidents are common: a huntsman burns a tree for honey, or cooks his food in the dry grass, the wind rises and the flames spread far and wide. On this occasion no accident occurred; the hills, however, smoked like a Solfatara for two days.

About 9 P.M. we heard voices, and I was told to discharge my rifle lest the kraal be closed to us; in due time we reached a long, low, dark line of sixty or seventy huts, disposed in a circle, so as to form a fence, with a few bushes—thorns being hereabouts rare—in the gaps between the abodes. The people, a mixture of Girhi and Gudabirsi Badawin, swarmed out to gratify their curiosity, but we were in no humour for long conversations. Our luggage was speedily disposed in a heap near the kraal, the mules and camels were tethered for the night, then, supperless and shivering with cold, we crept under our mats and fell asleep. That day we had ridden nearly fifteen hours; our halting place lay about thirty miles from, and 240° south-west of, Koralay.

After another delay, and a second vain message to the Jirad Adan, about noon appeared that dignitary's sixth wife, sister to the valiant Beuh. Her arrival disconcerted my companions, who were too proud to be protected by a woman. "Dahabo," however, relieved their anxiety by informing us that the Jirad had sent his eldest son Shirwa, as escort. This princess was a gipsy-looking dame, coarsely-dressed, about thirty years old, with a gay leer, a jaunty demeanour, and the reputation of being "fast"; she showed little shamefacedness when I saluted her, and received with noisy joy the appropriate present of a new and handsome Tobe. About 4 P.M. returned our second messenger, bearing with him are proving message from the Jirad, for not visiting him without delay; in token of sincerity, he

forwarded his baton, a knobstick about two feet long, painted in rings of Cutch colours, red, black, and yellow alternately, and garnished on the summit with a ball of similar material.

At dawn on the 26th December, mounted upon a little pony, came Shirwa, heir presumptive to the Jirad Adan's knobstick. His father had sent him to us three days before, but he feared the Gudabirsi as much as the Gudabirsi feared him, and he probably hung about our camp till certain that it was safe to enter. We received him politely, and he in acknowledgment positively declared that Beuh should not return before eating honey in his cottage. Our Abban's heroism now became infectious. Even the End of Time, whose hot valour had long since fallen below zero, was inspired by the occasion, and recited, as usual with him in places and at times of extreme safety, the Arabs' warrior lines—

"I have crossed the steed since my eyes saw light,
I have fronted death till he feared my sight,
And the cleaving of helm and the riving of mail
Were the dreams of my youth—are my manhood's delight."

As we had finished loading, a mule's bridle was missed. Shirwa ordered instant restitution to his father's stranger, on the ground that all the property now belonged to the Jirad; and we, by no means idle, fiercely threatened to bewitch the kraal. The article was presently found hard by, on a hedge. This was the first and last case of theft which occurred to us in the Somali country;—I have travelled through most civilized lands, and have lost more.

At 8 A.M. we marchēd towards the north-west, along the southern base of the Gurays hills, and soon arrived at the skirt of the prairie, where a well-trodden path warned us that we were about to quit the desert. After advancing six miles in line we turned to the right, and

recited a Fatihah over a heap of rough stones, where, shadowed by venerable trees, lie the remains of the great Shaykh Abd al-Malik. A little beyond this spot, rises suddenly from the plain a mass of castellated rock, the subject of many a wild superstition. Caravans always encamp beneath it, as whoso sleeps upon the summit loses his senses to evil spirits. At some future day Harar will be destroyed, and "Jannah Siri" will become a flourishing town. We ascended it, and found no life but hawks, coneys, an owl,[1] and a graceful species of black eagle[2]; there were many traces of buildings, walls, ruined houses, and wells, whilst the sides and summit were tufted with venerable sycamores. This act was an imprudence; the Badawin at once declared that we were "prospecting" for a fort, and the evil report preceded us to Harar.

After a mile's march from Jannah Siri, we crossed a ridge of rising ground, and suddenly, as though by magic, the scene shifted.

Before us lay a little Alp; the second step of the Ethiopian Highland. Around were high and jagged hills, their sides black with the Saj[3] and Somali pine,[4] and their upper brows veiled with a thin growth of cactus. Beneath was a deep valley, in the midst of which ran a serpentine of shining waters, the gladdest spectacle we had yet witnessed: further in front, masses of hill rose abruptly from shady valleys, encircled on the far horizon by a straight blue line of ground, resembling

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1 The Somal call the owl "Shimbir libah"—the lion bird.

2 The plume was dark, chequered with white, but the bird was so wild that no specimen could be procured.

3 The Arabs apply this term to teak.

4 The Dayyib of the Somal, and the Sinaubar of the Arabs; its line of growth is hereabouts an altitude of 5000 feet.

a distant sea. Behind us glared the desert: we had now reached the outskirts of civilization, where man, abandoning his flocks and herds, settles, cultivates, and attends to the comforts of life.

The fields are either terraces upon the hill slopes or the sides of valleys, divided by flowery hedges with lanes between, not unlike those of rustic England; and on a nearer approach the daisy, the thistle, and the sweet briar pleasantly affected my European eyes. The villages are no longer moveable: the Kraal and wigwam are replaced by the Gambisa or bell-shaped hut of Middle Africa,[1] circular cottages of holcus wattle, covered with coarse dab and surmounted by a stiff, conical, thatch roof, above which appears the central supporting post, crowned with a gourd or ostrich egg.[2] A strong abattis of thorns protects these settlements, which stud the hills in all directions: near most of them are clumps of tall trees, to the southern sides of which are hung, like birdcages, long cylinders of matting, the hives of these regions. Yellow crops of holcus rewarded the peasant's toil: in some places the long stems tied in bunches below the ears as piled muskets, stood ready for the reaper; in others, the barer ground showed that the task was done. The boys sat perched upon reed platforms[3] in the trees, and with loud shouts drove away thieving birds, whilst their fathers cut the crop with diminutive sickles, or thrashed heaps of straw with rude

1 Travellers in Central Africa describe exactly similar buildings, bell-shaped huts, the materials of which are stakes, clay and reed, conical at the top, and looking like well-thatched corn-stacks.

2 Amongst the Fellatahs of Western Africa, only the royal huts are surmounted by the ostrich's egg.

3 These platforms are found even amongst the races inhabiting the regions watered by the Niger.

flails,[1] or winnowed grain by tossing it with a flat wooden shovel against the wind. The women husked the pine-apple-formed heads in mortars composed of a hollowed trunk,[2] smeared the threshing floor with cow-dung and water to defend it from insects, piled the holcus heads into neat yellow heaps, spanned and crossed by streaks of various colours, brick-red and brownish-purple,[3] and stacked the Karbi or straw, which was surrounded like the grain with thorn, as a defence against the wild hog. All seemed to consider it a labour of love: the harvest-home song sounded pleasantly to our ears, and, contrasting with the silent desert, the hum of man's habitation was a music.

Descending the steep slope, we reposed, after a seven miles' march, on the banks of a bright rivulet, which bisects the Kobbo or valley: it runs according to my guides, from the north towards Ogadayn, and the direction is significant—about Harar I found neither hill nor stream trending from east to west. The people of the Kutti[4] flocked out to gaze upon us: they were unarmed, and did not, like the Badawin, receive us with cries of "Bori." During the halt, we bathed in the waters, upon whose banks were a multitude of huge Mantidæ, pink and tender green. Returning to the

1 Charred sticks about six feet long and curved at the handle.

2 Equally simple are the other implements. The plough, which in Eastern Africa has passed the limits of Egypt, is still the crooked tree of all primitive people, drawn by oxen; and the hoe is a wooden blade inserted into a knobbed handle.

3 It is afterwards stored in deep dry holes, which are carefully covered to keep out rats and insects; thus the grain is preserved undamaged for three or four years. Like the Matamores, or underground caves of Berbers, and the grain stores of Leghorn; cachettes or siloes of Algerines. When opened the grain must be eaten quickly.

4 This word is applied to the cultivated districts, the granaries of Somali land.

camels, I shot a kind of crow, afterwards frequently seen.[1] It is about three times the size of our English bird, of a bluish-black with a snow-white poll, and a beak of unnatural proportions: the quantity of lead which it carried off surprised me. A number of Widads assembled to greet us, and some Habr Awal, who were returning with a caravan, gave us the salam, and called my people cousins. "Verily," remarked the Hammal, "amongst friends we cut one another's throats; amongst enemies we become sons of uncles!"

At 3 P.M. we pursued our way over rising ground, dotted with granite blocks fantastically piled, and everywhere in sight of fields and villages and flowing water. A furious wind was blowing, and the End of Time quoted the Somali proverb, "heat hurts, but cold kills:" the camels were so fatigued, and the air became so raw,[2] that after an hour and a half's march we planted our wigwams near a village distant about seven miles from the Gurays Hills. Till late at night we were kept awake by the crazy Widads: Ao Samattar had proposed the casuistical question, "Is it lawful to pray upon a mountain when a plain is at hand?" Some took the *pro*, others the *contra*, and the wordy battle raged with uncommon fury.

On Wednesday morning at half past seven we started down hill towards "Wilensi," a small table-mountain, at the foot of which we expected to find the Jirad Adan awaiting us in one of his many houses, crossed a fertile valley, and ascended another steep slope by a bad and stony road. Passing the home of Shirwa,

1 "The huge raven with gibbous or inflated beak and white nape," writes Mr. Blyth, "is the corvus crassirostris of Ruppell, and, together with a nearly similar Cape species, is referred to the genus Corvultur of Lesson."

2 In these hills it is said sometimes to freeze; I never saw ice.

who vainly offered hospitality, we toiled onwards, and after a mile and a half's march, which occupied at least two hours, our wayworn beasts arrived at the Jirad's village. On inquiry, it proved that the chief, who was engaged in selecting two horses and two hundred cows, the price of blood claimed by the Amir of Harar, for the murder of a citizen, had that day removed to Sagharrah, another settlement.

As we entered the long straggling village of Wilensi, our party was divided by the Jirad's two wives. The Hammal, the Kalandar, Shahrazad, and Dunyazad, remained with Beuh and his sister in her Gurgi, whilst Long Gulad, the End of Time, and I were conducted to the cottage of the Jirad's prettiest wife, Sudiyah. She was a tall woman, with a light complexion, handsomely dressed in a large Harar Tobe, with silver earrings, and the kind of necklace called Jilbah or Kardas.[1] The Jiradah (princess) at once ordered our hides to be spread in a comfortable part of the hut, and then supplied us with food—boiled beef, pumpkin, and Jowari cakes. During the short time spent in that Gambisa, I had an opportunity, dear L., of seeing the manners and customs of the settled Somal.

The interior of the cottage is simple. Entering the door, a single plank with pins for hinges fitted into sockets above and below the lintel—in fact, as artless a contrivance as ever seen in Spain or Corsica—you find a space, divided by dwarf walls of wattle and dab into three compartments, for the men, women, and cattle. The horses and cows, tethered at night on the left of the door, fill the cottage with the wherewithal to pass many a *nuit blanche*: the wives lie on the right, near a large fireplace of stones and raised clay, and the males occupy the most com-

1 It is a string of little silver bells and other ornaments made by the Arabs at Berberah.

fortable part, opposite to and farthest from the entrance. The thatched ceiling shines jetty with smoke, which when intolerable is allowed to escape by a diminutive window: this seldom happens, for smoke, like grease and dirt, keeping man warm, is enjoyed by savages. Equally simply is the furniture: the stem of a tree, with branches hacked into pegs, supports the shields, the assegais are planted against the wall, and divers bits of wood, projecting from the sides and the central roof-tree of the cottage, are hung with clothes and other articles that attract white ants. Gourds smoked inside, and coffee cups of coarse black Harar pottery, with deep wooden platters, and prettily carved spoons of the same material, compose the household supellex. The inmates are the Jiradah and her baby, Siddik a Galla serf, the slave girls and sundry Somal: thus we hear at all times three languages[1] spoken within the walls.

Long before dawn the goodwife rises, wakens her handmaidens, lights the fire, and prepares for the Afur or morning meal. The quern is here unknown.[2] A flat, smooth, oval slab, weighing about fifteen pounds, and a stone roller six inches in diameter, worked with both hands, and the weight of the body kneeling ungracefully upon it on "all fours," are used to triturate the holcus grain. At times water must be sprinkled over the meal, until a finely powdered paste is ready for the oven: thus several hours' labour is required to prepare a few pounds of bread. About 6 A.M. there appears a substantial breakfast of roast beef and mutton, with scones of Jowari grain, the whole drenched in broth. Of the men few

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1 Harari, Somali and Galla, besides Arabic, and other more civilized dialects.

2 The Negroes of Senegal and the Hottentots use wooden mortars. At Natal and amongst the Amazulu Kafirs, the work is done with slabs and rollers like those described above.

perform any ablutions, but all use the tooth stick before sitting down to eat. After the meal some squat in the sun, others transact business, and drive their cattle to the bush till 11 A.M., the dinner hour. There is no variety in the repasts, which are always flesh and holcus: these people despise fowls, and consider vegetables food for cattle. During the day there is no privacy; men, women, and children enter in crowds, and will not be driven away by the Jiradah, who inquires screamingly if they come to stare at a baboon. My kettle especially excites their surprise; some opine that it is an ostrich, others, a serpent: Sudiyah, however, soon discovered its use, and begged irresistibly for the unique article. Throughout the day her slave girls are busied in grinding, cooking, and quarrelling with dissonant voices: the men have little occupation beyond chewing tobacco, chatting, and having their wigs frizzled by a professional coiffeur. In the evening the horses and cattle return home to be milked and stabled: this operation concluded, all apply themselves to supper with a will. They sleep but little, and sit deep into the night trimming the fire, and conversing merrily over their cups of Farshu or millet beer.[1] I tried this mixture several times, and found it detestable: the taste is sour, and it flies directly to the head, in consequence of being mixed with some poisonous bark. It is served up in gourd bottles upon a basket of holcus heads, and strained through a pledget of cotton fixed across the narrow mouth, into cups of the same primitive material: the drinkers sit around their liquor, and their hilarity argues its intoxicating properties. In the morning they arise with headaches and heavy eyes; but these

1 In the Eastern World this well-known fermentation is generally called "Buzah," whence the old German word "büsen" and our "booze." The addition of a dose of garlic converts it into an emetic.

symptoms, which we, an industrious race, deprecate, are not disliked by the Somal—they promote sleep and give something to occupy the vacant mind. I usually slumber through the noise except when Ambar, a half caste Somali, returning from a trip to Harar, astounds us with his *contes bleus*, or wild Abtidon howls forth some lay like this: —

I.

" 'Tis joyesse all in Ísa's home!
The fatted oxen bleed,
And slave girls range the pails of milk,
And strain the golden mead.

II.

" 'Tis joyesse all in Ísa's home!
This day the Chieftain's pride
Shall join the song, the dance, the feast,
And bear away a bride.

III.

" ' He cometh not!' the father cried,
Smiting with spear the wall;
' And yet he sent the ghostly man,
Yestre'en before the fall!'

IV.

" ' He cometh not!' the mother said,
A tear stood in her eye;
' He cometh not, I dread, I dread,
And yet I know not why.'

V.

" ' He cometh not!' the maiden thought,
Yet in her glance was light,
Soft as the flash in summer's eve
Where sky and earth unite.

VI.

" The virgins, deck'd with tress and flower,
Danced in the purple shade,
And not a soul, perchance, but wished
Herself the chosen maid.

VII.

"The guests in groups sat gathering
Where sunbeams warmed the air,
Some laughed the feasters' laugh, and some
Wore the bent brow of care.

VIII.

"'Tis he!—'tis he!'—all anxious peer,
Towards the distant lea;
A courser feebly nears the throng—
Ah! 'tis his steed they see.

IX.

"The grief cry bursts from every lip,
Fear sits on every brow,
There's blood upon the courser's flank!—
Blood on the saddle bow!

X.

"'Tis he!—'tis he!'—all arm and run
Towards the Marar Plain,
Where a dark horseman rides the waste
With dust-cloud for a train.

XI.

"The horseman reins his foam-fleckt steed,
Leans on his broken spear,
Wipes his damp brow, and faint begins
To tell a tale of fear.

XII.

"'Where is my son?'—'Go seek him there,
Far on the Marar Plain,
Where vultures and hyænas hold
Their orgies o'er the slain.

XIII.

"'We took our arms, we saddled horse,
We rode the East countrie,
And drove the flocks, and harried herds
Betwixt the hills and sea.

XIV.

"'We drove the flock across the hill,
The herd across the wold—

The poorest spearboy had returned
That day, a man of gold.

XV.

"'But Awal's children mann'd the vale
Where sweet the Arman flowers,
Their archers from each bush and tree
Rained shafts in venomed showers.

XVI.

"'Full fifty warriors bold and true
Fell as becomes the brave;
And whom the arrow spared, the spear
Reaped for the ravening grave.

XVII.

"'Friend of my youth! shall I remain
When ye are gone before?'
He drew the wood from out his side,
And loosed the crimson gore.

XVIII.

"Falling, he raised his broken spear,
Thrice wav'd it o'er his head,
Thrice raised the warrior's cry 'revenge!'—
His soul was with the dead.

XIX.

"Now, one by one, the wounded braves
Homeward were seen to wend,
Each holding on his saddle bow
A dead or dying friend.

XX.

"Two galliards bore the Ísa's son,
The corpse was stark and bare—
Low moaned the maid, the mother smote
Her breast in mute despair.

XXI.

"The father bent him o'er the dead,
The wounds were all before;
Again his brow, in sorrow clad,
The garb of gladness wore.

XXII.

"'Ho! sit ye down nor mourn for me,
Unto the guests he cried;
'My son a warrior's life hath lived,
A warrior's death hath died.

XXIII.

"'His wedding and his funeral feast
Are one, so Fate hath said;
Death bore him from the brides of earth
The brides of Heaven to wed.'

XXIV.

"They drew their knives, they sat them down,
And fed as warriors feed;
The flesh of sheep and beeves they ate,
And quaffed the golden mead.

XXV.

"And Ísa sat between the prayers
Until the fall of day,
When rose the guests and grasped their spears,
And each man went his way.

XXVI.

"But in the morn arose the cry,
For mortal spirit flown;
The father's mighty heart had burst
With woe he might not own.

XXVII.

"On the high crest of yonder hill,
They buried sire and son,
Grant, Allah! grant them Paradise—
Gentles, my task is done!"

. . . . . .

Immediately after our arrival at Wilensi we sent Yusuf Dira, the Jirad's second son to summon his father. I had to compose many disputes between the Hammal and the End of Time: the latter was swelling

with importance; he was now accredited ambassador from the Hajj to the Girhi chief, consequently he aimed at commanding the Caravan. We then made preparations for departure, in case of the Jirad being unable to escort us. Shahrazad and Dunyazad, hearing that the small-pox raged at Harar, and fearing for their charms, begged hard to be left behind: the Kalandar was directed, despite his manly objections, to remain in charge of these dainty dames. The valiant Beuh was dressed in the grand Tobe promised to him; as no consideration would induce him towards the city, he was dismissed with small presents, and an old Girhi Badawi, generally known as Sa'id Wal, or Mad Sa'id, was chosen as our escort. Camels being unable to travel over these rough mountain paths, our weary brutes were placed for rest and pasture under the surveillance of Shirwa: and not wishing the trouble and delay of hiring asses, the only transport in this country, certain moreover that our goods were safer here than nearer Harar, we selected the most necessary objects, and packed them in a pair of small leathern saddlebags which could be carried by a single mule.

All these dispositions duly made, at 10 A.M. on the 29th December we mounted our animals, and, guided by Mad Sa'id, trotted round the northern side of the Wilensi table-mountain down a lane fenced with fragrant dog roses. Then began the descent of a steep rocky hill, the wall of a woody chasm, through whose gloomy depths the shrunken stream of a large Fiumara wound like a thread of silver. The path would be safe to nought less surefooted than a mule: we rode slowly over rolling stones, steps of micaceous grit, and through thorny bush for about half an hour. In the plain below appeared a village of the Jirad's Midgans, who came out to see us pass, and followed the strangers to some distance. One happening to say, "Of what use is his gun?—

before he could fetch fire, I should put this arrow through him!" I discharged a barrel over their heads, and derided the convulsions of terror caused by the unexpected sound.

Passing onwards we entered a continuation of the Wady Harirah. It is a long valley choked with dense vegetation, through which meandered a line of water brightly gilt by the sun's rays: my Somal remarked that were the elephants now infesting it destroyed, rice, the favourite luxury, might be grown upon its banks in abundance. Our road lay under clumps of shady trees, over rocky watercourses, through avenues of tall cactus, and down *tranchées* worn by man eight and ten feet below stiff banks of rich red clay. On every side appeared deep clefts, ravines, and earth cracks, all, at this season, dry. The unarmed cultivators thronged from the frequent settlements to stare, and my Somal, being no longer in their own country, laid aside for guns their ridiculous spears. On the way passing Ao Samattar's village, the worthy fellow made us halt whilst he went to fetch a large bowl of sour milk. About noon the fresh western breeze obscured the fierce sun with clouds, and we watered our mules in a mountain stream which crossed our path thrice within as many hundred yards. After six miles' ride reaching the valley's head, we began the descent of a rugged pass by a rough and rocky path. The scenery around us was remarkable. The hill sides were well wooded, and black with pine: their summits were bared of earth by the heavy monsun which spreads the valleys with rich soil; in many places the beds of waterfalls shone like sheets of metal upon the black rock; villages surrounded by fields and fences studded the country, and the distance was a mass of purple peak and blue table in long vanishing succession. Ascending the valley's opposite wall, we found the remains of primæval forests—little glades which had escaped the axe—they

resounded with the cries of pintados and cynocephali.[1] Had the yellow crops of Holcus been wheat, I might have fancied myself once more riding in the pleasant neighbourhood of Tuscan Sienna.

At 4 P.M., after accomplishing fifteen miles on rough ground, we sighted Sagharrah, a snug high-fenced village of eight or nine huts nestling against a hill side with trees above, and below a fertile grain-valley. Presently Mad Sa'id pointed out to us the Jirad Adan, who, attended by a little party, was returning homewards: we fired our guns as a salute, he however hurried on to receive us with due ceremony in his cottage. Dismounting at the door we shook hands with him, were led through the idle mob into a smoky closet contrived against the inside wall, and were regaled with wheaten bread steeped in honey and rancid butter. The host left us to eat, and soon afterwards returned:—I looked with attention at a man upon whom so much then depended.

Adan bin Kaushan was in appearance a strong wiry Badawi—before obtaining from me a turband he wore his bushy hair dyed dun—about forty-five years old, at least six feet high, with decided features, a tricky smile, and an uncertain eye. In character he proved to be one of those cunning idiots so peculiarly difficult to deal with. Ambitious and wild with greed of gain, he was withal so fickle that his head appeared ever changing its contents; he could not sit quiet for half an hour, and this physical restlessness was an outward sign of the uneasy inner man. Though reputed brave, his treachery has won him a permanent ill fame. Some years ago he betrothed a daughter to the eldest son of Jirad Hirsi of the Berteri tribe, and then, contrary to the Somali laws of honour,

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1 The Somal will not kill these plundering brutes, like the Western Africans believing them to be enchanted men.

married her to Mohammed Wa'iz of the Jibril Abokr. This led to a feud, in which the disappointed suitor was slain. Adan was celebrated for polygamy even in Eastern Africa: by means of his five sons and dozen daughters, he has succeeded in making extensive connections,[1] and his sister, the Gisti[2] Fátimah, was married to Abu Bakr, father of the present Amir. Yet the Jirad would walk into a crocodile's mouth as willingly as within the walls of Harar. His main reason for receiving us politely was an ephemeral fancy for building a fort, to control the country's trade, and rival or overawe the city. Still he did not neglect the main chance: whatever he saw he asked for; and after receiving a sword, a Koran, a turband, an Arab waistcoat of gaudy satin, about seventy Tobes, and a similar proportion of indigo-dyed stuff, he privily complained to me that the Hammal had given him but twelve cloths. A list of his wants will best explain the man. He begged me to bring him from Berberah a silver-hilted sword and some soap, 1000 dollars, two sets of silver bracelets, twenty guns with powder and shot, snuff, a scarlet cloth coat embroidered with gold, some poison that would not fail, and any other little article of luxury which might be supposed to suit him. In return he was to present us with horses, mules, slaves, ivory, and other valuables: he forgot, however, to do so before we departed.

The Jirad Adan was powerful, being the head of a tribe of cultivators, not split up, like the Badawin, into independent clans, and he thus exercises a direct influence

1 Some years ago Adan plundered one of Sharmarkay's caravans; repenting the action, he offered in marriage a daughter, who, however died before nuptials.

2 Gisti is a "princess" in Harari, equivalent to the Somali Jiradah.

upon the conterminous races.[1] The Girhi or "Giraffes" inhabiting these hills are, like most of the other settled Somal, a derivation from Darud, and descended from Kombo. Despite the unmerciful persecutions of the Gallas, they gradually migrated westwards from Makhar, their original nest, now number 5000 shields, possess about 180 villages, and are accounted the power paramount. Though friendly with the Habr Awal, the Girhi seldom descend, unless compelled by want of pasture, into the plains.

The other inhabitants of these hills are the Gallas and the Somali clans of Berteri, Bursuk, Shaykhash, Hawiyah, Usbayhan, Marayhan, and Abaskul.

The Gallas[2] about Harar are divided into four several clans, separating as usual into a multitude of septs. The Alo extend westwards from the city; the Nole inhabit the land to the east and north-east, about two days' journey between the Ísa Somal, and Harar: on the south, are situated the Babuli and the Jarsa at Wilensi, Sagharrah, and Kondura—places described in these pages.

The Berteri, who occupy the Gurays Range, south of, and limitrophe to the Gallas, and thence extend eastward to the Jigjiga hills, are estimated at 3000 shields.[3]

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1 They are, however, divided into clans, of which the following are the principal:—

1. Bahawiyah, the race which supplies the Jirads.
2. Abu Yunis (divided into ten septs).
3. Rer Ibrahim (similarly divided).
4. Jibril.
5. Bakasiyya.
6. Rer Mahmud.
7. Musa Dar.
8. Rer Auro.
9. Rer Walembo.
10. Rer Khalid.

2 I do not describe these people, the task having already been performed by many abler pens than mine.

3 They are divided into the Bah Ambaro (the chief's family) and the Shaykhashed.

Of Darud origin, they own allegiance to the Jirad Hirsi, and were, when I visited the country, on bad terms with the Girhi. The chief's family has, for several generations, been connected with the Amirs of Harar, and the caravan's route to and from Berberah lying through his country, makes him a useful friend and a dangerous foe. About the Jirad Hirsi different reports were rife: some described him as cruel, violent and avaricious; others spoke of him as a godly and a prayerful person: all, however, agreed that he *had* sowed wild oats. In token of repentance, he was fond of feeding Widads, and the Shaykh Jami of Harar was a frequent guest at his kraal.

The Bursuk number about 5000 shields, own no chief, and in 1854 were at war with the Girhi, the Berteri, and especially the Gallas. In this country, the feuds differ from those of the plains: the hill men fight for three days, as the End of Time phrased it, and make peace for three days. The maritime clans are not so abrupt in their changes; moreover they claim blood-money, a thing here unknown. The Shaykhash, or "Reverend" as the term means, are the only Somal of the mountains not derived from Dir and Darud. Claiming descent from the Caliph Abu Bakr, they assert that ten generations ago, one Ao Khutab bin Fakih Umar crossed over from Al-Hijaz, and settled in Eastern Africa with his six sons, Umar the greater, Umar the less, two Abdillahs, Ahmad, and lastly Siddik. This priestly tribe is dispersed, like that of Levi, amongst its brethren, and has spread from Efat to Ogadayn. Its principal sub-families are, Ao Umar, the elder, and Bah Dumma, the junior, branch.

The Hawiyah has been noticed in a previous chapter. Of the Usbayhan I saw but few individuals: they informed me that their tribe numbered forty villages, and about 1000 shields; that they had no chief of their own race, but owned the rule of the Girhi and Berteri Jirads.

Their principal clans are the Rer Yusuf, Rer Sa'id, Rer Abokr, and Yusuf Liyo.

In the Eastern Horn of Africa, and at Ogadayn, the Marahayn is a powerful tribe, here it is unconsequential, and affiliated to the Girhi. The Abaskul also lies scattered over the Harar hills, and owns the Jirad Adan as its chief. This tribe numbers fourteen villages, and between 400 and 500 shields, and is divided into the Rer Yusuf, the Jibrailah, and the Warra Dig:—the latter clan is said to be of Galla extraction.

On the morning after my arrival at Sagharrah I felt too ill to rise, and was treated with unaffected kindness by all the establishment. The Jirad sent to Harar for millet beer, Ao Samattar went to the gardens in search of Kat, the sons Yusuf Dera and a Dwarf[1] insisted upon firing me with such ardour, that no refusal could avail: and Khayrah the wife, with her daughters, two tall dark, smiling, and well-favoured girls of thirteen and fifteen, sacrificed a sheep as my Fida, or Expiatory offering. Even the Galla Christians, who flocked to see the stranger, wept for the evil fate which had brought him so far from his fatherland, to die under a tree. Nothing indeed, would have been easier than such operation: all required was the turning face to the wall, for four or five days. But to expire of an ignoble colic!—the thing was not to be thought of, and a firm resolution to live on sometimes, methinks, effects its object.

On the 1st January, 1855, feeling stronger, I clothed myself in my Arab best, and asked a palaver with the Jirad. We retired to a safe place behind the village, where I read with pomposity the Hajj Sharmarkay's letter. The chief appeared much pleased by our having

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1 The only specimen of stunted humanity seen by me in the Somali country. He was about eighteen years old, and looked ten.

preferred his country to that of the Ísa: he at once opened the subject of the new fort, and informed me that I was the builder, as his eldest daughter had just dreamed that the stranger wonld settle in the land. Having discussed the project to the Jirad's satisfaction, we brought out the guns and shot a few birds for the benefit of the vulgar. Whilst engaged in this occupation, appeared a party of five strangers, and three mules with ornamented Morocco saddles, bridles, bells, and brass neck ornaments, after the fashion of Harar. Two of these men, Haji Umar, and Nur Ambar, were citizens; the others, Ali Hasan, Husayn Araleh, and Haji Mohammed, were Somal of the Habr Awal tribe, high in the Amir's confidence. They had been sent to settle with Adan the weighty matter of Blood-money. After sitting with us almost half an hour, during which they exchanged grave salutations with my attendants, inspected our asses with portentous countenances, and asked me a few questions concerning my business in those parts, they went privily to the Jirad, told him that the Arab was not one who bought and sold, that he had no design but to spy out the wealth of the land, and that the whole party should be sent prisoners in their hands to Harar. The chief curtly replied that we were his friends, and bade them, "throw far those words." Disappointed in their designs, they started late in the afternoon, driving off their 200 cows, and falsely promising to present our salams to the Amir.

It became evident that some decided step must be taken. The Jirad confessed fear of his Harari kinsman, and owned that he had lost all his villages in the immediate neighbourhood of the city. I asked him point-blank to escort us: he as frankly replied that it was impossible. The request was lowered—we begged him to accompany us as far as the frontier: he professed inability to do so, but promised to send his eldest son, Shirwa.

Nothing then remained, dear L., but *payer d'audace*, and, throwing all forethought to the dogs, to rely upon what has made many a small man great, the good star. I addressed my companions in a set speech, advising a mount without delay. They suggested a letter to the Amir, requesting permission to enter his city: this device was rejected for two reasons. In the first place, had a refusal been returned, our journey was cut short, and our labours stultified. Secondly, the End of Time had whispered that my two companions were plotting to prevent the letter reaching its destination. He had charged his own sin upon their shoulders: the Hammal and Long Gulad were incapable of such treachery. But our hedge-priest was thoroughly terrified; "a coward body after a'," his face brightened when ordered to remain with the Jirad at Sagharrah, and though openly taunted with poltroonery, he had not the decency to object. My companions were then informed that hitherto our acts had been those of old women, not soldiers, and that something savouring of manliness must be done before we could return. They saw my determination to start alone, if necessary, and to do them justice, they at once arose. This was the more courageous in them, as alarmists had done their worst: but a day before, some travelling Somali had advised them, as they valued dear life, not to accompany that Turk to Harar. Once in the saddle, they shook off sad thoughts, declaring that if they were slain, I should pay their blood-money, and if they escaped, that their reward was in my hands. When in some danger, the Hammal especially behaved with a sturdiness which produced the most beneficial results. Yet they were true Easterns. Wearied by delay at Harar, I employed myself in meditating flight; they drily declared that after-wit serves no good purpose: whilst I considered the possibility of escape, they looked only at the prospect of being

dragged back with pinioned arms by the Amir's guard. Such is generally the effect of the vulgar Moslem's blind fatalism.

I then wrote an English letter[1] from the Political Agent at Aden to the Amir of Harar, proposing to deliver it in person, and throw off my disguise. Two reasons influenced me in adopting this "neck or nothing" plan. All the races amongst whom my travels lay, hold him nidering who hides his origin in places of danger; and secondly, my white face had converted me into a Turk, a nation more hated and suspected than any Europeans, without our *prestige*. Before leaving Sagharrah, I entrusted to the End of Time a few lines addressed to Lieut. Herne at Berberah, directing him how to act in case of necessity. Our baggage was again decimated: the greater part was left with Adan, and an ass carried only what was absolutely necessary, —a change of clothes, a book or two, a few biscuits, ammunition, and a little tobacco. My Girhi escort consisted of Shirwa, the Badawi Abtidon, and Mad Sa'id mounted on the End of Time's mule.

At 10 A.M. on the 2nd January, all the villagers assembled, and recited the Fatihah, consoling us with the information that we were dead men. By the worst of footpaths, we ascended the rough and stony hill behind Sagharrah, through bush and burn and over ridges of rock. At the summit was a village, where Shirwa halted, declaring that he dared not advance: a swordsman, however, was sent on to guard us through the Galla Pass. After an hour's ride, we reached the foot of a tall Table-mountain called Kondura, where our

1 At first I thought of writing it in Arabic; but having no seal, a *sine quâ non* in an Eastern letter, and reflecting upon the consequences of detection or even suspicion, it appeared more politic to come boldly as a European.

road, a goat-path rough with rocks or fallen trees, and here and there arched over with giant creepers, was reduced to a narrow ledge, with a forest above and a forest below. I could not but admire the beauty of this Valombrosa, which reminded me of scenes whilome enjoyed in fair Touraine. High up on our left rose the perpendicular walls of the misty hill, fringed with tufted pine, and on the right the shrub-clad folds fell into a deep valley. The cool wind whistled and sunbeams like golden shafts darted through tall shady trees—

Bearded with moss, and in garments green—

the ground was clothed with dank grass, and around the trunks grew thistles, daisies, and blue flowers which, at a distance, might well pass for violets.

Presently we were summarily stopped by half a dozen Gallas attending upon one Rabah, the Chief who owns the Pass.[1] This is the African style of toll-taking: the "pike" appears in the form of a plump of spearmen, and the gate is a pair of lances thrown across the road. Not without trouble, for they feared to depart from the *mos majorum*, we persuaded them that the ass carried no merchandise. Then rounding Kondura's northern flank, we entered the Amir's territory: about thirty miles distant, and separated by a series of blue valleys, lay a dark speck upon a tawny sheet of stubble—Harar.

Having paused for a moment to savour success, we began the descent. The ground was a slippery black soil—mist ever settles upon Kondura—and frequent springs oozing from the rock formed beds of black mire. A few huge Birbisa trees, the remnant of a forest still thick around the mountain's neck, marked out the road:

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1 It belongs, I was informed, to two clans of Gallas, who year by year in turn monopolize the profits.

they were branchy from stem to stern, and many had a girth of from twenty to twenty-five feet.[1]

After an hour's ride amongst thistles, whose flowers of a bright red-like worsted were not less than a child's head, we watered our mules at a rill below the slope. Then remounting, we urged over hill and dale, where Galla peasants were threshing and storing their grain with loud songs of joy: they were easily distinguished by their African features, mere caricatures of the Somal, whose type has been Arabized by repeated immigrations from Al-Yaman and Hadramaut. Late in the afternoon, having gained ten miles in a straight direction, we passed through a hedge of plantains, defending the windward side of Gafra, a village of Midgans who collect the Jirad Adan's grain. They shouted delight on recognising their old friend, Mad Sa'id, led us to an empty Gambisa, swept and cleaned it, lighted a fire, turned our mules into a field to graze, and went forth to seek food. Their hospitable thoughts, however, were marred by the two citizens of Harar, who privately threatened them with the Amir's wrath, if they dared to feed that Turk.

As evening drew on, came a message from our enemies, the Habr Awal, who offered, if we would wait till sunrise, to enter the city in our train. The Jirad Adan had counselled me not to provoke these men; so, contrary to the advice of my two companions, I returned a polite answer, purporting that we would expect them till eight o'clock the next morning.

At 7 A.M., on the 3rd January, we heard that the treacherous Habr Awal had driven away their cows shortly after midnight. Seeing their hostile intentions, I left my journal, sketches, and other books in charge

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1 Of this tree are made the substantial doors, the basins and the porringers of Harar.

of an old Midgan, with directions that they should be forwarded to the Jirad Adan, and determined to carry nothing but our arms and a few presents for the Amir. We saddled our mules, mounted and rode hurriedly along the edge of a picturesque chasm of tender pink granite, here and there obscured by luxuriant vegetation. In the centre, fringed with bright banks a shallow rill, called Doghlah, now brawls in tiny cascades, then whirls through huge boulders towards the Erar River. Presently, descending by a ladder of rock scarcely safe even for mules, we followed the course of the burn, and emerging into the valley beneath, we pricked forward rapidly, for day was wearing on, and we did not wish the Habr Awal to precede us.

About noon we crossed the Erar River. The bed is about one hundred yards broad, and a thin sheet of clear, cool, and sweet water covered with crystal the greater part of the sand. According to my guides, its course, like that of the hills, is southerly towards the Webbe of Ogadayn[1]: none, however, could satisfy my curiosity concerning the course of the only perennial stream which exists between Harar and the coast.

In the lower valley, a mass of waving holcus, we met a multitude of Galla peasants coming from the city market with new potlids and the empty gourds which had contained their butter, ghi, and milk; all wondered aloud at the Turk, concerning whom they had heard many horrors. As we commenced another ascent, appeared a Harar Grandee mounted upon a handsomely caparisoned mule and attended by seven servants who carried gourds and skins of grain. He was a pale-faced senior with a white beard, dressed in a fine Tobe and a snowy turband, with scarlet edges: he carried no shield, but an Abyssinian broadsword was slung over his left

1 The Webbe Shebayli or Haines River.

shoulder. We exchanged courteous salutations, and as I was thirsty he ordered a footman to fill a cup with water. Half way up the hill appeared the 200 Girhi cows, but those traitors, the Habr Awal, had hurried onwards. Upon the summit was pointed out to me the village of Elaoda: in former times it was a wealthy place belonging to the Jirad Adan.

At 2 P.M. we fell into a narrow fenced lane, and halted for a few minutes near a spreading tree, under which sat women selling ghi and unspun cotton. About two miles distant on the crest of a hill, stood the city—the end of my present travel—a long sombre line, strikingly contrasting with the white-washed towns of the East. The spectacle, materially speaking, was a disappointment: nothing conspicuous appeared but two grey minarets of rude shape: many would have grudged exposing three lives to win so paltry a prize. But of all that have attempted, none ever succeeded in entering that pile of stones: the thorough-bred traveller, dear L., will understand my exultation, although my two companions exchanged glances of wonder.

Spurring our mules, we advanced at a long trot, when Mad Sa'id stopped us to recite a Fatihah in honour of Ao Umar Siyad and Ao Rahmah, two great saints who repose under a clump of trees near the road. The soil on both sides of the path is rich and red: masses of plantains, limes, and pomegranates denote the gardens, which are defended by a bleached cow's skull, stuck upon a short stick[1] and between them are plantations of coffee, bastard saffron, and the graceful Kat. About half a mile eastward of the town appears a burn called Jalah or the Coffee Water: the crowd crossing it did not

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1 This scarecrow is probably a talisman. In the Saharah, according to Richardson, the skull of an ass averts the evil eye from gardens.

prevent my companions bathing, and whilst they donned clean Tobes I retired to the wayside, and sketched the town.

These operations over, we resumed our way up a rough *tranchée* ridged with stone and hedged with tall cactus. This ascends to an open plain. On the right lie the holcus fields, which reach to the town wall: the left is a heap of rude cemetery, and in front are the dark defences of Harar, with groups of citizens loitering about the large gateway, and sitting in chat near the ruined tomb of Ao Abdal. We arrived at 3 P.M., after riding about five hours, which were required to accomplish twenty direct miles.[1]

Advancing to the gate, Mad Sa'id accosted a warder, known by his long wand of office, and sent our salams to the Amir, saying that we came from Aden, and requested the honour of audience. Whilst he sped upon his errand, we sat at the foot of a round bastion, and were scrutinized, derided, and catechized by the curious of both sexes,

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1 The following is a table of our stations, directions, and distances :—

		Miles.	
1. From Zayla to Gudingaras -	S.E. 165°	19	
2. To Kuranyali - - -	145°	8	
3. To Adad - - - -	225°	25	
4. To Damal - - - -	205°	11	
5. To Al-Armo - - -	190°	11	
6. To Jiyaf - - - -	202°	10	
7. To Halimalah (the Holy Tree, about half-way) - -	192°	7	
		—	91 miles.
8. To Aububah - - -	245°	21	
9. To Koralay - - -	165°	25	
10. To Harar - - - -	260°	65	
		—	111 miles.
	Total statute miles		202

especially by that conventionally termed the fair. The three Habr Awal presently approached and scowlingly inquired why we had not apprised them of our intention to enter the city. It was now "war to the knife"—we did not deign a reply.

CHAPTER VIII.

TEN DAYS AT HARAR.

After waiting half an hour at the gate, we were told by the returned warder to pass the threshold, and remounting guided our mules along the main street, a narrow up-hill lane, with rocks cropping out from a surface more irregular than a Perote pavement. Long Gulad had given his animal into the hands of our two Badawin: they did not appear till after our audience, when they informed us that the people at the entrance had advised them to escape with the beasts, an evil fate having been prepared for the proprietors.

Arrived within a hundred yards of the gate of holcus-stalks, which opens into the courtyard of this African St. James's, our guide, a blear-eyed, surly-faced, angry-voiced fellow, made signs—none of us understanding his Harari—to dismount. We did so. He then began to trot, and roared out apparently that we must do the same.[1] We looked at one another, the Hammal swore that he would perish foully rather than obey, and—conceive, dear L., the idea of a petticoated pilgrim venerable as to beard and turband breaking into a long "double!"—I expressed

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1 The Ashantis at Customs' time (rites done on the death of men of rank) run across the royal threshold to escape being seized and sacrificed to wet the grave with slaves' blood (2000 prisoners are killed when the King "makes a custom" at ancestral tombs); possibly the trace of a pagan rite is still preserved by Moslem Harar, where it is now held a mark of respect and always exacted from the citizens.

much the same sentiment. Leading our mules leisurely, in spite of the guide's wrath, we entered the gate, strode down the yard, and were placed under a tree in its left corner, close to a low building of rough stone, which the clanking of frequent fetters argued to be a state prison.

This part of the court was crowded with Gallas, some lounging about, others squatting in the shade under the palace walls. The chiefs were known by their zinc armlets, composed of thin spiral circlets, closely joined, and extending in mass from the wrist almost to the elbow: all appeared to enjoy peculiar privileges—they carried their long spears, wore their sandals, and walked leisurely about the royal precincts. A delay of half an hour, during which state affairs were being transacted within, gave me time to inspect a place of which so many and such different accounts are current. The palace itself is, as Clapperton describes the Fellatah Sultan's state hall, a mere shed, a long, single storied, windowless barn of rough stone and reddish clay, with no other insignia but a thin coat of whitewash over the door. This is the royal and wazirial distinction at Harar, where no lesser man may stucco the walls of his house. The courtyard was about eighty yards long by thirty in breath, irregularly shaped, and surrounded by low buildings: in the centre, opposite the outer entrance, was a circle of masonry against which were propped divers doors.[1]

Presently the blear-eyed guide with the angry voice returned from within, released us from the importunities of certain forward and inquisitive youths, and motioned

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1 I afterwards learned that when a man neglects a summons his door is removed to the royal court-yard on the first day; on the second, it is confiscated. The door is a valuable and venerable article in this part of Africa. According to Bruce, Ptolemy Euergetes engraved it upon the Axum Obelisk for the benefit of his newly conquered Æthiopian subjects, to whom it had been unknown.

us to doff our slippers at a stone step, or rather line, about twelve feet distant from the palace wall. We grumbled that we were not entering a mosque, but in vain. Then ensued a long dispute, in tongues mutually unintelligible, about giving up our weapons: by dint of obstinacy we retained our daggers and my revolver. The guide raised a door curtain, suggested a bow, and I stood in the presence of the dreaded chief.

The Amir, or, as he styles himself, the Sultan Ahmad bin Sultan Abu Bakr, sat in a dark room with whitewashed walls, to which hung—significant decorations—rusty matchlocks and polished fetters. His appearance was that of a little Indian Rajah, an etiolated youth twenty-four or twenty-five years old, plain and thin-bearded, with a yellow complexion, wrinkled brows and protruding eyes. His dress was a flowing robe of crimson cloth, edged with snowy fur, and a narrow white turband tightly twisted round a tall conical cap of red velvet, like the old Turkish headgear of our painters. His throne was a common Indian Kursi, or raised cot, about five feet long, with back and sides supported by a dwarf railing: being an invalid he rested his elbow upon a pillow, under which appeared the hilt of a Cutch sabre. Ranged in double line, perpendicular to the Amir, stood the "court," his cousins and nearest relations with right arms bared after fashion of Abyssinia.

I entered the room with a loud "Peace be upon ye!" to which H. H. replying graciously, and extending a hand, bony and yellow as a kite's claw, snapped his thumb and middle finger. Two chamberlains stepping forward, held my forearms, and assisted me to bend low over the fingers, which however I did not kiss, being naturally averse to performing that operation upon any but a woman's hand. My two servants then took their turn: in this case, after the back was saluted, the palm

was presented for a repetition.[1] These preliminaries concluded, we were led to and seated upon a mat in front of the Amir, who directed towards us a frowning brow and inquisitive eye.

Some inquiries were made about the chief's health: he shook his head captiously, and inquired our errand. I drew from my pocket my own letter: it was carried by a chamberlain, with hands veiled in his Tobe, to the Amir, who after a brief glance laid it upon the couch, and demanded further explanation. I then represented in Arabic that we had come from Aden, bearing the compliments of our Daulah or governor, and that we had entered Harar to see the light of H. H.'s countenance: this information concluded with a little speech, describing the changes of Political Agents in Arabia, and alluding to the friendship formerly existing between the English and the deceased chief Abu Bakr.

The Amir smiled graciously.

This smile I must own, dear L., was a relief. We had been prepared for the worst, and the aspect of affairs in the palace was by no means reassuring.

Whispering to his Treasurer, a little ugly man with a badly shaven head, coarse features, pug nose, angry eyes, and stubby beard, the Amir made a sign for us to retire. The *baise main* was repeated, and we backed out of the audience-shed in high favour. According to grandiloquent Bruce, "the Court of London and that of Abyssinia are, in their principles, one": the loiterers in the Harar palace yards who had before regarded us with cut-throat looks, now smiled as though they loved us. Marshalled by the guard, we issued from the precincts, and after walking a hundred yards entered the Amir's second palace, which we were told to consider our home. There we found the Badawin, who, scarcely

1 In Abyssinia, according to the Lord of Geesh, this is a mark of royal familiarity and confidence.

believing that we had escaped alive, grinned in the joy of their hearts, and we were at once provided from the chief's kitchen with a dish of Shabta, holcus cakes soaked in sour milk, and thickly powdered with red pepper, the salt of this inland region.

When we had eaten, the treasurer reappeared, bearing the Amir's command, that we should call upon his Wazir, the Jirad Mohammed. Resuming our peregrinations, we entered an abode distinguished by its external streak of chunam, and in a small room on the ground floor, cleanly white-washed and adorned, like an old English kitchen, with varnished wooden porringers of various sizes, we found a venerable old man whose benevolent countenance belied the reports current about him in Somali-land.[1] Half rising, although his wrinkled brow showed suffering, he seated me by his side upon the

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1 About seven years ago the Hajj Sharmarkay of Zayla chose as his agent at Harar, one of the Amir's officers, a certain Hajj Janitay. When this man died Sharmarkay demanded an account from his sons; at Berberah they promised to give it, but returning to Harar they were persuaded, it is believed, by the Jirad Mohammed, to forget their word. Upon this Sharmarkay's friends and relations, incited by one Husayn, a Somali who had lived many years at Harar in the Amir's favour, wrote an insulting letter to the Jirad, beginning with, "No peace be upon thee, and no blessings of Allah, thou butcher! son of a butcher, &c., &c.!" and concluding with a threat to pinion him in the market-place as a warning to men. Husayn carried the letter, which at first excited general terror; when, however, the attack did not take place, the Amir Abu Bakr imprisoned the imprudent Somali till he died. Sharmarkay by way of reprisals, persuaded Alu, son of Sahlah Salaseh, king of Shoa, to seize about three hundred Harari citizens living in his dominions and to keep them two years in durance.

The Amir Abu Bakr is said on his deathbed to have warned his son against the Jirad. When Ahmad reported his father's decease to Zayla, the Hajj Sharmarkay ordered a grand Maulid or Mass in honour of the departed. Since that time, however, there has been little intercourse and no cordiality between them.

carpeted masonry-bench, where lay the implements of his craft, reeds, inkstands and whitewashed boards for paper, politely welcomed me, and gravely stroking his cotton-coloured beard, in good Arabic desired my object.

I replied almost in the words used to the Amir, adding however some details how in the old day one Madar Farih had been charged by the late Sultan Abu Bakr with a present to the governor of Aden, and that it was the wish of our people to re-establish friendly relations and commercial intercourse with Harar.

"Khayr Inshallah!—it is well if Allah please!" ejaculated the Jirad: I then bent over his hand, and took leave.

Returning, we inquired anxiously of the treasurer about my servants' arms which had not been returned, and were assured that they had been placed in the safest of store-houses, the palace. I then sent a common six-barrelled revolver as a present to the Amir, explaining its use to the bearer, and we prepared to make ourselves as comfortable as possible. The interior of our new house was a clean room, with plain walls, and a floor of tamped earth; opposite the entrance were two broad steps of masonry, raised about two feet, and a yard above the ground, and covered with hard matting. I contrived to make upon the higher ledge a bed with the cushions which my companions used as shabracques, and, after seeing the mules fed and tethered, lay down to rest worn out by fatigue and profoundly impressed with the *poésie* of our position. I was under the roof of a bigoted prince whose least word was death; amongst a people who detest foreigners; the only European that had ever passed over their inhospitable threshold, and the fated instrument of their future downfall.

END OF VOLUME I.